

*The Australian*

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MARCH 28, 1956

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## Often a bridesmaid . . . never a bride!

Most of her friends were married — but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her, but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn't the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly and even her best friend wouldn't tell her.

**Why risk the stigma of halitosis (bad breath) when Listerine Antiseptic stops it so easily—so quickly?** Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs by millions—stops bad breath (halitosis) instantly and usually for hours on end. Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer the more you reduce the germs in the mouth.

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**It's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home!**

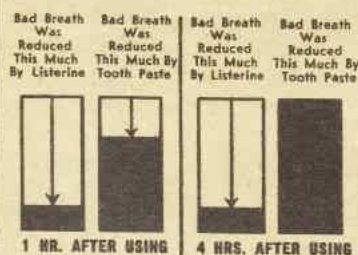
Every morning—every night—before every outing—make it a habit to use Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

## LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH 4 TIMES BETTER THAN ANY TOOTHPASTE



No tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine method of stopping bad breath with antiseptic, germ-killing action!

### LISTERINE CLINICALLY PROVED FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN ANY TOOTHPASTE



**TOOTH PASTE  
DOESN'T DO IT—**

No tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine method of stopping bad breath with antiseptic germ-killing action.

# Listerine

... the most widely used antiseptic in the world!

## THE SHOW'S ON IN SYDNEY

**S**YDNEY'S Royal Easter Show opens this week—bigger, brasher, noisier, and more fascinating than ever.

For ten days and eight nights just on 30,000 entries worth £5 million will be jam-packed with about a million visitors into the 70 or so overcrowded acres that make up the showgrounds.

*For a large proportion of Sydney's two million inhabitants the ten days of the Show are the most exciting ones of the year, bringing, as they do, the sights, sounds, and smells of the good earth into the concrete canyons of the city.*

In those few days, the suburban housewife, the city business man, and the child from the crowded streets can catch a glimpse of Clancy's "vision splendid."

They can see for themselves the varied richnesses of Australia's agricultural heritage.

*For the thousands of visitors from the country the city puts its best foot forward, displaying its industrial skills, offering every amenity for the farm from bulldozers to washing machines.*

All these things make the Show interesting, but its real appeal is in something deeper.

There's a homeliness about the Show, an air of picnic friendliness that its vast size and its millions of pounds' worth of exhibits can't destroy.

*It may be the biggest Show in Australia (or in the world, as some of its admirers claim), but in spirit it's as unaffected and as simple as billy tea.*

In the mixture of city and country that it serves, the warmth of the country comes out on top each time. And that's why it's so popular with the suburban housewife, the city business man, and the child from the crowded streets.

It gives them their annual chance to savor the fellowship of the bush.

## Our cover:

● Melanic Le Guay, aged five, is a picture of youthful innocence as she says her prayers. Feminine eyes won't fail to note what she is wearing. It's a little girl's peignoir of haispot muslin, and came from America. Melanic is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Le Guay, of Sydney. Her father, a professional photographer, took the picture.

## This week:

● When we chose the Joan Crawford story ("How To Be An Exciting Woman"—pages 12, 13, and 15) somebody remarked a little unkindly that Joan qualified for inclusion in our gardening section (see page 35) as a hardy perennial. Miss Crawford, at 48 is probably injured to such cracks. A news story published about her last year carried a headline describing her as "an old star." Doubtless she comforts herself with the fact that the star, perhaps a little dimmed, still shines, which is more than can be said for many a contemporary. Last year Miss Crawford married for the fourth time. Her husband is Alfred N. Steele, company president. Her previous marriages were to Douglas Fairbanks, jun., Franchot Tone, and Philip Terry.

## Next week:

● Of all the serials we publish we think that Georgette Heyer's rank at the top in popularity. Readers, young and old, enjoy her Regency romances in the happy knowledge that the path of true love will be smoothed in the final instalment. Next week we begin her "Sprig Muslin," and on page 33 of this issue there's a story about our artist Boothroyd, who always illustrates our Heyer serials. Miss Heyer is a recognised authority on the Regency period, and Boothroyd brings the same loving eye for detail to his illustrations.

● Next week we publish also the first of a series of complete novels. For details see page 33 of this issue.

● Every woman dreams of an ideal kitchen. Some have them. Others plan them for a future day. See next week's page for a six-page section, with four pages in color, showing the very latest ideas in kitchens, some of them in Australian homes, others from America.

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

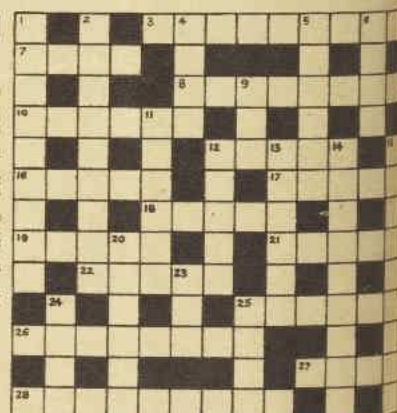
### ACROSS

- Country of recently minted money (3, 6).
- Employs in an adventurous escape (4).
- Married a queen and, though she divorced him, judging by his name, he and she were satisfied (8).
- Capital of Saskatchewan Province, Canada (6).
- Gem with a fruity start and ending as a nobleman (5).
- Anger turns in excellence (5).
- Italian city seems to order you to have dinner (5).
- Rush to change before tea on a hill-top (5).
- Relative who is more than nice (5).
- Adverb visible in stunt illuminations (5).
- European who could enrage (5).
- Masker of rattling and grunting noises (6).
- Throw a snare to get an instrument for accompanying music (8).
- Project fifty in a vessel (4).
- Fish probably taken by operating doctors with tea (9).

Solution will be published next week.

MITRE HOBOKEN  
A E D A N A  
P O R T I C O G O O P S  
L R T U K L C  
E M I T A T A B A L E  
E R S A N  
C O R R E S P O N D E N T  
H P L U C K Y M E N D  
Q U I S E O  
U L T R A N U P T I A L  
E U N A E L  
R E P U T E D L U S T Y

Solution of last week's crossword.



### DOWN

- Men turn it into food (9).
- A great end (Anagr., 3, 6).
- Napoleon lived there temporarily but not willingly (4).
- Seated in the mind (6).
- Obsolete measures of length (4).
- Starting point for rich and poor (3).
- Lower instruction given to a fisherman to catch his wife (6).
- Contract in wrinkles a small pouch (5).
- Season of incipient decay (6).
- Coastal regions till roast is eaten in the right way (9).
- Clara in a notch as proclaimed (9).
- Sort of greengrocer who carries his broken store in his name (9).
- Transgression in class institutions (3).
- Father's tea gone by (4).
- Fruits turn and render someone with a blow (4).



If it was sophistication that was needed to meet the situation, then Janet was sure she could supply it.

# Where there's a will

By MELBA McGRATH

**J**ANET smoothed the black crepe across her knees and adjusted the bright-covered novel in her hand to a more convincing angle. She had helped with the dishes, and settled her parents well before eight.

"Doris," she said tensely, "won't you please plait your hair again? It looks like a bat's nest."

Usually she didn't mind having a kid sister. To tell the truth, she liked it; it made a whole family. But tonight—tonight you might say was Decisive. Every detail counted. It was the most important evening of her life.

Ricky Harland was coming.

He used to drop by. You could call him A Friend. He used to stroll over on a Sunday morning, or in the warm, long twilight, and bat a tennis ball for her; but when he went out—to the canteen, to the Senior Prom—it was with someone else.

Never, never in those almost two years when he had lived in the brown house down the block had he asked for a date. And she had tried everything: watching for him through the window so she could meet him accidentally, changing her seat in history class, happening into the drugstore when he was drinking chocolate malteds—with Barbara—

"They dragged him into an alley," Doris read from the newspaper spread on the floor, "and slugged him."

Mr. Creel rustled his part of the paper. "Maybe Ricky won't even come!" Doris cried, jumping up. "Maybe he's been slugged, too."

"You'd better change your dress, Doris," Mrs. Creel said. "I can't imagine where you pick up such words. Of course he'll come. I particularly asked Mrs. Harland this morning."

Janet finally turned a page, breathed carefully, and said in her low-pitched voice, "I hope you didn't ask, Mother. You said before it was Mrs. Harland—"

"Well, it was. We got to talking about the celery. She says he has put on weight, it seems true that they got plenty to eat out there, but he has been clearing plates as if he had been on a hunger strike the whole time."

"About his coming over," Janet persisted, but almost inaudibly.

"What? Oh, yes. She said of course he wouldn't leave without dropping in for a friendly word. She said all those stories of how the Army coarsened boys were just propaganda. He has used—" she glanced towards the stairs to check on Doris. "—an oath once on this furlough, but he had unusual provocation. He sat on the cat. I hope she's right. About his not coarsening, I mean. It would upset her so. She simply worships that boy."

"He's all right," Mr. Creel said unexpectedly. "Always seemed like a nice kid in spite of his doting mother. Didn't he use to be one of your beaux, Janet? Is

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A sudden voice behind Janet said, "Do you need any help?" and she realised it was Ricky.







## Concluding instalment of our mystery serial

By EDWIN LANHAM

BRADLEY DAVIS, newspaper correspondent, is fighting to clear himself of suspicion of the murder of his former wife, RUTH, who was found dead below the sea wall of her home some time after quarrelling with him there over the custody of their adopted child, PIERRE.

Others involved include "FRENCHY," a fisherman who offered to sell information to Brad, then disappeared; MURIEL PARKER, tenant of a cottage owned by HORACE TRENT, who saw Frenchy interview Brad; PORTER BELLWS, Ruth's second husband; ALEX FAWCETT, her cousin; MORT BREWSTER, Pierre's former tutor.

Circumstantial evidence is heavily against Brad, but Pierre and PAULA TRENT, Horace's daughter, who is caring for the little boy, are fighting for him.

Important factors include Brad's watch, which Paula found at the scene of the murder, but which Brad assures her he had entrusted to Ruth years ago; a photograph found among Frenchy's belongings, which Pierre declares is a picture of his father and mother; and a conversation about it between Ruth and Porter that he declares he overheard.

However, when he tells this in an interview with LIEUTENANT VERNON GRAY at the police barracks, Porter dismisses it as childish imagination. NOW READ ON:



# DEATH IN THE WIND

Melodie

FLANNELETTE

has that lasting note  
for family  
Slumberwear

Melodie Flannelette keeps that soft, sweet note! Stays soft, snugly warm, no matter how often you wash it. Melodie has the famous Potter's signature, the name you look for when you shop for value. For the toddlers, Melodie strikes the right note with the Queen of Hearts and other adorable nursery rhyme designs. For your own sweet dreams: sweet themes in florals, checks, stripes and spots on rich coloured grounds.

SEE:

Melodie Flannelette at all good drapers' and department stores.

CHOOSE:

From the widest range of patterns and colours.

BUY:

Melodie by the yard and benefit by money-saving prices.

Ask for Melodie—best buy in flannelette for wide-awake sleepyheads. It wears—and wears well!

Melodie

POTTER'S  
fabrics

Britain's value cloth for slumberwear

A PHOTOGRAPHER had set off his flash-bulb as Paula left the barracks with Pierre, and reporters had gathered around them, asking, "Is this the boy? Is this Pierre?"

Pierre looked at Paula with big, frightened eyes and she hurried him into the car. As they drove away, he asked, "Paula, are they going to put my picture in the paper?"

"You should have combed your hair," she said. "I'm afraid it won't be a very flattering picture."

Pierre sat on the edge of the seat, leaning forward with his finger-tips resting on the dashboard. There were circles under his eyes and he looked exhausted, she thought. The scene in the lieutenant's office had not helped.

"Dad-dee is very angry," Pierre murmured. "Paula, I didn't tell a lie."

"Honey, of course you didn't," she said. "Nobody thinks that."

"It was true," he said. "I heard Maman talking. Dad-dee has forgotten."

"But are you sure she was talking to him, Pierre?"

He hesitated a long time, then said doubtfully, "I was pretty sure it was Dad-dee."

"You should be absolutely sure before you say anything, darling," she said.

They had reached the shady street on which she lived, and as she stopped the car at the kerb her father rose from a rocking-chair on the porch and came down the steps.

Horace Trent waited until the boy had moved out of earshot before he asked, "Did you tell the lieutenant about that watch?" He saw the expression on her face and added, "You didn't, did you?"

"No."

"Paula, I'm not going to interfere," he said. "I've always let you make your own decisions, but I wonder if you know what you're doing."

"I think so," she said.

"I'm curious to meet this fellow Davis," he said. "He must be a pretty smooth talker." She met his eyes and glanced away, and he reminded her, "You met him only three days ago."

"Yes, but I know a lot about him, Dad."

"What do you know about him?"

"He's Pierre's father, for one thing. And look, Dad, if you believed a man innocent, what would you do?"

"I believe I'd try to help him," her father said. "But if you had a daughter who was making an emotional fool of herself, what would you do?"

"I'd give her my blessing," Paula said.

"You have my blessing," he said. "Heaven help you."

Pierre came down the steps, carrying his duffel case, and got into the car without a word. As Paula drove away, he murmured, "Papa said the number on the back of the photograph was important. If we found it, wouldn't it help?"

"It might," she said. "If we knew what it meant, it might help a lot."

"I will look for it," he said. "I will watch the licence numbers of all the cars."

He did not speak again until they reached the causeway road across the marshland, when he said, "I hope Peggy hasn't flown away."

"Who is Peggy?"

"A little grey gull with only one leg," he said. "Peggy is short for peg leg. I always throw the bread towards Peggy, so he'll get enough to eat."

Naturally, Paula thought, he would take care of the handicapped, the weakling. She said cheerily, "Don't worry. I'm sure Peggy hasn't flown away."

When they reached the house on the point, Porter Bellows had returned from the barracks; his car was standing by the garage. Paula suggested that Pierre run on to the beach and see if his one-legged gull was there, and went on to the house.

Seeing Anna, the cook, at a kitchen window, she asked, "Is Mr. Bellows in the house?"

"I didn't see where he went," Anna said.

"I came to get some shirts for Pierre," Paula explained, and went on to the entrance door. It opened on a large living-room dominated by a massive fireplace, and to reach the stairway opposite she passed near the hearth. She saw a pile of feathery ashes in the fireplace, and some fragments of burned paper. Some printing caught her eye and she stopped and picked up a triangle of paper, charred at its base. "Fawcett Point Bulletin," the printing said; it was a piece from one of Pierre's newspapers that had been run off on the copying machine in her office.

Anna's voice said, "He's been burn-

ing all kinds of things. He cleaned out Mrs. Bellows' desk and burned everything up. He just doesn't want anything to remind him of her, I guess."

An eager voice called from the kitchen, "Anna! Anna, I need a bucket!"

"Why do you need a bucket, Pierre?" Anna called back.

"Dad-dee is picking mussels and he said I could help him, Anna. Please, where is the bucket?"

Paula followed Anna into the kitchen and saw the boy standing just inside the door. His face was shining and he said, "Dad-dee isn't angry, Paula. Dad-dee says everybody makes mistakes. Just think twice, he said."

"That's pretty good advice for everybody," Paula said.

"What's the use of picking mussels when there's no way to cook them?" Anna asked.

"Dad-dee said that maybe Paula would make me some moules marinières," Pierre said. "Paula has gas at her house, not electricity."

"I think moules marinières would be nice," Paula said.

Anna gave Pierre a bucket, and as he started away Paula thought it was an odd time to be picking mussels. To be sure, Pierre was very fond of moules marinières, but mussels should be cooked immediately, because they spoiled so quickly, and the weather today was hot. She moved across the lawn to the sea wall and realised she was standing where the oak had fallen.

The tree was gone, but a pile of sawn wood showed what a power saw had done to it. The hole left where the roots had been ripped up had been filled in with topsoil and the guard was patched with new cedar.

Directly below her stood Porter Bellows, barefooted and with his pants rolled high on his ankles. He was stooping among the rocks, and she saw him pick a cluster of mussels and toss it up on the concrete ledge below. Pierre was approaching with the bucket, and as he looked up Porter saw Paula.

He called, "Hi! Want to join my mussel pickers?"

Close beside him was the flat rock on which Paula had knelt to reach the watch; Ruth had been found almost exactly where she had been standing. Joe Burns had said, "Porter, we don't want mussels today."

He glanced up. "But Peter lives





moules marinières. He—" He looked about him. "Oh," he said. "Yes." He moved back to the concrete ledge, picked up the cluster of mussels, and threw it far out into the water.

"Some other time we'll have moules marinières, Pierre!" Paula called down. "I'm afraid they'd spoil in this heat."

She turned away from the sea wall. Here where Ruth had been killed Porter Bellows had taken off his shoes and waded into the water. Here where Paula had found the watch he had chosen to look for mussels; at least, when Pierre discovered him there, he had said he was picking mussels. She felt a little shiver pass along her spine.

Behind her, Porter called her name. She waited until he fell in step beside her.

"That was an odd thing about that photograph," he said. "It broke my heart to correct Peter in front of everyone. The boy has too much imagination."

"Maybe he did hear Ruth talking to someone, Porter."

"That's possible, of course, but I can't imagine who it would be. Ruth was not one to share confidences." He glanced up at Paula, his eyes blinking behind the horn-rimmed spectacles. "Will you join me in a drink?"

"It's a little early for me, Porter."

"I rarely take a drink during the day," he said. "But these are sad and lonely days for me. I need something."

He went in through french windows to the living-room, took a bottle of Scotch from a cupboard and poured a large drink. He brought it back to the porch, stood gazing out across the water, and murmured, "I'm going away from here, Paula. Far, far away. I thought I might go back to Venezuela. I've spent a little time down there, you know."

"No, I didn't know," Paula said.

"I was interested in oil investments," he said, and drank deeply. He sighed and said, "I suppose you have no idea what it means to be alone in the world. My only relative is a sister whom I haven't seen in years. The last I heard of her she was in Honolulu. I tried to get in touch with her last spring, before my marriage, but my letters came back. She married a man named Walter Adams and went out there in the autumn of 1949. I made inquiries of the Chamber of Commerce and the police in Honolulu, without result."

"Porter, that's a shame," Paula murmured.

He smiled at her. "I'm not telling you this to enlist your sympathy, but because the thought came to me that a family is a very important thing. There is no loneliness like being a man without ties, and I was thinking of little Peter, with his mother killed in the war and his father never known to him. The way he invented a story to go with that photograph was very revealing. Paula, I want that boy to be happy. I want to do what's best for him. Peter is Davis' adopted son, and if Davis should prove to be innocent I won't stand in the way of any plans he might make for Peter's future. I wish I could believe he is innocent."

"I'll tell him that," Paula said.

He finished his drink, put his glass down, and said, "Is there anything I can do for you, Paula?"

"I came to get some clean shirts for Pierre."

"You know your way," he said, and gestured towards the house. "I have an appointment in town. I'm sure you'll excuse me." He took her hand and pressed it. "You're a sweet girl, Paula. I'll never forget you. Never."

She entered the house and went up to the second floor. The door of Ruth's office was closed and she passed it by and went on to Pierre's room. She opened a bureau drawer

and selected three clean shirts. She put them on the bed, hesitated only an instant, then went back along the corridor and opened the door of Ruth's office.

The room was panelled in dark walnut, with ceiling-to-floor bookcases on one side of it. The desk was a slanting-lid Chippendale with a centre section of four small drawers set off by pilasters carved in the shape of lighted candles and flanked by pigeonholes. She removed the top drawer and put her hand into the aperture. At the back she felt a round knob and pressed it; the right-hand pilaster sprang out an inch.

She pulled it out the rest of the way, disclosing a vertical drawer of which the pilaster was the front, but the drawer was empty. She felt for another knob, and found it at the back of the space for the bottom drawer. At her push the other pilaster moved, but this secret drawer was also empty. If anything had been hidden in this desk, it was here no longer.

She leaned against the wall in the corridor, glancing towards the door of a room at its far end. It was a small room hung with water-colors of hunting scenes, and in it Porter had a small, kidney-shaped desk. Her heart was beating fast.

She listened at the stair-well, then tiptoed along the carpeted hall and opened the door. There was very little drawer space in the kidney-shaped desk, and very little in the drawers—a few receipted bills and some postage stamps and a file of correspondence fastened together with a paper-clip. The letter on top bore the letterhead of the Honolulu Police Department, and was a reply to an inquiry as to the whereabouts of Mrs. Walter Adams.

It was as if Porter had invited her to look in this desk and find confirmation of what he had just told her, Paula thought. It was as if the whole conversation downstairs had been planned after she found him gathering mus-

*"If one of those hands even wiggles, I'm going to shoot you," the matter-of-fact voice told Brad calmly.*

sels. She skimmed through the file of letters, all dated in the previous March and April. A man could create a relative by correspondence, she thought, and establish a sort of identity. Alex could be right; there might be a mystery about Porter's past.

Underneath the correspondence file were two cheque books, one on the local bank and the other on a bank in Hartford. There was a balance of a little over two thousand in the local bank, but only a few hundred in the Hartford account. She flipped the pages.

Here, a little less than a month ago, Porter had twelve thousand dollars in his Hartford account. She turned the pages slowly, studying the withdrawals.

On the fourth of August ten thousand dollars had been taken from the account in a lump, but, aside from the notation of the amount of the withdrawal, the cheque stub was blank. Ten thousand dollars was a considerable amount for a man to withdraw without bothering to make an entry on the cheque stub. Every other stub was punctiliously filled out.

A voice on the stairs called "Paula!" and she started and dropped the cheque book back into the drawer. She stepped quickly into the hall as Pierre arrived at the head of the stairs. The boy said, "Better not let Dad-dee catch you in his rooms. He gets mad."

"I was just looking for a pencil," she said lamely.

"He got awfully mad at Uncle Alex yesterday for being in Maman's room. Why did he get so mad?"

"Darling, I don't know," she said.

"Maman was mad at Uncle Alex, too, but

To page 44



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| • Cream            | • Muted Beige     | • Tomato       |
| • Forest Green     | • Daffodil        | • Champagne    |
| • Contemporary Red | • Magic Blue      | • Orchid Green |
| • Robin Hood Red   | • Tango           |                |
| • Camellia         | • Coral Rose      |                |



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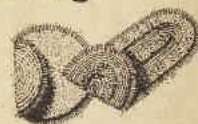


Looped pile,  
with light twist



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See them—feel them  
—walk on them!



**TUFTED COTTON RUGS**

AT ALL LEADING STORES



# LOVE IS THE REASON

It was a perfectly happy marriage  
... a tender and charming story

By CATHLEEN ROGERS

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

IT seemed incredible that Laurence Aldas, famous both as conductor and composer, had lived happily with his wife so long. You would have thought they were the last couple on earth to get along even for five minutes in a crowded room, much less endure a lifetime of each other's company.

It was a thing even I never understood till that Saturday night. And I knew them both. Not from hearsay and gossip-columns, but personally. They were my friends.

No one knew where Aldas found that young, lovely wife. Julia was a creature of softness and candle-light, gay and light-hearted, yet with an inward stillness, a quietness all her own.

If I had been twenty years younger, less eccentric, less given to wandering around Europe with a grand piano doing twenty concerts a year, this might be a different story.

She was the most beautiful girl I ever saw. Yet music meant nothing to her. That was the astonishing thing. Less than nothing.

So what held them together? If it was love, then it was the kind I didn't understand. For even love, surely, must have a reason.

Or so I thought then. I loved Aldas as a friend and admired him as a genius. He lived within reach of London, and whenever I played there—often under his baton—I would stay with him for a few days.

And to be in that house, with him and with Julia, was a rare experience. He was great before he married the slender, lovely girl no one had ever heard of. But, afterwards, his stature as an artist increased day by day.

They had two or three servants in their beautiful Tudor house by the river, but Julia seemed to do most of the work. It was for him, she explained to me one day. Laurence was her career. She gave to him so that he could give himself and all that he was to the world.

We were sitting, when she told me this, in Laurence's music-room. His piano was there, his library of scores, the organ of Bach's time which he would play on moonlit nights.

"And yet," I said, "you don't like music!"

She glanced at me and hesitated. There was no trace of smart sophistication in Julia. She was childishly unpretentious.

"It's not that I don't like it," she said. "I love the simple things in music, and poetry, too. But they have to be very simple, you understand."

"You're very simple, too," I said, smiling at her.

"I suppose I am. . . And I like to be made gay or sad by simple things. Tunes I can understand. Those harmonies you and Laurence call sticky." She laughed.

"Like Turkish delight?"

"I love Turkish delight! And primroses and violets, too," she added quickly. "But when you talk about the mathematics of music and monumental symphonies, I'm through! It doesn't mean a thing to me."

I thought of Laurence Aldas, whose nature was so infinitely moved by greatness in music and all things. And I wondered and wondered. . .

And yet, when he came into the room he never saw me. He saw only her.

It wasn't blind infatuation. I was sure of that. It was an adult passion

that fused them completely into one radiant personality. I believe that one would scarcely have survived the other if death had claimed either.

That memorable Saturday I was playing the Beethoven "Emperor," with Aldas conducting. We left their home, Laurence and I, soon after lunch for rehearsal with the orchestra. Julia was to follow later—a seat was reserved for her.

The concerto came second on the programme. I was conscious of her there, listening gravely, like a child confronted with some vast natural phenomenon, awed without understanding.

After the usual felicitations below the platform, I found her in the circle lounge.

"You were magnificent," she said, very seriously.

"You're a hypocrite," I retorted, and she laughed.

"What comes next?" she asked. "An 'Essay' by Samuel Barber, then the Brahms."

"Oh, darling! Listen—Laurence is meeting us later. Let's go now and wait. We can take his car. Laurence won't mind using a cab."

In ten minutes we were parking the car again, just off Piccadilly. In her slow, lovely voice she explained to the head waiter that we had a table reserved, but Mr. Aldas wouldn't be along for some time yet, so we would have a drink, then dance till he came.

We did, while the Samuel Barber and the Brahms, no doubt, ran their appointed course.

"Julia," I said, "you look really happy tonight."

"I'm always happy. Why shouldn't I be? The most wonderful husband in the world, almost everything I want, good, dear friends like you—why shouldn't I be happy?"

I leaned back, watching her expressive face.

"You're wise! So experienced, but you're just as puzzled about us as anyone else, aren't you? What does he see in me? And why does he mean so much to me? Because he does, you know. Everything! I don't exist apart from Laurence."

"I know that," I said. "You're looking for reasons. But there aren't any. We love each other, that's all."

After a while her hand moved over mine. "Because you're Laurence's

friend and very dear to me, I'll tell you something scarcely anyone knows. If you'll keep the secret?"

"I promise."

With a mysterious little smile she moved to the dais and spoke to the band-leader.

She was scarcely back with me at the table before they were playing a current tune I must have heard a dozen times when I turned on the radio. "Don't look so serious!" she said. "Let's dance. Do you like this tune?"

"It's pleasant," I said. "Like pastries and ice-cream. You can't live on those things, but I like them. In their place."

"I'm so glad." Her eyes as well as her feet were dancing. "Because Laurence wrote it."

I almost stepped on her toes. "Julia, you're joking!"

"It's true—he did! Now listen with more respect."

I listened, almost too surprised to think. In the shadowed corner I drew her away from the floor. "Now tell me, you impish, tantalising child," I said.

Gently, softly, she told me.

"It began on my birthday, the first after we were married. Laurence got up very early that morning and began playing the piano. The loveliest, dreamiest tune. . . I cried when he came upstairs again and asked me if I liked it and told me it was my birthday present."

"Laurence laughed when I took it to a publisher. But now, he does it every year. It wouldn't seem like my birthday if he didn't tip-toe out of the room while I'm pretending to be asleep. It's lovely to lie in bed and listen to your birthday present."

The band on the dais was tossing that wistful little tune about in the workmanlike way these people have. And, strangely, I seemed to see the trees on the lawn, and the moon over the low hills beyond the river.

"Long ago," I said, "Richard Wagner serenaded his wife from the stairs with a little band of players. . . Something like that, yes! I could have understood it better."

"But that would have been his kind of music," she said, swiftly turning her head. "It would have been partly to please himself. But this was just for me. A foolish, pretty tune even I could like and understand!"

I shook my head. "Don't say that, Julia. You've got something that neither of us—"

I never finished the words. Laurence was coming down the steps. He looked tired—till he saw her, then his fine, sensitive face lit up and he came to her as if she were the one person in the world. And the way she hurried to meet him they might not have met for a year.

I went slowly back to our table. Now, it was all so clear. . . There was no reason for it. It was reason in itself. Like God and the stars, measureless in terms of space and time.

(Copyright)



*I watched her expressive, happy face and heard her say, "You're wise, but yet you're puzzled about us, aren't you?"*





# Senorita FROM BROOKLYN

A short story by ALEC RACKOWE

*In every man lies the dream of the perfect woman  
but for few does the dream ever become the reality*

THE last soft chords hung in the still, cool air of the deserted cafe. Automatically the three members of his orchestra reached for cigarettes, and Davido Morales said gently, "That was good. In ten minutes we shall rehearse the bolero."

He set down his guitar and rose, a slim young man in dark trousers and white shirt, with jet hair and liquid eyes in an olive-skinned face.

Sisto Perez, inhaling deeply, grinned as he asked, "No dancers from the agency today, maestro?"

The others chuckled. Davido moved through the dimness of the big room that had once given storage to many cakes of ice. Its floors and walls were massive, cork-insulated, and the beams of the ceiling were of foot-square cypress. The tables stood all about, waiting for the diners who would come in a few hours to partake of the famous food of El Paraiso and listen to the music of the guitars and the songs of Elena.

The wide doors to the porch-terrace were open. Davido stood for a moment blinking at the golden sunlight that bathed the outdoors. If it had not been for the discontent he felt over this matter of a dancer, he would have been completely happy. It was summertime in Ybor City, and there was no place in all the world that offered quite so much.

In the winter there were hordes of tourists, noisy, avid, bringing much money into the till of El Paraiso, but now in August they were not yet arrived and there was the loveliness of leisure to be savored. There was the peace and beauty of Ybor City itself to be felt and enjoyed.

For Ybor City, though it is an integral part of Tampa, Florida, is unique—a city of Latin folk, speaking a language of their own, living not in haste, expanding in the sunlight, living not from the head but from the heart. It was good, Davido thought, to be alive in Ybor City, in summertime. And then he thought of the dancer again, and his shoulders drooped.

He moved out on to the porch. The cobbled street lay sun-drenched and still. The parking lot across the way was empty and the sun-faded bricks of the Rubirez cigar factory drowsed at the corner. To the east the clouds were beginning to mass, preparatory to the afternoon thunder shower that would clear the air for the coolness of the evening.

Pedro Gutierrez, the proprietor of El Paraiso and husband of the lovely Elena, was sitting at a small table, a pale Rubirez Eleganta in his fingers. There was another cup upon the table, and Davido knew that the boss' friend, Arturo Rubirez, of the factory, had just left.

Pedro, dark, and growing the least bit heavy in his early thirties, motioned lazily for Davido

to sit down. As Davido settled himself, Pedro said, "I noticed no candidates for the dance today. You have found someone to dance with you?"

"None." Davido's sensitive lips tightened. "These girls the agents send are professionals with no feeling. They are not what I want."

He was aware of Pedro's smile.

"And what do you want, chico?"

Davido's young voice was deep: "I know exactly. Someone who is born of motion and music. Someone who will dance, not with the memory and the practice, but with the heart."

"And if she is not to be found?"

"She must be," Davido said. "Somewhere she exists, and I shall find her. She'll be dark and full of fire."

There was a sudden flicker of lightning, followed by a crash of thunder and a simultaneous cascade of rain.

Pedro Gutierrez said, raising his voice, "There will be, as you know, in two weeks the supper-dance here for the hospital nursery that my Elena and Senora Rubirez are sponsoring."

"All Ybor City knows and applauds their goodness," Davido said politely.

Pedro said, "My good friend Arturo Rubirez has made the suggestion that something more be added to the programme—an exhibition of the dance."

"Senor Rubirez is an excellent dancer," Davido agreed.

Pedro gestured. "But growing somewhat comfortable in weight and in spirit by reason of married happiness, as I am. And since Arturo agrees that even at his best he was never so good as are you, we ask that you partner the Dona Linda in the dance of Padua—the pavan."

Davido felt a little surge of hopefulness rise in him. He looked at Pedro. "Dona Linda? I have not heard of her."

Pedro smiled. "Be not carried away, poet. This Linda is a cousin of Senora Rubirez. A young lady recently come from the North; from that Brooklyn which is of New York as Ybor City is of Tampa; as was Maria Rubirez herself."

Davido felt disappointment. "A Norte Americano."

Pedro said, "Davido, this is not the impossible one of perfection whom you seek. This is but a cousin of the wife of my good friend Arturo. To have her dance for this worthy cause will give Maria Rubirez much pleasure."

Davido crushed his cigarette. "She can dance?"

Pedro's shoulders raised. "And if not? Surely you can teach her so simple a dance as the pavan. One does not expect perfection—except you."

"Yes," Davido said. "And some day I shall find it."

"And in the meantime you will do this that we ask? You will teach Senorita Linda Malone the pavan?"

"In such a worthy cause I cannot but agree."

"Good. The Senorita Malone will come in the morning with Arturo."

"I shall be here," Davido said, and bowed . . .

Davido did not look forward with much pleasure to the task that Pedro Gutierrez had set for him. There were always debutantes of good family and upbringing anxious for the momentary freedom from restraint that a public appearance brought. They were understandable and bearable, but Norte Amer-

icano girls were something else again. Davido had seen enough of them among the tourists at El Paraiso to not care for them. They were, for one as Latin as Davido, too foreign and strange.

He thought of it that night as he left El Paraiso and walked slowly homeward. It was not late, barely past one, for though the Yborians dined leisurely, they only stayed up to see the sun rise on the occasions of big dances and balls.

The clapboard, balconied wooden house of Senora Valdes, where Davido slept, was dark and quiet. Davido went up the walk, let himself in with his key, and went up the stairs to his room. There was the clean, hot, dry smell of summer. He sat down on the balcony and felt all tension leave him.

Davido let his breath go, his heart full. This was when he was happiest, in the fullness of summer. He was an orphan, with no family of his own. He had a good job in pleasant surroundings, among people he liked. There had been many an opportunity to leave, but Davido had ignored them all.

There was his little band of guitarists, and Pedro Gutierrez never interfered. Now that Elena Gutierrez was expecting a child, and couldn't sing this coming winter, the idea of someone to dance with him as an attraction had suggested itself.

Someone to dance with—someone, as he had said to Pedro, who would be as one with him in motion as his guitar was in music. And Davido had meant it when he had told Pedro Gutierrez that he knew what she was like—dark and full of fire, shining jet hair and red lips, skin the stainless color of the camellia, and eyes that looked at one with all the mystery and appeal of old Castile.

He sighed, his head bent. Perhaps she was but a figment of his imagination. The booking agents considered him unreasonable, even mad. Perhaps it was so, and yet Davido felt that somewhere she existed.

"She is. She must be," he said softly into the night. "And I must teach some Norte Americano to dance the pavan, as if she could have the faintest idea of what the dance meant or expressed. Some noisy tourista—a skinny one, too. I will wager." . . .

She was. Or, at least, the girl who came into the dimness of El Paraiso the following morning with the impeccably dressed Arturo Rubirez was nothing like the girl Davido pictured when he thought of the dance partner he sought.

Davido bowed when Pedro Gutierrez presented him, feeling his heart sink. Her hair was not jet, it was almost orange in color, and her skin, faintly flushed, could not hide the telltale freckles across the bridge of her pert nose. Her eyes were wide-spaced and quite beautiful, but there was no mystery in them. They looked at Davido frankly, in utter friendliness. Two hands could span her waist certainly, but in her figure there was not that feminine hint of exaggeration so typically Latin.

She was quite young, not more than eighteen or nineteen, and from his wealth of twenty-two years Davido looked upon her critically.

Pedro Gutierrez said, "We shall leave you alone to commence the rehearsals," and Arturo Rubirez said, "You are in good hands, Linda mia. I shall meet you here for lunch."

Linda Malone smiled. Her teeth showed white and even, but the smile was eager as she turned it on









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lished on this page. Letters  
must be the writer's original  
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to letters signed for publication.

### WEEK'S BEST LETTER

HOW heartening, amid all the violent headlines of today, are the stories of bravery and courage shown by ordinary members of the public which appear in the same columns.

Almost daily, somebody risks his or her life to save a child or rescue an adult from death or injury. Quite often they remain anonymous. No one pins medals on their breasts. They wear their own badge of courage that seeks no limelight or reward.

It is these modest heroes and heroines who reaffirm one's belief in the fundamental brotherhood of man.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Bond, Rose Bay, N.S.W.

WITH the trouble many people have in getting fresh eggs.

I felt very smug about mine being direct from the store-keeper's own farm. Certainly they are always beautifully fresh, but the size and shape almost beggar description. Out of one particular dozen, five were very long and thin, three were the shape of a golf ball, and the rest would, for size, disgrace a pigeon.

10/6 to "Housewife" (name supplied), Campsie, N.S.W.

I OFTEN wonder why a marriage between an elderly couple is so often greeted with derision and unkind remarks such as "In their dotage," and "Second childhood." In my opinion, old age is the time when one most feels the need of a companion, a feeling of security, and of belonging to someone.

10/6 to "Shut-in" (name supplied), Osborne, S.A.

THERE has always been controversy about the unhygienic way food is handled, but the other day when I was having tea out, seven or eight ladies smoked the whole afternoon, filling several ashtrays with lipstick-covered butts. To my horror, the ashtrays were washed up together with the cups and glasses.

10/6 to Mrs. K. Ramse, Campbelltown, S.A.

I AM by no means a devotee of classical music or grand opera, but it does set my teeth on edge to hear semi-classicals set to swing or, as in the case of "The Indian Love Call," actually yodelled. Surely there are plenty of hill-billy tunes they can yodel (if yodel they must) without destroying such lovely melodies.

10/6 to "Swing" (name supplied), Shepparton, Vic.

HOW much heart-burning through unwise buying would be saved if girls about to leave school learned something of quality in merchandise. Girls starting work, or becoming young wives, often buy their clothes or furniture from the point of view of quantity instead of quality, and at this age few of them are amenable to their mothers' advice.

10/6 to Mrs. E. Creelman, Kew, Vic.

### Pet name trouble

AS Mr. Cantwell (The Australian Women's Weekly, 7/3/56) says, pet names can be most unfortunate. At school my best friend answered to "Petal," because she was such a dainty lass. The last time I saw her she had grown huge and most un-petal-like. All that remained was the coy way in which she told people her name.

10/6 to "Petal's Pal" (name supplied), Campsie, N.S.W.

### Family affairs

● Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

BECAUSE our children had destroyed hundreds of lovely books and had not a complete one among the five of them, we started a library, with Mum or Dad as librarian. Into it goes every new book they receive, instead of it being crammed into toy drawers or left lying about. Anyone tearing or scribbling on books is barred from borrowing one for a certain period. As well as preserving the books, we have also stopped the old cry of "You can't look at that one. It's mine," as they are now all common property.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. Read, Revesby, N.S.W.

## Ross Campbell writes...

WHAT an amazing number of girls leave Australia now to hitch-hike through foreign countries.

About half the stenographers in the Commonwealth are saving up for a trip to Finland or somewhere.

You see pictures of them in the papers, saying good-bye on ships to the boys they leave behind them.

I can't help feeling sorry for these young fellows.

All they want to do is settle down and start a little home, with a motor-mower, and, perhaps, a baby.

But their girl-friends get the itch to see Baluchistan first, and the whole thing has to be postponed.

A case in point is Wanda McGlam, a pretty blonde from our district.

She was engaged to a decent young fellow named Herb Snaffle.

Then suddenly Wanda got wanderlust.

She said she wanted to hitch-hike round Europe to broaden her mind.

Herb was terribly disappointed. But nothing could stop Wanda from going walkabout.

I have followed her trip closely

### WANDA-LUST

because her mother reads all her letters to us.

At the beginning she confined herself to information about the places she had seen.

After the mail arrived, Mrs. McGlam would rush in excitedly and announce: "Wanda says London is very big!"

Or: "Wanda says the Queen lives in Buckingham Palace!"

Or: "Wanda says the people in Scotland have Scotch accents!"

I got tired of listening to all this and saying: "Go on!" "Is that so?" or "Well, I'll be blowed!"

But soon the letters gave more personal news.

In one of them Wanda reported: "I got a lift from a very nice Englishman called Fred. He said I could go as far as I liked with him."

In the next letter she said: "A charming Swiss named Francois picked me up yesterday. His car broke down in the Alps."

Poor Herb got worried.

"I don't like this hitch-hike of Wanda's," he told me.

"Travel is broadening her mind too much."

The last straw was when she said: "A handsome Italian gave me a lift for two days on his motor-scooter."

Herb cabled her: "If you don't stop hitching and start hiking our engagement is off."

But Wanda paid no attention.

Now he is taking out a quiet little thing who doesn't want to travel farther than a jeweller's shop.

I admire the enterprise of girl hitch-hikers like Wanda.

But they can't expect a home-loving Australian man to wait for them indefinitely.

Sooner or later he is likely to decide that a girl in the hand is worth two in Zululand.







## THIS IS AUSTRALIA

IT'S SHOWTIME! And more than 1,000,000 people will flock to Sydney Showground this month for the Royal Easter Show, acclaimed by overseas visitors as "the greatest agricultural exhibition of its kind in the world." The Show goes on for ten days and eight nights of never-ending activity. Crowds are everywhere, covering miles (on foot) to inspect industrial and manufacturers' exhibits, horticulture, livestock, country produce, arts and handicrafts. Later on, the same crowds — now footsore, weary, and clutching sample-bags—relax in the grandstands to watch the impressive Grand Parade and the ring events, with their coveted awards. For all the competitive classes, the trophies and prizemoney amount to over £30,000. There are too many wonders for a little girl to take in at once, so Kim Towns, of Coogee, N.S.W., rests on a bale of hay. Picture by David Muir, Sydney.

The Australian Women's Weekly — March 28, 1956

Page 11





Anne Francis

M-G-M Star of Cinemascope Colour Film "The Forbidden Planet"

On holidays or week-ends, take beauty-giving Lustre-Creme Shampoo, in the new, handy Tubettes so perfect for packing. LUSTRE-CREME is the favourite beauty shampoo of 4 out of 5 Hollywood Stars. Lovely Anne Francis uses Lustre-Creme. And it's Australia's favourite cream shampoo, because it never dries your hair, it beautifies! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin, foams into instant, rich lather . . . leaves hair star-bright, satin-soft, easy to manage and eager to wave.



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JOAN CRAWFORD tells

# How to be an EXCITING woman

• Film star Joan Crawford, whose forty-eighth birthday is on March 23, is a celebrity with a design for living that is as important as her beauty and talent. It is this, plus her charm, her distinctive clothes, and her youthfulness, that makes her what she advises others to be—an exciting woman.

By MAY MANN, in New York

WHEN she was in New York, Joan invited me on a motor trip, and as she drove her new black Cadillac, with her poodles Cliquot and Camille between us on the front seat, she talked freely about herself. What, I asked, was the motivating force of her life, her success and happiness?

"Love," she said. "I need it. Every woman needs it." She spoke directly, not the least conscious that she was revealing her deepest feelings.

"To me love is everything. A woman has to be wanted, needed, giving—or she is nothing," she continued.

"The need of love, to have, give it, express it, whether it is with a man, children, family, career, or just people, is the sensation of excitement that is always new.

"You feel its reality only if you are swept up into it—living it. Living it so your heart believes what your ears are hearing."

## "Marriage big love affair"

JOAN was married on May 10, 1955, to Alfred N. Steele, the multimillionaire president of a soft-drink manufacturing company. It was Joan's fourth marriage, Mr. Steele's third.

"Every day I am asked if my marriage to Alfred is going to last," Joan said in her low, warm, resonant voice—a voice she has trained to reveal allure, charm, and feminine appeal in person as well as on the screen.

"To me, marriage is the greatest love affair of all.

"I am an ordinary woman, but I have always dreamed of falling in love with an extraordinary man.

"In the past my strong maternal need to give has overshadowed the more important basic female need to give—but to lean a little, too—and have the chance to be 'all woman.'

"I feel this way about my marriage to Alfred.

"I have sought emotional security all of my life. In three marriages I hoped to find it—and failed.

"No woman is fulfilled without her man. But I'd never marry just to get married. Sometimes women marry out

of sheer loneliness. I did once.

"Few seem to believe that anyone connected with the glamorous picture business could ever be lonely. Believe me, that is not true.

"However, I've learned that loneliness can lead to self-pity and self-pity can defeat the best purposes in life.

"To obtain love and be an exciting woman you have to emerge from any retreat which does not enhance your abilities and opportunities to dem-

"Of course, being an actress doesn't unmake you as a woman with a normal woman's reactions, but in doing a love scene you create your characters, their wants, needs, and desires, and combine them with your own experience to get the desired results.

"It has to be 'magic' for you, or it isn't for the audience. But that doesn't necessarily mean you have to 'fall in love' with every leading man or co-star.

"However, I'm not saying



JOAN CRAWFORD and her fourth husband, Alfred N. Steele, multimillionaire president of a soft-drink company.

onstrate your birthright—the right to be an individual.

"If you want to become the best in any field, you must use a strategy to conquer any sense of insecurity because anyone who is emotionally insecure could never be a complete success.

"A career woman is often regarded as too independent, too self-centred—yet when she falls in love, like everything else she does, it is not a half-hearted affair.

"Motion-picture actresses are very often asked if they fall in love with their leading men or co-stars during the filming of a picture.

It hasn't happened on the sets. Many times an actress who is lonely or unhappy in her own marriage can mesmerise herself into believing her leading man is actually the romantic character the script says he is."

Joan Crawford, wearing a black beaded sheath gown, walked down the stairway of New York's 21 Club. It was noticeable that women patrons took one look at her small waist, slender hips, flat smoothness in the right places.

It is easy to imagine each of the other women, in her mind's eye, inspecting her own measurements.

Joan Crawford does watch her health and her calories. The women who only wish to watch theirs watch Joan.

She receives thousands of letters from all parts of the world asking, "How do you do it? How do you look 25 at 47? What treatments and how much do they cost? How do you stay young and exciting?"

Joan was the focus of all eyes at the 21 Club. From the Governor of Utah and his lady to a headwaiter's daughter—they all stopped to pay their respects or take a quick and closer look at Joan Crawford in person.

They found an immaculately groomed, radiant woman with a fresh, clear skin, unlined, without make-up except powder and lipstick.

"I don't diet. I just don't overeat. I've learned not to eat like things that are not good for me.

"I'd adore a chocolate sundae piled high with whipped cream and nuts and cherries.

"Yes, I would . . . but if I had it once I'd have it again, and again! So, I never have even one!

"I have learned to eat what I need for my health, and that's proteins, vegetables, and fruit.

"This is typical," she pointed to her own food. "A small steak, a green salad, my own concoction, fresh chopped spinach with bacon and French dressing.

## Secret of her figure

"I EAT small amounts, but often, say every four hours.

"That way I am never ravenously hungry, never in a gorge; that's the secret of retaining a flatness of figure in the right places.

"This does not mean depriving my family must be deprived of sweets.

"A well-balanced diet is paramount with me for good health. Each Sunday I make out the menus for the week for my family, seeing that they have fish one day, chicken the next, veal the next, and wide variety of vegetables.

"My children must eat their food before drinking their milk at a meal, as I have found that they would prefer filling up on liquids and not leaving room enough for the solid food.

"I've been asked if I take exercise, how much sleep





"ACTRESSES are often asked whether they fall in love with their leading man," says Joan. Here she is with Cliff Robertson in her forthcoming film "Autumn Leaves."

require, how I cope with the weight problem, what cosmetics I use, and if I really take care of my hair myself.

"Routine exercise is good, but a chore. My way is interesting, at least to me. I have trained myself to get up from a chair without using my hands, arms or elbows. My weight pulls my stomach and leg muscles. I stretch to walk.

"I've learned to exercise as I bend over to reach for a cigarette, from a coffee table, or a cup of tea.

"I never bend my knees when I reach down to pick up something from the floor. This keeps my body limber.

"I do wash my hair and set it every day when I'm not working. When I'm in production, naturally my hair-dresser, Shirley Madden, does it for me.

"I'd never let opportunity in love, romance, career, or friendship pass me by because I needed a hair-do or manicure!

"Wrinkles come from skin being stretched with weight and sagged with the loss of weight. By maintaining an even weight, you avoid them.

"That is why I never let myself gain more than three pounds, ever. You can say that is easy for me.

"Let me tell you that I weighed 10st. 8lb. when I was first signed for pictures. I maintain my weight at 8st. 10lb. to 9st., which is right for me.

"When I was desperately trying to get a job in the chorus in Chicago, I told the casting director, 'I know I'm not tall and pretty—just fat and short, but I can dance.' 'Why don't you do something about your weight—20lb. is standing between you and stardom,' he said.

"For months I lived on biscuits and mustard and coffee. The result was a bad skin, reduced vitality. That's when I studied food, vitamin content and calories, for figure control and beauty.

"I scrub my face three times a day with soap and water. When my skin is dry, I apply a heavy night cream.

"However, now, being a bride, I have to rearrange my schedule.

"Since I'm married I don't put cream on my face at night. It just doesn't become a bride, and I want my husband to see me at my best.

"I've had to make time to set my hair and cream my face during the day, when my husband is at his office. This interferes with business, yes, and there are times when I arrive for an appointment with my fresh hair-do still a little wet. But I work it in.

"A woman can't be exciting if her man sees her in curlers and cold cream. Never!"

Joan Crawford's husband held her perfumed and jewelled hand over dinner at the 21 Club.

A conservative businessman, perhaps—but his fond glances at his wife were warmly expressive. You can see his complete fascination by the pride that reflects in his eyes when he looks at her.

"Being married to Joan is always exciting," he said, "and

Joan Crawford Steele is one beautiful package of surprises, her husband said. "She is the most exciting woman in the world, and I've never seen her when she wasn't beautiful!" His eyes added emphasis.

"When I get too busy making pictures I move into my studio dressing-room, except for weekends," Joan said.

"In that way I don't inflict the pressure of my work on my family and inject them with the tenseness I experience during each production.

"During production I'm always keyed up. Fortunately, I have an understanding group of people around me.

"It's the darndest business," said Mr. Steele. "Joan and I married without even waiting for her to make a picture already scheduled.

seem as if we aren't married!" Alfred mumbled, struggling to grope for his clothing and stumbling out into the early dark of the dawn. "This is the most uncivilised business I ever saw," he said as he bumped into the make-up man.

Mr. Steele grinned. "I really don't mind. It's fun.

"I am always amazed at Joan's ingenuity. We had been driving in Italy all night and arrived in Rome to find a tremendous Press reception waiting. Joan stayed in the car and put on fresh make-up, arranged her hair and emerged really dazzling.

"She can press a dress, a tie or pair of pants for me if need be. She is so self-reliant and, best of all, Joan has a wonderful sense of humor.

"A reporter asked, 'How old are you, Miss Crawford?' My bride, completely honest and factual, said, 'I am 47.'

"Then he asked, 'How many pictures have you made?' She replied, 'Seventy-three, and please don't confuse that number with my age.'

Joan's previous marriages ended in divorce. Yet her former husbands—Douglas Fairbanks, jun., Franchot Tone, Phil Terry—say she is the most magnificent woman they have ever known.

And there are those who believe Mr. Tone had long retained the hope of a remarriage before her wedding to Mr. Steele.

## Remember the "you" your husband married?

very glamorous. She is all woman."

Joan rewarded him with a warm smile, then picked up the conversation.

"I can't think of anything more deflating than when, after the babies come, a woman's husband starts calling her 'Mother.' If you are the mother of his children, fine. He can address you and refer to you as 'Mother' to them.

"But you are not 'his mother.' When he puts you into that comfortable, safe category, it is dangerous.

"You can easily become as solid and comfortable as your title—absorbed with motherly interests, house, food, children.

"What about the 'you' he married—the woman he needs to be his physical mate, his playmate, and half of the man-and-woman companionship? The woman who is to hold his interest, intrigue, fascinate, amuse, love, excite, sympathise, or cajole him?

"You are far more exciting in the sheerest negligee as a wife and sweetheart than you are in a quilted cotton robe that is practical because of the children.

"Which role do you choose? Why not choose both? It is a matter of personal, proper casting at proper times."

"We eloped to Las Vegas, where I began to realise that I had married a girl whose every move is news. Everywhere photographers, reporters, I used to have a difficult time getting her to myself.

"Joan had to start the picture. I had to fly East on business. I returned to find her living in her studio dressing-room. I'll naturally join you, I told her, not being able to stay away.

"The dressing-room is about eight by ten. At night two mattresses came out of the closet and we slept on the floor. There was no room for a bed."

Joan said. . . "I was awake at 4.45 in the morning. As usual, the make-up man, hair-dresser, and wardrobe people would be there in ten minutes. I shook Alfred, who was still fast asleep. 'Wake up, darling! You have just five minutes to dress and get out of here before my crew arrives.'

"What for—at this hour?" he murmured, 'it's still dark.'

"But you have to get out of here. They will be walking in any minute. We have to get the mattresses off the floor before they can even get into the room. Please, darling, get up and go to our apartment, or our house.

"Sweetheart, you make it

Continued on page 15



SHE KEEPS HER FIGURE by diet and exercise. Her small waist and flat hips draw envious glances whatever she wears.



JOAN'S FORMER HUSBANDS are, from left, Douglas Fairbanks, jun., Franchot Tone, and Phil Terry. They say she is the most magnificent woman they have ever known.



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# Joan Crawford tells how to be an exciting woman

**W**ILL this marriage last? Joan's reply is, "I've managed so far. You can work out a long-range plan in business or anything else. Marriage is the only thing in life you can't plan on. You always hope it will last."

The applause that greeted Joan Crawford's newest picture, "Autumn Leaves," was no more rewarding to her than a compliment to her four children in Switzerland.

The manager of the hotel where they recently sojourned observed, "I have never known better mannered children. They are trained like European children."

"I have always had a strong maternal instinct," said Joan.

"My mother had to support my brother Hal and me by running a laundry and by doing all sorts of hard work to make ends meet. At 13 years of age I was self-supporting."

"After my divorce from Franchot Tone I applied to an adoption home for a baby. First came Christina, who is now 16, and then a 10-day-old boy whom I was to lose when he was a year and a half old."

"His mother read about my adopting a baby boy, and discovered that my new son was the one she had signed away. For more than a year she insisted on taking him back. In the end I handed him back—with regret and sorrow."

"My son Christopher, who now stands six feet at the age of 13, and the twins, nine-year-old Cynthia and Cathy, make up the family. There are also our three poodles, Cliquot, Camille, and Chiffon."

"My children know they are adopted; they know, too, that they are loved as much as, or even more than, if they were of my own flesh and blood."

"I told them, 'I had to seek and find each of you. You are special.' 'We're hand-picked,' they say proudly. 'Most mothers don't have that choice!'"

"They call Alfred 'Daddy' and take him in their stride just as though they'd had him for a Daddy all their lives."

"When they do something wrong I am heart-sick. I ask myself where, as a mother, have I failed them."

"I have never turned my

children over to a governess or hired help, except when I am on a picture."

"The past few years I spent so much time with them that I was urged—by my doctor—to spend a little more time on myself."

Talking with Joan Crawford about fashions gives you a sense of getting professional advice.

## Fashion expert

**T**HERE is good reason for this. Joan has set fashion trends for millions of women and her name on lists of best-dressed women is frequent.

Her ability to wear clothes strikingly lies a good deal in her unusual figure, proportioned like that of a department store mannequin.

She has wide shoulders

"I dress for the pure, lovely satisfaction of knowing I am impeccably turned out," said Joan.

"I make a list of my assets and defects and then make the most of the mostest."

"I don't try to put a waistline where it isn't. I have my belts contoured to my natural waistline. Wearing proper girdles and bras is important and works wonders."

"Height is the one thing about which a woman can do nothing but make the most of what nature has given her."

"I am five feet four and a half inches tall; I wear very high heels, but I am never conscious of being either tall or short, except that I feel tall; I walk tall."

"Posture is the secret. I wear flat heels at the studio and change to high heels when I go before the camera."

"I've never forgotten J. J. Shubert's description when he picked me out of the chorus of a Chicago nightclub. 'The little fat girl at the end with the big blue eyes!' I was not chic, but I vowed I'd work at it. I've never stopped."

"Adrian was the top designer at M.G.M. when I arrived. He taught me to discard the gingerbread—the bows, the costume jewellery, that over-dressed look."

"My broad shoulders were transformed by Adrian into an asset instead of a liability and he saw to it that they became a trend."

"Shoulder-pads for the square-shouldered look were smart for 10 years. The style still carries through in some fashions today; it helps to create the smaller waist and hipline."

## Set a style

"I LOVE designing. Five years ago I covered a bra-top with violets. The neckline had a fetching dip. That started an entirely new trend for bra-top gowns."

Joan Crawford most frequently plays the scintillating, sophisticated woman, but always there is a touch of softness. "Femininity has to be there, no matter what type of woman one plays; otherwise, no rapport is established with either men or other women."

And, in a final word, she said:

"A woman can't miss if she follows her instinct, her intuition, and her heart."



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# Spring Collection

in  
London



• Hardy Amies' straight, loose-cut jacket (left) in emerald-green wool is worn over a matching softly tailored suit. The felt flower-pot hat is by Vernier.



• Conversation piece at Worth (above)—a crinoline-skirted ballgown in candy-pink satin, and a full-length sweeping evening coat worn over a "blurry" printed taffeta evening gown.



• John Cavanagh's short satin evening dress (left) trimmed with golden chinchilla fur and his floor-length evening coat made in vivid blue slipper satin.

• Hardy Amies shows contrasts in silhouettes (above). The slender-line jacket suit is in sugar-pink linen; the full-skirted dress and jacket in printed surah.



**H**ERE are spring fashions from the London collections. They are a pleasure to report, because the clothes are all pretty, wearable, and elegant. The designs include wide skirts, both short and floor-sweeping, a die-straight fluid line, and a new upswept hemline labelled "peacock."

The short evening dress with its own "top-coat" is established, so is the dress-jacket and suit-jacket ensemble.

Princess Margaret's couturier, Victor Stiebel, shows clearly that numbers of the designs included in his collection are a compliment to the Princess' taste.

London follows Paris with the use of satin for late-day and night.

Lastly and worthy of note: Color is the new way the London couturiers convert conventional clothes into season's dazzlers.



● Victor Stiebel uses pearl-tinted satin for his two short-skirted evening dresses (left). The dresses, designed with closely moulded bodice-tops and soft skirts, are worn with brilliant slipper-satin evening "topcoats."

● John Cavanagh's panniered evening dress (above) with a strapless top and peacock hemline. The hem is upswept in front to show a froth of net petticoat. The dress is worn with white gloves and emerald-green shoes.



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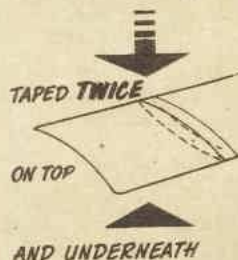
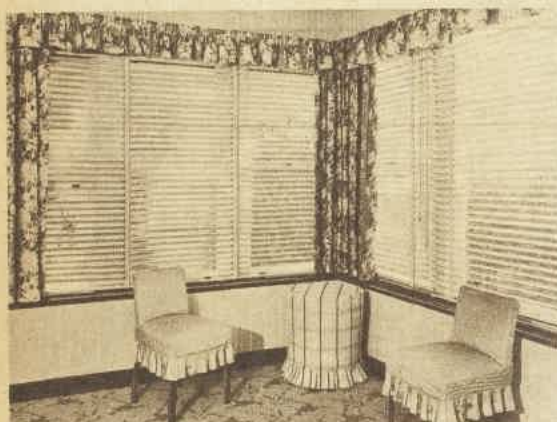
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**3 NATIONAL'S ALL-METAL "STREAMLINER"—sleek streamlining at its best.** All metal from head-rail to contour bottom rail—slim, attractive nylon cords and easy-to-clean plastic tapes. A combination of design, craftsmanship and beauty for the homelover. Mechanism is built-in to the trim metal headrail, and an extended headrail for easy-to-hang drapes is available if required. Snap-back spring-tempered slats.



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## FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"Our new neighbor is having a terrible time trying to start her car, Henry. You go right out and help her."

## MOTHER



"I don't think it's at all funny to call them your golf socks—I'm sure they haven't got eighteen holes in them."

# It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

IT'S supposed to be a good idea to have a hobby, something like fret-work, photography, or amateur theatricals.

My chief hobbies, as a working woman, are washing, ironing, and sporadic bursts of cooking and mending, but now and then I get more ambitious ideas.

For instance, I was reading an English women's magazine the other day and found a feature on how to build a boat. Ordinarily I would pass that by. (Once I did start to put a new shelf in a cupboard,

A kind man finally fixed it so it wouldn't fall down.)

But there was something different about this feature. It was headed, "Boating is no longer just a rich man's hobby. Even a poor girl can build one in her bedroom for £6/15/-."

When your bedroom is also your sitting-room, it alters the picture a bit. Coming home to a half-finished dinghy is not the most relaxing thing after a hard day's work.

Yet £6/15/- for a six-foot boat is a very tempting bargain. This is an English price, of course, and the sails cost £3/10/- extra. But I ask you! You wouldn't buy an armchair or a sweater and skirt for that.

As you can see, I've been dicking with the idea. The bit that brought me back to earth was this: "Any girl who has sewn a dress together can make this dinghy."

The last dress I made looked as simple as a dinghy. There was a line in the pattern instructions which said, "Insert sleeve gusset." Just three words. At the fifth attempt, two and a half hours from starting, I had one gusset in. Then I started on the other.

After that I went back to ready-made dresses, and maybe I'll stick to ready-made boats.

**EPITAPH** on the summer in Sydney, 1955-1956.

Dankly the summer has mouldered away,  
Mouldered and mildewed in mud and  
in steam,

Etched in a monotone, dimly grey,  
Summer is fading, lost like a dream.

The last rose of summer dissolved in a  
pulp,

Fell mid the grass and the blown, sodden  
leaves.

Squelch went the shoes through the  
garden, and gulp!

Gurgled the downpipes from under the  
eaves.

Shrouded in plastic and covered in gloom,  
The humans crept into their houses from  
town,

Sharing with spiders a sheltering room,  
While ever and ever the rain beat down.

Sighed for the sunshine and sighed for  
the moon,

While butterflies, sunless, lived for a day,  
Autumn is coming, and winter, so soon.

Dankly the summer has mouldered away.

**EVER** since cigarettes cost sixpence for ten I've been waiting to see if or when the Government would go too far with its increased excise duties.

It's not the sort of tax you can have a legitimate grouse about. All you can say is: "Mark my words, people will smoke less and the Government will kill the goose, etc."

But the geese, including this one, still go on smoking.

By pennies and twopences, budget by budget, in the name of austerity and the name of prosperity, the price has crept up.

Since the last increase there have been powerful medical arguments raised against smoking.

So now, if ever, is the time to abandon the drug, isn't it? On the score of health, expense, and aesthetics one would be better off.

But, sadly, if I had shares in tobacco companies I wouldn't be selling.

**THE** report last week of the Sicilian shopkeeper who shot a man because of an argument over a picture-theatre seat may seem to bear out the theory that Latins are especially hot-headed.

I think it merely shows that it is a good idea to discourage the carrying of firearms.

It is idle to pretend that this sort of thing couldn't happen here. Tempers flare every day over such trivialities.

Motorists, particularly, fly into murderous rages. In fact, I know drivers, male and female, who spend practically all their time behind the wheel in a simmer of anger against most other drivers and all pedestrians.

Sitting beside such a character and listening to the tirade, I have often been thankful that it is not customary to carry a revolver in the glove-box.



To show off your Easter bonnet...

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For everyone who longs for shiny-soft waves and curls — Twink is here! Twink, the thrilling new ONE-LOTION home perm, gives your hair a delicate oil treatment while it waves.

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**Suits every type of hair.** No need to consider whether your hair is easy or hard to wave before you buy — Twink suits every type and colour of hair.

### WAVES IN ONLY 15 MINUTES

Simply wet your hair with Twink, curl it up and, in only 15 minutes, it's ready for rinsing!

## No Neutralizer Needed!

**FULL HEAD SIZE 12'6 - END CURL SIZE 8'6**

### What you'll want to know about Twink

**WILL TWINK SAVE ME TIME?** Yes, for one cream lotion does the whole job of waving — in just 15 minutes. And Twink eliminates the neutralizer. You can go about your business at home for the time it takes your hair to dry naturally. Or go to sleep — and wake up with a brand-new hair-do.

**IS THERE A FRIZZY STAGE WITH TWINK?** No, not a whisper of a frizz, no kinkiness, no dried-out brittleness with Twink. With Twink's miraculous new

conditioning lotion, it's actually possible for hair to emerge from the wave with a better lustre than it had before.

**HOW LONG WILL A TWINK WAVE LAST?** Depending on how short you cut your hair and how quickly it grows, your Twink wave is guaranteed to last as long as a £4 permanent at a hairdressing salon.

**CAN I BUY A SMALLER TWINK KIT JUST FOR END CURLS?** Yes! Twink comes in full head and end curl sizes



**AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING DEPARTMENTAL STORES**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 28, 1956

TW.2.WWPPC  
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# There's something for everyone



**SMOOTH-HAIRED DACHSHUNDS.** Nine dachshunds from a litter owned by breeders Mrs. C. B. Mathews and Mrs. Eileen Mackinoly, of Baulkham Hills, N.S.W., crowd into a basket for the cameraman. More than 160 dachshunds are entered in the Show.

## Dogs make debut

Four Weimaraner dogs, the first and only ones of the breed in Australia, will make their debut at the Royal Easter Show.

**CLAIMED** to be one of the best one-man hunting dogs in the world, they are a German-bred gun-dog, and are sometimes referred to as "the grey ghosts" because of the grey sheen of their tan coats.

They are among the 2313 dogs of 65 different breeds which have been entered for this year's Show—a slight decrease on last year's figure.

Cocker spaniels are again the most popular choice of Australian dog-lovers, closely followed by Pekingese and collies.

Fox terriers have dropped in the popularity poll.

Weimaraners were unknown outside Germany until after the last war.

Their introduction into England is due largely to Major Bob Petty, who was attached to the Occupational forces in Germany.

He first heard of the formerly unknown breed soon after World War II.

There were only 40 Weimaraners in the Western Zone. The rest were behind the Iron Curtain.

One cold, dark Berlin night

Major Petty waited patiently for a group of anonymous men soon to reappear from the Russian Zone.

In his pocket were 1000 marks (£80 sterling), which was the men's price for smuggling an 8-months-old Weimaraner bitch, Cobra Von Boberstrand, across the border.

Later, Major Petty obtained another, and took the pair back to his kennels in England.



**DUBROVNICH FEARSOME,** wire-haired dachshund, owned by Mrs. C. Mathews and Mrs. E. Mackinoly.

**STRAWBRIDGE GRAP,** 19-months-old Weimaraner, owned by Dr. and Mrs. R. J. C. Kristensen, of Concord, will be shown for the first time at the Show.

## HEARD AROUND THE SHOWRING

**SOMETHING** new has been added to the Showground this year—the new building for the French Exhibition.

It's a two-story, grey building, with a geometrical relief pattern on the front painted in red, white, and blue.

The construction, decoration, and planning of the building and the exhibit it houses have involved the Australian workmen and the French supervisors in a few language difficulties. Interpreters have been rushing all over the building explaining this instruction, enlarging on that, and quite a few of the Australians on the project are becoming almost bi-lingual.

Up on the first floor of the building, the plaster mannequins in the fashion and textile displays are the most athletic of their kind seen in Sydney.

Mannequins in Sydney shops stand, sit, and usually manage to look pretty lifeless. The French mannequins run, leap, prance, and gesture.

Very French.

**IF** last year's figures are any indication, the two additional pens provided for the cattle hospital at the 1956 Royal Easter Show are likely to be in big demand.

It isn't that these magnificent animals, groomed and made fit to the highest degree, are prone to illness at this time, but simply that so many of them seem to choose Show time for producing offspring.

In the first six days of the last Royal Easter Show, 36 calves were born, including several sets of twins.

**GONE** are the days of red-coated ring marshals at the Show. Because of the increasing number of competitors wearing the traditional red hunting-jacket, the Royal Agricultural Society has this year changed the marshals' coat-color to green.

Six new coats have been made, tailored to measure at a cost of £30 each.

"Yes, it is an expensive change," says Mr. R. C. Hanlon, Registrar of the R.A.S., "but we must have our marshals looking well turned out."

**A** PIG may weigh several hundred pounds, have stumpy legs, and measure five or six feet around the waist, but if he is going to parade before show judges he has to learn to walk like a mannequin.

"Pigs selected for exhibition," says an N.S.W. Department of Agriculture leaflet, "should carry themselves well and walk smoothly, with a minimum of swing, particularly in the hindquarters."

Obviously it is no use for a lady pig to do a little surreptitious hip-swinging in the hope of wheedling first prize from a susceptible judge.

Gentleman pigs have an even tougher time of it. Valfred Peter IV was walking in circles on a rain-sodden lawn when a colleague of ours called at Glen Park Berkshire Stud, in Baulkham Hills, near Sydney.

Last Royal Show, Peter was a mere piglet, without a care in the world. Now he is a boar with all the responsibilities and cares of a show pig. In addition, he is an expectant father.

**GROOMS** stationed in the cattle pavilions at this year's Royal Easter Show will find tea-making a far cry from the old days of a blackened billy on a smoking fire.

An electrically operated boiler has been installed in each pavilion especially for their use in making the ever-welcome "cuppa".

Fifty years ago, at the 1906 Royal Easter Show, a billycan won fourth place as a domestic invention. It was a new type, just introduced, featuring a detachable handle which was a combination of tin-opener and corkscrew.

**PARENTS** of young Show riders must be wondering if the blue ribbons are worth the cost.

This year, a 10-year-old girl from the South Coast will be wearing a tailored jacket of donegal tweed costing 25 guineas, a pair of breeches worth 25 guineas, and a waistcoat costing 13 guineas.

This adds up to 63 guineas, without adding the price of boots, hat, and shirt.

**INCIDENTALLY** . . . rain insurance taken out for 1956 will total £69,500 . . . despite floods, the number of dairy produce entries—447—is the best since 1940 . . . entry fees for pigs, poultry, and farm produce classes are the same today as they were 50 years ago . . . woodchopping entries have created a new record of 1124, but there are still no women competitors, as there have been in some country shows . . . as many as 45,000 can now watch ring events at the one time.



**AFGHAN HOUNDS.** Tamerind, of Carleway, 16 months, left, and Peenkande Bashiba, of Carleway, 14 months, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Erwin E. Christen, of Bronte, N.S.W.



# THE SHOW-IT'S ON AGAIN



SMILING Keith McDonald, 9, and Kerry Hunter-King, 10, stand in line to receive riding instructions at the Kings Lynn Riding Academy, Mittagong.



GROOMING their ponies is part of the instruction children receive at the riding academy at Mittagong.



Learning to ride in the Royal Easter Show means weeks of preparation and hard work, but children, like the youngsters pictured here, go to it with a will in riding schools, backyards, and country showings.



More Show features on pages 26, 27

WHAT'S SO FUNNY? Keith McDonald's 21-year-old pony, Boy Blue, seems to be enjoying this joke on his own, judging from his young master's expression. Keith thinks Shows are serious business.



LEFT: Kerry Hunter-King puts her nine-year-old pony, Heatherbell, over a 40in. Olympic wall and rail jump. Kerry has competed 13 times in Royal Shows.

ABOVE: Mrs. M. Hunter-King, owner of the riding academy, puts some of her pupils through their paces during preparations for Sydney's Royal Easter Show.



Wherever you spend Easter you can be sure this gift will be welcome — "OLD GOLD", Australia's favourite box of chocolates. In the ½-lb. box there are 24 delicious chocolates, 17 different centres, highlighted with gay foil wrappings. Available everywhere in ½-lb., 1-lb. and 2-lb. boxes.



Surprise...surprise — for someone you're fond of  
— at Easter time give *"Old Gold"*

— you can choose from these wonderful Mac. Robertson gift boxes, too.

"CLEMATIS" — an attractive 2-lb. tin of dark and milk chocolates. A charming presentation gift.



"DESERT FLOWER" — another famous Mac. Robertson assortment of dark and milk chocolates in a beautifully decorated 1-lb. tin.



"MALTESERS" — a box of crisp, munchy malt honeycomb. Gives lots of eating enjoyment — and makes a popular surprise gift, too!



"ROMANCE" — for those who prefer milk chocolates. This fine quality milk chocolate assortment is available everywhere in ½-lb. and 1-lb. boxes.

All made by

*MacRobertson*

The Great Name in Confectionery



## FOR TEENAGERS

# Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

Wedding arrangements seem to cause brides a great deal of worry, particularly when families with definite views insist on giving their advice. While a wedding is generally a happy family gathering, families could often be more tactful and leave the major decisions concerned to the prospective bride and bridegroom.

**F**IRST out of the mail-bag this week is a letter from a young girl who is trying to please everyone.

"I RECENTLY became engaged and am very busy making wedding arrangements, but we cannot reach a decision regarding which church to be married in. My fiancé is quite willing for us to be married in my church, the Presbyterian, but his mother says that you should be married in the boy's church, in our case the Church of England. Would you please advise me if there is any set rule as to who chooses the church? I have always thought that the bride has that privilege, but now I'm not sure."

"Wedding," N.S.W.

You are quite right. The bride has the privilege of choosing the church. Generally, of course, it is a matter for discussion between the bride and the bridegroom, and both would, I am sure, consider their respective families' wishes. But always remember, when family wishes seem to complicate arrangements to a worrying degree, that it is not the family you are marrying. See that your fiancé is happy about the church you choose, tell the family your decision, and stick to it.

"COULD you please send me a list of all the requirements for a trousseau?"

Helen, Goondiwindi, Qld.

The days of big trousseaus are, happily for the bank account, gone. Most people these days prefer a few nylon undies that wear well and can be replaced as fashions change. I think a good basic trousseau would be four pairs of scanties, two girdles, three nighties, one petticoat slip, one half slip,

two brassieres, and, if you can afford it, a winter and a summer dressing-gown. Household linen is a different matter, but fashions here, too, have changed, and it is no longer necessary to have a box crammed with "a dozen of everything." You need, basically, six sheets, eight bath-towels, one dozen tea-towels, eight pillow-slips, one entertaining tablecloth and two ordinary ones, all with matching napkins, two guest towels. You can add to or subtract from this list according to the state of your purse. If you are wondering about blankets, one of the quaint customs that brides appreciate is the one that states quite definitely that the bridegroom provides the blankets.

## \*\*\*\*\*DISC DIGEST\*\*\*\*\*

**A**FTER five years "on ice," as a result of publishers' restrictions, the songs from "Guys and Dolls" may now be heard on disc. Unfortunately, when the score of a musical show is split up piecemeal between various artists working for different labels, you lose the overall effect and they come out more or less like a string of pops.

**DORIS DAY**, on DO.3759, draws the gaily humorous "If I Were a Bell," backed with the good ballad "I've Never Been In Love Before." You'll be won over by the very original lyrics to "Bell," and, of course, Doris puts them both over in her own inimitable way. I think she was in

better voice in 1950 than she is today.

**ALSO** emerging vocally from the past are Betty Hutton and Perry Como, who do the comedy love song, "A Bushel and a Peck," on EA.4263. It's a wonderfully bouncy number, and Betty steals the limelight with her bombshell antics. Perry strings along in more subdued fashion. The backing to this is a rather lovely romantic number called "I'll Know," which is sympathetically delivered by Fran Warren, a thrush we should hear more of.

**SONGWRITER** Frank Loesser wrote some additional tunes for the film version of



## A word from Debbie . . .

Planning to visit Perth for the first time this winter? You must . . .

- Make the steamer trip to Rottnest Island; it takes only an hour. The picturesque old convict settlement will delight you. It is an ideal spot for a picnic, or you may choose to eat at a restaurant—one of them is housed in the old convict prison.

- Walk through King's Park and watch for the first wildflowers. Finish your walk at the kiosk, where you can see Perth spread out below on the River Swan and, in the distance, the Darling Ranges.

- Visit a beach at sunset if you're from the eastern States. You'll see the sun set in the water.

- For a glimpse of life outside the city, take the bus trip to Darlington, a pretty spot up in the hills. You'll spend a pleasant morning on a tree-lined journey.

- In a spilling mood lately? Don't worry, tea, coffee, and cocoa stains can easily be removed. Stretch the stained material over a large basin and pour boiling water through, working from the outside of the stain in to the centre. If this doesn't work, add a teaspoon of borax to each pint of boiling water used.

"MY friend and I cannot agree on the right way to put your fork down when you have finished your meal. Do the prongs of the fork face up or down?"

E.M., Sydney.

The prongs of the fork face up.

"A**BOUT** how long does it take normally short, quickly growing hair to reach shoulder length?"

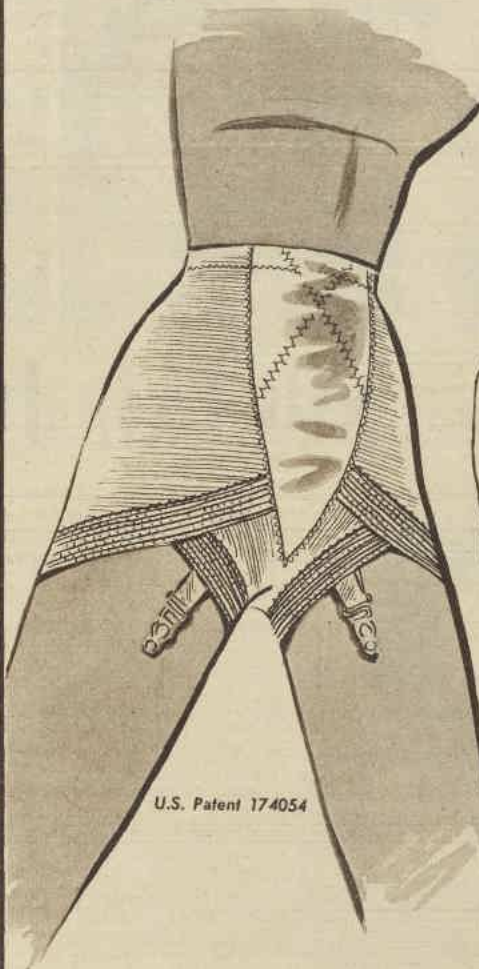
L.J., South Australia.

That certainly is a poser; we'd have to have you in a laboratory for months to tell you accurately. A whip around Sydney's hairdressers sets the average hair growth about an inch a month—but they all emphasised it was strictly guesswork and not based on scientific data.

"Guys and Dolls," which will be seen here soon with Sinatra, Marlon Brando, and Jean Simmons. One of these has been handed to Gordon MacRae on CP.1004, "A Woman In Love." It has been penned in the Latin idiom and MacRae makes the most of his big opportunity. The recording is particularly good, possibly because engineering techniques have improved since the above discs were waxed. One line amused me immensely: when Gordon begs his woman to gaze crazily into his eyes. Maybe she's due for a strait-jacket! Flipside, not from show, is "Laughing At Love."

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

# Gossard Fabulous FREE STEP



## Pantie Girdle

It's the first-ever design-divine in pantie girdles! Legs up-shaped, then edged with elastic net for absolute freedom. They're real smoothers, too. No wonder they're selling like mad!

Pantie 810

Small, Medium, Large

69/9

each

also matching Girdle 710  
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## and just released Gossard's

## latest hit in Cotton

A brassiere with an easy accent on coolness, beauty and fashion, and a reinforced uplift that won't wash out!

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26/3 each.

America's famous Beauty Queens choose —



No. 1540

Gossard

Selected by the ten best dressed women in America  
OBTAINABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES AND SALONS





AT OFFICIAL OPENING. Mrs. Sam Hordern (left), wife of the president of the Royal Agricultural Society, with Lady Lloyd Jones at the French Exhibition. The Exhibition is housed in a building specially erected on the site of the old Arts and Handicrafts Pavilion at Showground.



FAMILY GROUP. From left, Mrs. Strath Playfair, her two daughters, Mrs. Keith Gollan and Mrs. Jimmy Williams, and Mr. Playfair admire one of the perfume displays at the French Exhibition. They were guests at the exhibition's official opening at the Showground.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**THE Show, the races, the yearling sales, and a gala round of Easter parties and dances add up to make Sydney a place where everyone has a full programme for the next few weeks.**

And there should be a Parisian touch to the carnival atmosphere with the £1,000,000 French Exhibition at the Showground.

THE Exhibition was officially opened by the Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies, last Monday afternoon . . . and at night, a Gala Presentation of Paris Haute Couture Fashions at David Jones' was watched by more than 400 people, including the French Ambassador, M. Renaud Sivan, and Director of the French Exhibition, M. Andre Morice, and Madame Morice, Sir Charles and Lady Lloyd Jones, Mr. and Mrs. David Lloyd Jones, Sir Leslie and Lady Morshead, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Rankin, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kidnie. They saw ten French mannequins display fashionable ensembles, from morning to evening wear.

THIS Friday, March 23, is a "big" day, because months of hard work will culminate in the opening of the Royal Easter Show. After the hurly-burly of activity at the Showground, it will be a rush back to home or hotel for lots of people, who will change into glamorous evening wear before going on to Prince's for the first big dance of the season, the Peter Pan Ball. At the ball there'll be friendly rivalry between city and country in a competition for the "married couples' best dancing pair." The competition will be judged by Diana Brunton and Jill and Beth Campbell, who are members of the committee organising the ball in aid of the Peter Pan Free Kindergarten and various other children's charities.

INTEREST for many country folk on Saturday night will centre on parties at the Pickwick Club (the Shorthorn Society) and the Wentworth Hotel (the Hereford Society). President of the Shorthorn Society, Frank Hood, and his wife, of "Kynanna," Albury, will welcome guests to the Society's dinner. This year's Shorthorn judge, Mr. L. M. Dugdale, of "Noorlim," Murchison East, Victoria, will be among the experts at the party.

ON Saturday, March 24, the roads leading to the National Art Gallery will have a steady stream of traffic taking guests to a formal reception there arranged by the French Ambassador, M. Renaud Sivan, and the National Gallery Society. The reception is being given to mark the opening of a Show of Contemporary French Tapestry—held in conjunction with the French Exhibition.

ROYAL Sydney Yacht Squadron, Kirribilli, will be the destination for members of the Poll Shorthorn Society and their friends on Monday, March 26, for the Society's buffet dinner.



YOUNG RACEGOERS at the Acton Racecourse for the Canberra picnic race meeting are Sue McCallie, of Vaucluse, and her fiancé, Rodger Kelly, of Boorowa.

SHOW ring successes and the results of sheep and cattle judging are sure to be among conversational topics at the cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. George Falkiner, of "Haddon Rig," Warren. The party will be at Royal Sydney Golf Club on Thursday, March 29. Mrs. Falkiner will be able to say an (early) farewell to her friends, for she's off for a world trip in May.

"RAIN, rain, go away" . . . at least for the beginning of the autumn races at Randwick on Easter Saturday, March 31, so that fashionable feminine racegoers can venture out without a worry for the fate of their elegant new ensembles.

IT will probably be a later-than-usual arrival at Randwick for friends of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Dowling, who arrive back from seven months overseas on Saturday morning. The Dowlings are travelling in Oronsay and a gay crowd will meet them.

FOURTEEN country matrons—Mesdames Ken Arnott, Pat Arnott, Jim Ashton, Bob Ashton, Bill Bishop, Frank Bragg, Frank Crane, Julian Mackay, Bob Mackay, Alex Macleod, Douglas Munro, Bob Simson, Henry White, and Peter White—will be hostesses at a dinner-dance at Prince's on Tuesday, April 3. Tuesday also brings the opening day of the Yearling Sales at Newmarket, where there's always the chance of a future Melbourne Cup winner.

AUTUMN races conclude at Randwick on Saturday, April 7 . . . and on the same day the biggest event of the whole Easter programme (according to the teenagers) takes place: the G.P.S. Regatta, on the Nepean River. Hundreds of gaily bedecked cars take thousands of supporters up to Penrith to cheer on their favored teams. The day is climaxed with celebration parties organised by the various schools.



DIRECTOR of the Royal Agricultural Society, Sir Frank Berryman, and Lady Berryman were among more than 1000 guests at the opening of the French Exhibition.



PRETTY DRESSES at the Kambala Old Girls' Union Ball. Left: Elisabeth Marks chose a harem-skirted ballerina in grey satin, with a matching stole lined in flamingo-pink. Right: Elisabeth Hughes' tulle dress was in hydrangea tones of blue and lilac, and tied at the waist with a blue taffeta bustle bow. The ball was held at Prince's.



# The Land where the Weather begins...



Photographs by courtesy of A.N.A.R.E.

THE WET-WEEK-END that spoils your trip to the beach starts its life, often as not, way down near the South Pole.

The observation and recording of meteorological conditions in the Antarctic is destined to play an important part in increasing the accuracy of both long-range and short-range weather forecasting in Australia.

This work is one of the many jobs being undertaken by Australian National Antarctic Research Expeditions on Macquarie Island and at Mawson in Mac-Robertson Land on the Antarctic Continent.

Amongst the equipment which makes this vital work possible are the sledge-hauling Weasel snow-vehicles at Mawson.

During the two years which have elapsed since the Mawson Station was established, it has frequently been found necessary to pre-heat the sumps of the Weasels before starting from cold. This was because the engine lubricating oil then available tended to thicken and crystallize at temperatures of  $-10^{\circ}\text{F}$  and below. Even then, although the warmed oil flowed freely in the sump area, the bearings, camshaft and tappets were oil-starved for quite some time after start-ups.

On the other hand, engines are frequently subjected to high running temperatures, particularly when for long periods the Weasels haul heavy loads at walking speed.

THE ANSWER TO THE TWIN PROBLEMS of providing adequate lubrication

at extremes of heat and cold is now found in the extraordinary properties of Special ENERGOL Visco-Static motor oil.

Laboratory and field tests, under wide temperature variations as experienced in Iceland and the Sahara, have demonstrated that this revolutionary new oil will flow at  $-30^{\circ}\text{F}$  ( $20^{\circ}$  colder than the temperature at which normal winter grade oil thickens and crystallizes) and yet Special ENERGOL Visco-Static motor oil has all the 'body' necessary to provide proper lubrication for engines running at boiling point ( $212^{\circ}\text{F}$ ) temperature and above.

And so it is that the A.N.A.R.E. Weasels are now being lubricated by Special ENERGOL Visco-Static motor oil, the only four-grades-in-one oil that is 'never too thick, never too thin'.

This unique property of being 'never too thick, never too thin' makes Special ENERGOL Visco-Static today's outstanding motor oil—equally suitable for use in extremes of cold in the Australian Alps or the very high summer temperatures experienced in Central and Northern Australia. Wherever they operate, Australian motorists—particularly new car owners—will derive great benefit from its use.

In the long run and under the widest range of operating conditions—Special ENERGOL Visco-Static motor oil—saves so much more than the extra it costs.

**Special ENERGOL  
VISCO-STATIC  
MOTOR OIL**

**SAVES SO MUCH MORE THAN THE EXTRA IT COSTS**



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where you see  
these pumps



THE COMMONWEALTH OIL REFINERIES LTD, an associate of The British Petroleum Company Ltd

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 28, 1956

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# COTY Cream Powder\*



the  
ONE  
powder  
that won't  
change  
colour  
on your  
skin!

\*Incredibly fine "AirSpun" face powder  
blended with "Vicotol" cream base.

No matter what your skin type, there's a constant film of oil on your skin. Ordinary make-up allows natural oil to soak through quickly—your make-up cakes, gets streaked, the colour changes. What a difference with Coty "Cream Powder"! Skin oil seems to vanish under its finer "AirSpun" particles. Smooth on soft, sheer Cream Powder in an uncomplicated 30-second make-up routine for a confident five hours or more of beauty.

Won't cake . . . Won't streak . . . Won't change  
colour . . . Definitely non-drying.

Five glorious shades: Wild Honey (warm apricot shade); Sunny Peach (luminous pink); Sugar Blonde (fresh, young shade for a light complexion); Royal Tan (for a sun-kissed complexion); Cotyfair (Lovely new medium shade)



One perfect make-up: A spill-proof, pressed cake in a beautiful pearl and gold compact, with mirror and puff. Refill and a new puff, in a slim, white plastic case.

# COTY

LONDON PARIS NEW YORK SYDNEY



ELEANOR ZIMMIE (right), the underwater banana-eating wonder, in her tank at the Royal Easter Show, has a bite. She describes the Sydney water as "fine," but still shudders at the brownish water she "ate in" at Newcastle after the floods. Above: Eleanor (left) with her pretty understudy, Julie Carr, of Rose Bay.



## 21st birthday in a tank (eating bananas)

Not many girls would care to spend a 21st birthday the way Eleanor Zimmie will—sitting submerged in a glass tank full of water at Sydney's Royal Easter Show, having underwater meals of bananas and milk.

ELEANOR celebrates her birthday on March 26—and there'll be bananas all day, but a party at which fruit is banned, after the Show.

Eleanor eats a banana during each of her underwater shows. Sometimes she does 70 shows a day, which adds up to an intake of five dozen and ten bananas.

A New Zealander, Eleanor Zimmie has a fascinating act.

At the start, Eleanor is seated on a platform at the top of the tank—she then jumps in, sits happily on the floor of the tank, holding a steel horseshoe device to keep her anchored, and eats a banana. Sometimes she has a drink of milk, sometimes she smokes a cigarette—all underwater.

The underwater life, for Eleanor, means ever-wet hair (she shampoos it daily), skin crinkling up, blistered lips

from the way she smokes cigarettes, and eyes full of water.

"I can't see the people looking at me," she says. "They're just a vague blur."

Eleanor Zimmie learnt her act from an uncle, Julianio Zimmie, who swam the English Channel before losing both legs in an accident. Then he started the tank act and went on tour. He taught Eleanor, who found that she had "the right amount of staying power."

Eleanor has regular medical check-ups. So far she has always been perfectly fit. "I enjoy doing this," she said.

After the Sydney Show closes, Eleanor will go on tour throughout the Australian States, leaving in September for England.

Her manager and spruiker, Mrs. Marie Nelson, of Rozelle, N.S.W., will travel with her, as will understudy blond Julie

Carr, of Rose Bay, N.S.W., who has been learning the act for the past two months.

"At the moment," said Julie, "I can't get through a whole banana underwater—only about an inch or so."

Miss Zimmie's staying power is matched by that of the "Whirl of Death" motor-cycle riders, known as "The Reckless Jacksons," but who, outside show business, are Bobby Crumpton, his pillion rider, Sheila Jackson, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holland.

Travelling faster than a mile a minute, often "no-hands" style, they scream around a vertical oregon-and-steel cylinder known as a "Motordrome."

"We can ride up to within an inch of the safety cable at



WHIRL OF DEATH riders Bobby Crumpton and his pillion rider, Sheila Jackson. Sheila has been in the act for seven years. "It's noisy, but thrilling," she says.

the top," Bobby Crumpton said. "We do dips and dives, wriggles and snaking. Miss Jackson is a good pillion rider. I give her the office on what I'm going to do next. She never gets dizzy."

## Results of "Baby Talk" Contest No. 18



FIRST prize of £50 in "Baby Talk" Contest No. 18 was won by Mrs. L. Gorman, 116 Park Rd., Kalinga, Brisbane.

Her entry was: "Well, I think it's time we went to bed and let these people go home!"

£10 prizes were won by: Miss D. Smith, c/o Mrs. N. Bradley, 87 Francis St., Bondi, N.S.W.

"Boy—this is the last time I swim the English Channel." Mr. P. McGrath, c/o Mrs. Preine, 216 King George's Rd., Wiley Park, Sydney.

"I wish you'd shake that sand somewhere else."

Mrs. M. Farley, Elphinstone St., North Rockhampton, Qld.

"Must you go through that cold-cream routine every night?"

£5 prizes were won by: Mrs. M. O'Sullivan, "Ellerslie," Box 54, Glen Innes, N.S.W.

"Oh, no! Not another party next door."

M. Warner, Old Ipswich Rd., Capalaba, Qld.

"Finished the washing-up already? But, darling, I was going to help you."

S. Blomfield, Cecil Plains, Qld.

"But, darling, I have been listening."

£1 prizes were won by: Miss G. Ewers, 197 Railway

Pde., Maylands, W.A.

"I would say three inches higher at the back and one at the front."

Mrs. Joan Wills, 3 Westbourne Grove, Camberwell E.6, Vic.

"I really shouldn't be in today with this cold."

Mrs. L. J. Fletcher, 18 James St., Redcliffe North, Qld.

"I suppose you've got your heart set on going to this party tonight?"

Mrs. E. Tulls, 9 Hayes Rd., Strathmore, Vic.

"They got me, pardner!"

Miss A. Burke, 16 Cressy St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

"Same old Monday morn-ing."



# "YOUNG MR. SAM"

## Show head follows father's footsteps

Samuel Hordern, the 46-year-old president of the Royal Agricultural Society of N.S.W., is the man I would choose to symbolise the vigor, friendliness, and comeliness of the Australian land and its people.

"YOUNG Mr. Sam," as he is affectionately known to all who work with and for him, is this year seeing his second Royal Easter Show as the society's president.

But the Show is not new to him. He has been riding in the Show since boyhood, and was its ringmaster for five years before succeeding Sir Colin Sinclair as president in June, 1954. He has been associated in various capacities with the R.A.S. Council for 21 years.

Furthermore, he has great plans for improving the Show, which he calls "the best five bobs' worth of entertainment in the world."

When I saw Sam Hordern in the R.A.S. office in Sydney, he was not long in from Retford Park, Bowral, his Southern Highlands home. A few hours later he was scheduled to board a plane for Glen Innes, in the far north of N.S.W.

Casually dressed in a light-weight fawn suit, neat maroon tie, tan shoes, and yellow socks, he strode along the corridor with such energy that when I turned from thanking publicity officer Harry Hauptmann for the introduction he had disappeared.

I looked into a couple of rooms until Mr. Hordern poked his head out of a door, grinned, said, "Sorry," and showed me to a chair.

It was a really comfortable armchair of the leather-upholstered variety, but rather large. I sank in it. "Young Mr. Sam" draped his nicely built, 6ft. 5in. frame in and around a similar one, and the interview began.

"This is going to be a personality story about you," I said. He smiled ruefully.

"... and about the Show," I added. His handsome, tanned face relaxed and brightened. He said:

"We've got a master plan now, you know, for developing the Show. It means there'll be no more haphazard building. The Show's going up in the air. As finances allow,

By  
**BARBARA RICHARDS,**  
staff reporter

we'll pull down the old stands and pavilions and put up modern ones, some of them multi-storied. The first is this new French pavilion."

"The empty spaces will be filled in and we'll try to make it harder for the visitors to get lost looking for places.

"The whole plan may take 100 years to complete, I don't know. But it'll go forward step by step."

Sam Hordern does not think the Show should be allowed to get much bigger, numerically, because it would become too heavy to handle.

"But," he said, "it will go



SAMUEL HORDERN, president of the Royal Agricultural Society, has been riding in the Royal Easter Show since boyhood. He describes the Show as "the best five bobs' worth of entertainment in the world."

on getting better and better, until"—he stopped and looked a little puzzled—"I wonder what happens if and when you reach perfection?"

Sam Hordern represents a fine blending of city and country, much like the Royal Easter Show itself. Born in Sydney and educated at Cranbrook school and later at Cambridge University, he has loved the bush all his life and fully appreciated the toil of the country man to produce Australia's national wealth.

The city interests which Mr. Hordern holds include directorships of the A.M.P. Society, the Perpetual Trustee Co., Tooth and Co., and Courtaulds (Australia) Ltd.

Without a doubt, the world-famous "Royal" is the principal Hordern hobby. And it is no wonder, with his family background.

In the 132 years that have passed since the first Show was held, Sam Hordern's forebears have been in charge for 41 years.

From 1891 to 1906, his maternal grandfather, the late

Sir John See, filled the post of R.A.S. president. His father, Sir Samuel Hordern, held the same position with equal distinction from 1915 until 1941.

Sam Hordern was elected to the R.A.S. in 1935 and cut his teeth in Show work by doing, with tremendous enthusiasm, any odd job he was given.

World War II interrupted his work, and he served with the 7th Division A.I.F. Cavalry Regiment as an infantryman in one of the bloodiest and harshest campaigns of the Pacific war.

After the war, Mr. Hordern became a stockbroker. But as his country interests multiplied, and when he accepted some city directorships, he resigned from the Exchange. He was elected to the A.J.C. committee and raced a couple of moderate horses.

In the first postwar Shows, he took charge of the dog section. Then he moved in as ringmaster. This was the post he resigned less than two years ago to take over the presidency of the R.A.S.

## French exhibition

Regular Gallery-goers will have difficulty in recognising the National Art Gallery of New South Wales when it re-opens after being closed for only the second time in its history. The French have moved in.

THE Gallery was closed for the first time during the Sesqui-centenary in 1938.

This time five courts of the Gallery are being used for an exhibition of French tapestries, religious art, films, and theatre decor brought from France to coincide with the French Trade Exhibition at the Royal Easter Show.

The exhibition, lasting a month, opens to the public on Sunday, March 25, at 2 p.m., preceded on Saturday by a formal reception.

Art-lovers, who probably thought they knew the Gallery well, will be surprised to find that special lighting in-

stalled for the exhibition has revealed a cedar ceiling in the entrance and a carved stone ceiling in the vestibule.

The ceilings will not return to their previous obscurity after the exhibition. The French have donated the lighting fittings permanently to the Gallery.

One court has been transformed into a small cinema with the same red chairs usually occupied by lunch-time concert-goers.

Another court has been made to look like a small chapel, with plywood false walls erected to display a collection of beautiful stained glass.

The stained-glass windows,

some of which are in the modernistic style of religious art, are lit from behind to display their vivid coloring.

Another section of the "chapel" is occupied by costly altar ornaments.

The collection of theatre decor is made up of sets from the 15 best Paris productions of last year.

There are 55 tapestries in the exhibition from Gobelins and other centres of the French tapestry industry, worth about £60,000.

Out in the Gallery's centre court, M. Francis Ruh, of Gobelins, will sit at his vertical tapestry loom demonstrating tapestry making for the duration of the exhibition.



M. FRANCIS RUH sits at his vertical tapestry loom to demonstrate tapestry making.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 28, 1956

take this  
lipstick OFF  
at night...

the  
Colour  
and  
Shape  
stay on!

... wake up  
beautiful  
with "alive"  
colour  
glowing  
on your  
lips!



A sweeping success in the United States, and already a sensation in Australia! Coty "24" Lipstick glides on in a fast, fluid motion (no need to force it on) and the colour goes in! No more pale, washed-out "morning" look. As a matter of fact, when you let Coty "24" set itself, you are all set for a full 24 hours, morning, noon and night. No blotting—ever. No lipstick smear—anywhere. And, very important, too,

Coty "24" is definitely non-drying; a delightfully smooth base carries the marvellous new colouring.

Once it has set—without blotting—the surface cream disappears, but the colour—and shape!—is there for a full 24 hours!

In the most  
outstandingly popular  
colours in the  
United States.



COTY  
"24"

Australia's **FIRST** and only 24-hour  
LIPSTICK  
KEEPS COLOUR ON A FULL 24 HOURS!

Compounded in Australia to the U.S.A. formula.

C.243

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# Kotex belts now in WHITE

White is fashion right... white in frothy summer fashions... white in luxury lingerie... white in the new Kotex belts. Now for the first time you can choose a sanitary belt in sparkling white. You can have the Wonderform belt with a new all-nylon grip. You'll find it in the Kotex range of ten belts. Ask to see all ten when next you buy Kotex. You've come to look to Kotex for lasting softness, for the sense of security it gives you. Complete the picture of comfort with the Kotex belt that seems made especially for you.

## NOW TEN STYLES OF KOTEX BELTS

- ★ Kotex Featherweight belt of slender elastic with metal grip that holds napkin firmly, releases it easily. White or pink, 1/9.
- ★ Kotex Wonderform belt with the new grip that's all-nylon, is strong and flexible and smooth. In pink or white, 3/2.
- ★ Kotex Wonderform belt of slender elastic with strong, flat pins attached. Now in white as well as pink. Price, 3/2.
- ★ Kotex DeLuxe belt of luxuriously wide elastic with attached pins now comes in new white as well as pink. Price is 3/6.
- ★ Wide elastic Kotex DeLuxe belt with the special DeLuxe grip preferred by many women... now available in white, pink, 3/6.



### SEEN IT YET?

Here's the display of Kotex belts just as it looks in the shop. You can see all ten belt styles in the dispenser... make your choice from the largest range in Australia.

Look for them on the counter.

The new white Kotex Wonderform belt with the all-nylon grip that's so strong and flexible — so smooth!





## Morning-Bath Freshness

LASTS ALL DAY LONG!



Enjoy "morning-bath" freshness that lasts all day and all night! Odo-ro-ro gives you safe, sure protection against perspiration and unpleasant odour all day and all night! Quick acting, gentle Odo-ro-ro won't harm your skin and clothes and gives you a wonderful, secure "morning-bath" freshness for a full 24-hours! Let Odo-ro-ro keep you always "nice to know"! Protect yourself against your most intimate enemy with

## Odo-ro-ro

SPRAY 6/3

CREAM 2/7, 4/6



## UPSET Stomach? Heartburn?

YOU NEED **Hardy's**

INDIGESTION POWDER  
(also available in tablet form)  
Proved over years  
in thousands of cases  
NO DIETING NECESSARY

I am safe now  
from winter  
COLDS....

"I'd always had a lot of colds in the winter and usually one really had one. Last winter I tried a preventive treatment, to see if it would help. Luckily I had heard about Anti-Bi-San and, although I didn't expect too much, I was delighted with the result — not one cold all winter. I've taken Anti-Bi-San each quarter regularly and I'm confident of protection from colds." In the great majority of cases Anti-Bi-San gives ideal protection against colds within 10 days of the start of treatment.

**"ANTI-BI-SAN"**  
GUARDS AGAINST COLDS  
OBTAINABLE IN ADULTS  
AND CHILDREN'S PACKS  
Ask for Free Leaflet to the Distributor:  
**POTTER & BIRKS Pty. Ltd.**  
120 Pacific Highway,  
St. Leonards, N.S.W.

Pierre Rolin's (S7)  
NUT FLOWER OIL  
Clever, meritorious balm for  
flawless skin beauty. Not sold  
in shops. Always fresh. Send  
18/6 for generous flask.  
M. PIERRE ROLIN,  
G.P.O. Box 1214, Melbourne.  
(Ref. Bank of N.S.W.)

## DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● Brocade for the late-day and evening scene is a popular material and is representative of this year's new evening lustre.

THE autumn fashion news above answers the reader's letter below.

Here is her letter and my reply:

"I WISH to obtain a design and paper pattern for a late-afternoon frock which I could also wear to dinner in town. My husband and I entertain in the business world and, as we have a young family, it has to be done in the city. I have a good slim figure: bust 34, waist 26, hips 36. Please design me something new and smart."

The design I have chosen in answer to your letter is illustrated at right. For the material I suggest brocade. The design is chosen to flatter your well-proportioned figure; it sheaths the body in a long, graceful descent to mid-calf length. The dress is made in one piece; the neat hip-drape is satin. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. See lines in caption for further details and how to order.

"I AM attending a late-day reception taking place between 5 p.m. and 6.30 p.m. and would like to know if it would be correct to wear gloves and a hat. The reception is being given by the firm for which my husband works, and it is to take place in a public restaurant."

It is correct to wear gloves and a hat to any formal daytime function.

"WOULD you be so kind as to suggest the type of skirt I could take on my holidays in May? I am staying at a guest-house and I want to wear a skirt in the evenings. There will be a party of us and we will be dancing some nights. I am 16½ years old."

I suggest a full, circle skirt made in a quilted floral cotton, or a circle in vivid colored velvet.

"DO you consider a wide band of grey squirrel fur could be used to trim a blue velvet evening coat? The coat is not yet finished."

Certainly use the squirrel fur to trim your velvet coat. Why not finish the coat with a sailor-type collar, not too large, and outline the collar with the fur band. Or an alternative idea would be to have the neckline of the coat collarless and wear the coat with a matching stole outlined with the fur.

"I ALWAYS wear my clothes very tailored and plain, and my favorite style is a coat-dress. I now feel I would like a change. Would separates be suitable? The outfit is for fairly casual day wear."

Yes, separates would be suitable. Actually the feeling of coat-dress styling could be transmitted to the separates. For example, a



D.S.185. — One-piece late-day dress in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36 in. material and ½ yd. 36 in. contrast. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

front-buttoned full skirt and matching shirt finished with an arched wing collar. The shirt top could be made to wrap round outside the skirt; or, if you prefer it, it could be worn tucked in.

LEADING LINGERIE MAKERS say:

## "Wash undies in Lux because it's so safe"



"Don't risk delicate colours and fabrics with bar-soap rubbing and harsh washing methods," say leading manufacturers of lovely lingerie. Nylon, Orion and all the fabulous synthetics call for gentle Lux care. A regular Lux dip after every wearing will make your undies last three times longer.



P.S. For as little as a penny a day wash-up the pleasant way — with Lux.

## NEW FINER LUX

So safe you'll want to use it always

U422 WY122e



Make Baby's Hair  
GROW CURLY  
4 Weeks' Treatment  
3/6 EVERYWHERE  
**Curlypet**

Fly to  
**Paris**  
ON THE NEW  
**PAA**  
"PAY-LATER"  
PLAN

Page 29

Beauty in brief:

## THE NEGLECTED NECK

By CAROLYN EARLE

● The beauty problem of the neglected neck may be approached in various ways, but the aim is always the same — to whip up the circulation and restore suppleness.

ONE of the simplest and best treatments is the warm-oil massage, which is easy to cope with and inexpensive. To be effective it must set up a reviving tingle each time it is applied. Stand half a cupful of olive oil in very hot water to warm; when the temperature is right, take up as much warm oil as the cupped palm of the right hand will hold and massage the left side of the neck with long, looping strokes from shoulder to chinline and round the back of the neck as well. Use the left hand on the right side of the neck in the same way.

When the skin begins to glow pink from the massage, wrap a warmed towel

round the throat and relax for five or 10 minutes while the pores soak up the oil.

Finish by wiping off the oil residue and splashing the throat with cold water until it tingles.

Sometimes the neck becomes sensitive to hand massage. If this happens, try a piece of silk dampened with water and pressed almost dry instead of using the hands.

Note also that two or three regular massages a week for several months are more rewarding than daily treatments during the first burst of enthusiasm, followed by weeks of neglect.



Designed for **YOU** —  
and your new suit.... a

# Slip by HILTON Lingerie

For that smooth, willow-slim line to your new winter suit, wear a **HILTON** slip! These three slips are superbly designed with new non-ride skirts, and made of a new Autumn-weight Nylon Tricot. Something really different is our lace Nylon camisole top slip, with your choice of black or navy skirt.

Exclusive but inexpensive at...

## 79'6



Above:  
Nylon-lavishly lace trimmed!  
New "kick pleat" for walking  
ease. Blossom, White, Black  
or Rosebowl Red. 32-40. 79'6.



Above:  
White Nylon lace bodice  
with Black or Navy  
nylon skirt. Colours are  
guaranteed fast to washing.  
Sizes: 32-40. 79'6.



Above:  
Blossom or White Nylon with  
a swirl of permanent pleats!  
Four gore skirt. 32-40. 79'6.

**HILTON**...makers of famous 'Nyloseal' Nylons

## Continuing . . . Where There's a Will

[from page 3]

that why you're wearing the fancy tucker tonight?"

"Fancy! Oh, Dad, the dress couldn't be plainer. Don't you see there's nothing, absolutely nothing but line? Not a spot of color even?" She rose with the prescribed curve of beauty and stood looking at herself apprehensively in the long mirror.

"It's positively severe," she noted reassuringly.

The word "beaux" had brought an unpleasantly healthy glow to her cheeks, but it faded. The idea had come to her the week Ricky had left, and she had worked on herself for over a whole year. In this light she could pass for—any age, twenty-one even.

He wouldn't notice details: the formal curls rolled high on her head, the dash of shadow on her lids that turned her blue eyes mysterious and deep, the silken powder base, the new posture—proud poise, Dorene Dalton called it in her daily column.

He might not notice details, but he could hardly miss the general effect. She looked old. She looked practically experienced.

Because the ones he had asked out were seniors—they used eye-shadow every day and knew their way around.

"Janet," her father said gloomily, "some fearful transmigration seems tonight to have been completed."

She sat down and picked up the neon novel. "In the paper, Dad?"

"In the bosom of my family. To be specific, in you. You've been planed away until all I see is a blueprint. Mould Number 2914."

"Janet looks very nice," Mrs. Creel said mildly. "A little old, but very nice. I'm sure she tries hard enough to keep herself neat and trim, and you used to complain she came to dinner without brushing her hair." Her knitting needles hung suspended. "You don't think, Ken, I should have fixed sandwiches after all? He probably does have a hearty appetite."

"Mother," Janet said quickly, "no, for heaven's sake! We don't want to give him the idea, the idea that we're exactly—expecting him. Or that it's any special occasion."

"I have quite a few of those spice cookies left. He used to enjoy them."

"That would be awful. That would be worse than the sandwiches. He's not a child!"

Doris bounced down the stairs and fell on her stomach over the marriage-counsel section of the newspaper. She had put a Persian-figured ribbon on the end of each of her plaits where they hung over her rose print dress.

"If I were you," Mr. Creel advised, "I wouldn't display that brilliant costume full-length on the floor. Though it's not you, with all your bows, that he'll notice first, but the dark lady in the corner." And he winked at Janet.

"Dad," Janet said, breathing shallowly, "I wish you'd get it straight. He's not coming to see me. It's just—we're neighbors. His mother probably thinks it's—He never even looked at me."

"He must have shut his eyes then. Every time I went to mow the lawn he was swinging a racquet in our backyard, trampling down the grass."

"He was here sixteen times," Janet said rigidly. "That last year. And once I went to the Oval with him and played a regular set. Sixteen times."

"He came to your party, didn't he?"

"Oh, the—party. Yes, he came to that. Yes." And all at once a series of snapshots

flittered before her eyes: Ricky at the party.

It had been her last try before he went away. She had thought it would work because Helen wasn't asked; she had thought he would remember, at last remember, that dusky afternoon months ago when the front wheel of her bicycle had hit the kerb and she had shot off straight into his arms, and he had looked at her for an instant . . . and looked at her . . . his eyes so dark, kind, smiling . . .

But he had come through the door with Myrna Thwaite's arm linked in his. He had danced close to Myrna, that golden hair of hers (you'd have to be blind to think it was natural) brushing his cheek, her hand stroking his shoulder, her cherry-colored dress twisting as if—as if it were a sarong.

Even when he had danced with Janet—twice; she was his hostess—his eyes had moved across the room to Myrna, and he had answered at random when Janet had spoken—or not answered. He had taken Myrna home . . . Oh, yes, Ricky had come to her party.

"Maybe he'll have stamps," Doris said hopefully.

"Doris, you can't! You simply can't! Mother!" Janet cried, her groomed voice rising. "Stop her! Make her go to bed! He'll think we approve of her, just because she happens to be in the family. He'll think—"

The bell rang.

"Let me go!" Doris shouted. Mr. Creel stood up, and in the little hush Doris came back with Ricky.

Ricky!

**W**HY, he was . . . His shoulders were broader than her father's. He had filled out. His hair didn't stick up. He was . . . Ricky was a man. "Hello," Ricky said. He shook hands with Mrs. Creel through her flurry of knitting; he shook hands, standing very straight, with Mr. Creel, over whom he seemed to tower.

Then he turned to where Janet sat waiting, her shoulders well down and back, her head proudly reared, her spine flexibly firm, and her knees trembling. "Hello," Ricky said, "Jan—" and he stopped. He swallowed. A very strange look passed over his face, she noticed: a look of—of—

"Sit down, Richard," Mr. Creel said. "Describe the Orient to us. All we know is what we read in the newspapers. And an unverified rumor that the food was good out yonder."

Ricky laughed and sat beside Doris on the couch. He said, smiling, that his mother's chief worry, since he had returned, was over the effect of civilian life after the luxuries of the barracks. "She makes me weigh myself every morning. She has an idea I'll be demoted if I get back to camp thinner."

"Your ribbons are pretty," Doris said. "Where's your medal? The real one, I mean. Nobody counts what you get for aiming straight. Did you get any stamps while you were in Korea?"

"I've kept a couple from Japan."

"They're just common," Doris sneered. "Louis Calvino has dozens. Did you bring home any grenades or bayonets? Everybody in my class goes around boasting and I haven't got a thing to show. Jack Murphy has some Chinese letters. They're in Chinese. It says at the end, 'Hail to Stalin.'"

He charges two cents to see them; he made a fortune on them. You didn't capture anything like that, did you?"

Ricky recrossed his legs and said, "No. No, I didn't."

"Silence, Doris!" Mr. Creel thundered. "Silence! Off with your head!"

Janet was still waiting. What had the look meant? He hadn't looked again. She had chosen the wrong chair. The light was too bright. Probably the glare dazzled him. He couldn't realise the difference.

If Doris would go away, if her father would read his paper; if she could have a chance, a real chance to show him that the sloppy-joe kid he had left behind had been transformed into a—finished woman of the world!

They were talking about Indo-China; no human being could be interested. Would she have to sit here the whole—

Ricky said, swivelling rather suddenly, "How's Roland High these days, Janet?"

It was her moment. It was what she had prayed for. Only she had to check a gasp. "Well, high school," she said as slowly and languidly as she could manage. "I guess I have to finish or I'll never—get away."

He seemed startled. Maybe at last he noticed. Maybe "Played any tennis lately?" he asked.

She tried a little laugh. "I did use to, didn't I? It seems sort of — it seems very far away. Don't you think," and she touched the careful curls, "sports are really for men?"

Ricky stuttered.

"I don't have much time." But it sounded too ordinary. She dropped her voice a note or two. "The phone, the telephone keeps ringing. And there are so many more exciting things than tennis. Take the ballet. I even have considered it for a career. It's so—graceful. Don't you think?"

"Yes," Ricky said, "I guess it is." He kept staring at her. He must realise now!

"Or books." Gesturing airily, her hand somehow rattled on the cover of the novel. "Books can be so, so amusing. Of course this is just purely eph—eph—just merely to pass the time. Have you read this?"

"No," Ricky said.

She was dimly aware, besides the puzzlement on Ricky's face, of eyes all over the room. She seemed to be swimming through a sea of silence. Well, they couldn't expect her to remain a child forever!

"I've been read — dipping into the 'Memoirs of Casanova.' He was an old Italian," she explained. "He's supposed to be pretty — uh, important, historically, I mean. There's a girl I know—" Paling a little, she dropped her lids and smiled mysteriously, though for some reason her lips were quivering.

Something was wrong.

Ricky was sitting stiff as a pole, and his dark eyes had a strange, fixed stare. Her father opened his mouth without speaking. Doris was peering from one face to the other.

Mrs. Creel studied a row of purling and said absently, "Is that the thick book under your table? I noticed the print is very fine. You ought not to read it lying down, Janet."

Ricky turned away almost with a jerk. "It's an early spring, Mr. Creel, wouldn't you say, sir? They don't — they don't seem to have it out there."

Her father began to talk about peonies and the Emperor of Japan.

Gradually the flurry subsided. Ricky discussed Army housekeeping with Mrs. Creel, shook hands gallantly with

To page 32



The season's newest, most complimentary shirt shade

# Mint Green

BY

*Pelaco*



Be right in fashion in  
this latest suit-harmonising  
Tonemaster . . .

Always the choice of tastefully dressed men, Pelaco Tonemaster now sets a new fashion trend with the very latest shade of Mint Green. Perfect with greys . . . a natural with browns — in fact we haven't been able to find a single suit colour that isn't enhanced by this fresh, harmonising shade. And, of course, like all Pelaco shirts, Tonemaster is way ahead in collar styling, quality tailoring and value. See the entire range now. You'll be surprised at the lift a complimentary Tonemaster will give to your suits, sports clothes and ties.

Priced at only 35/- (slight variation in some States)

*Pelaco*

ALSO IN THESE  
HANDSOME, MANLY  
COLOURS.

Beige . . . Cream  
Pastel Blue  
Shadow Grey  
Champagne  
Mid-blue  
Coral Pink  
Tan, Heather

# Tonemaster

*It is indeed a  
lovely shirt, Sir*



SEE THE FULL TONEMASTER RANGE AT YOUR STORE FOR MEN



# Let's face these SHOCKING FACTS on Tooth Decay in Australia!

Most  
Australians  
have artificial  
teeth by the  
time they reach  
30 or 35.

80% to 90%  
of Australian  
children  
have  
defective  
teeth.

Only two  
other nations  
have as bad  
a record for  
unhealthy  
tooth decay.



Decay  
must  
be  
Checked

Unless checked, tooth decay cannot only cause you to lose your teeth, but can also have a serious effect on your health. Cavities eaten out by food acids become the breeding ground of bacteria which can enter and poison the system. Everyone (children in particular) should visit the dentist for a check-up at least twice a year. And at home, fight tooth decay by correct brushing with Ipana Toothpaste. Ipana contains anti-decay WD-9. WD-9 is an active bacteria destroyer and anti-enzyme, which checks the bacterial-enzyme action that produces tooth decay acids. If possible, always brush right after eating; and remember, every single brushing with Ipana helps to fight decay.

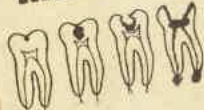
## TAKE THESE THREE STEPS TO PROTECT THE DENTAL HEALTH OF YOUR FAMILY

Nothing but your dentist's skilled attention can halt decay once it has started. But if you and your family faithfully observe the following rules you will be attacking tooth decay before tooth decay can attack you!

- VISIT YOUR DENTIST FOR A CHECK-UP AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR. A child's first visit should be at 2 to 3 years of age.
- REDUCE SUGARY FOODS AND SWEETS—and restrict them to mealtimes.
- BRUSH YOUR TEETH—right after eating. THE WAY YOUR DENTIST RECOMMENDS. FOR BEST RESULTS use a firm brush and Ipana Toothpaste—either Ipana Regular or Ipana with Chlorophyll, both of which contain WD-9.

8\*  
out of 10  
dentists  
recommend  
Ipana

## BAD TEETH MENACE HEALTH



Decay begins in enamel, not into dentine and then rapidly spreads through the pulp. THE TOOTH MUST THEN BE EXTRACTED.

Tooth decay in Australia has reached shocking proportions. It must be checked. The aim and purpose of Ipana "Fight Decay" Month is to make every Australian aware of the urgent necessity for better individual dental care. Control of tooth decay depends on several factors—one of the most important being the correct brushing of teeth. While "Fight Decay" Month is not designed merely to promote the use of Ipana, it is a fact that brushing with Ipana (containing anti-decay WD-9) after meals—in the way dentists recommend—can prevent up to 60% of tooth decay.

## BIG PRIZES FOR CHILDREN



IN IPANA "FIGHT DECAY"  
MONTH COMPETITION

Prizes valued at £250 are being offered by Ipana to children 12 to 15 years of age, and to children 11 years and under, for the best answers (not more than 50 words) to the simple question: "What is the best way to keep teeth clean and healthy?"

**FIRST PRIZE** (both age groups): "Eumig" Electric Movie Projector with films. (Approximate value, £70.)

**SECOND PRIZE** (both age groups): "Piccola Hand-operated Movie Projector with films. (Approximate value, £15.)

**PLUS 150 BOOKS** for selected age groups, to be awarded on merit. These will include Pictorial Encyclopaedias, Junior Classics and Novels and attractively illustrated books for smaller children.

**HOW TO ENTER:** Write your answer on a sheet of paper together with your name, address, age group and birth date. Mail the entry to "Ipana Competition," P.O. Box 58, North Sydney, N.S.W., so that it arrives not later than 1st May. Please send your entry as soon as possible. Winners will be notified by letter. Winning entries become the property of the manufacturers of Ipana and no entries can be returned. The judges' decision will be final and legally binding and no correspondence will be entered into.

Ipana toothpaste

\*Independent surveys show that 8 out of 10 dentists who recommend a toothpaste recommend Ipana above all others.

## Continuing . . . Where There's a Will

from page 30

Doris when she dared no longer disobey the order for bed.

He consumed with slow gravity a whole plateful of cookies. He called Mr. Creel "sir" every time and laughed at his jokes. He told how he had tried to grow a beard and how it had come out strongest high on his cheeks. At quarter to eleven he said he would have to be going along.

It was only to say good night that he looked directly at Janet again.

She nodded mutely. The corners of her mouth strained, strained, and at last achieved a glassy smile.

Then he was gone. She listened to his footsteps on the porch, on the walk, and stood rooted in the centre of the rug.

"Sit down, dear," Mrs. Creel murmured. "Sometimes I think you carry your new posture to extremes. It must be tiring."

Janet said in a cracked voice, "Do my toning exercises," and ran crookedly up the stairs, locked the door of her room, fell face down on the bed in the pitch dark, and burst into tears.

She cried a long time. Pressing her mouth against the organdie bedspread, recklessly tumbling her laborious curls and the "line" dress, she was shaken by long sobs as Ricky rose in the dark before her, staring with . . . with disgust.

He must have seen right through her; he must have found out in some intuitive way before she had finished speaking that underneath the made-up elegance she was the same inexperienced, clumsy girl—not sophisticated at all. It wasn't Myrna Thwaite now. He had been in the Orient. Faraway, exotic beauties had swarmed about him: she was always seeing pictures in the paper. She couldn't compete with them. It was all over. Finished. She wept.

After a while she mopped her face with the sheet and lay in exhausted calm. One thing was certain: she was through with glamor! She was sick of holding her stomach in all the time and her darn spine so straight (though flexible).

She was good and tired of fixing fifty pin-curls every night, of manoeuvring a tickling paintbrush instead of dashing on lipstick, of pacing her room a hundred times daily with a slippery book on her head.

Since Ricky—Ricky—and a last sob escaped—absolutely despised her, she could at least be comfortable. It was nine weeks since she had tasted a nut sundae.

But of course there would be no true rapture left in her life. All at once she was struck by the thought that life might last fifty years—sixty! Her youth was over. Stretching ahead were thousands and thousands of grey, empty, ghastly days . . .

The morning was high when she awoke. She jumped out of bed and virtuously put on an old striped jumper skirt, decided to begin her new life by painting the garden chairs. The paint had been bought two years before.

Outside, the sun sparkled in the bright sky. The forsythia was showing yellow, and there were two dark red tulips. Their heads were bowing. The open paint-can had a sharp, strong hospital smell. She slapped on the paint in dashing bright pink swaths.

There was more to life, she realised suddenly, bursting into "Ricochet Romance," than men. From here you couldn't even see his house; the hedge at Laramies hid it. Naturally, there could never again be ecstasy after what she had suffered; but there was a lot, a

whole lot, of satisfaction—just in breathing, say, in swinging her arms and jumping, if she wanted—like this! Right over the bird bath!

A voice behind her said, "Need any help?"

She didn't dare turn. Something cold shot down her spine. "I'll—just a second. Thanks. There's only one. I'll get another brush, it won't—" She stumbled on the cellar steps. She stumbled coming up. But he was still there and had already started on the other chair.

If she had at least worn the flannel slacks! Or her new aqua sweater! And it was so hard to pull her stomach in when she was crouched over like this, or to follow the curve of beauty; and her hair was in pigtails!

And what were all those witty, sophisticated words she had learned for when Ricky came back? She couldn't have used them all last night. They said you should talk to men about themselves; they said, though, that you shouldn't ask veterans what they had done

The silence was ghastly.

All at once a cardinal piped from the maple next door, and involuntarily, eagerly, in her old



unregenerate voice, she cried, "Listen! Doesn't it sound exactly like a man whistling for his dog?"

Ricky raised his head, laughed, listened, and whistled to an imaginary dog. The cardinal piped again, and they debated whether it was answering. Ricky thought not. Then he told about some swallows in Japan. Then Janet remembered a robin she had found and had made a splint for its thin, broken leg, and nursed it, and bought it a paste of ground-up bugs, but after two days it had given a sad chirp and died.

Then Ricky related the history of a man in his company who had found a dog and kept it hidden from the sergeant for three weeks, and fed it with scraps that bulged his shirt when he left mess—until finally it had eaten just too much and been widely sick and the sergeant had ripped the barracks with his rage and ended in one final burst: "Ain't you even got the sense to give a houn-dog proper feed?"

The sun kept climbing the sky while they talked. The conversation was so enthralling that Janet forgot to raise her hand with weary grace a single time.

Suddenly, kneeling with his head half under the chair to reach an inaccessible spoke, Ricky said unclearly: "I hardly knew you the other night. Last night. You weren't the way I remembered."

"I—I wasn't?"

"Guess I'd expected—The way I remembered you was different."

"Oh. Oh. I—it was?" she

stammered. And everything came rushing back to her. She tried to stand flexibly. She tried to droop her lids. But he wasn't looking.

"More like now." He was still under the chair. "Of course, you're older. You were just a kid when I left. But the way I remembered you was more like now."

Like now! With the faded shirt—

Ricky came out from his barricade and, still kneeling, glanced critically at his work. "It could stand another coat in a day or two. All those cracks." Then he looked straight at her. "Say, don't you really play tennis any more?"

Her face burned. She stared at the ground. She pulled at a loose thread on her sleeve. But it was no use. She couldn't tell it as a plain lie. "Well, I—yes. Yes, I do."

Now he would know everything, now he would go—

"I thought so," Ricky said, and began to laugh.

After a while she laughed, too.

When they got through laughing, Ricky said, "I'll help you finish yours after I untwist. That last rung put ten thousand kinks in my back."

He sprawled out on the grass, took an old pack of cigarettes from his shirt pocket, pulled one out, tapped it on his thumbnail and struck a match.

Janet watched it all. He inhaled without even thinking. Oh, he was so wise! He was so nonchalant!

"We ought to tie ribbons on them," Ricky said dreamily of the chairs, "if the paint dries." And without transition, staring out over the stretching lawns, he went on, "The way I'd like it would be for everything to be the same—the same as always. In the Army it's—I mean you get enough strangeness for your whole life. You get too much. I always used to like to remember how it was back here, the way it always was. And I mean—like in your case, for instance—"

"Once in Seoul I saw a kind of tennis court and I got to thinking how I used to cut through Laramies' hedge and you and I . . . it was all strange over there, the court, the streets, and the strange people—"

When he stopped, Janet quavered archly, "And the women, too?"

He lay with his cheek against the dry autumn grass. "Women, too," he muttered. He sounded almost stern, almost angry. He jumped up. "Let's get on with this if we're going to have time for ribbons. Got any we could use?"

"Those Persian ones Doris wore?"

"We don't want any Persian ribbons," he said firmly. "Something kind of everyday. Like blue. Or pink."

The noon whistle blew as she was tying on the second sky-blue bow. Ricky cocked his head admiringly. "We ought to rate special mention for this, or some of your mother's cookies. Only not now. I've got to go."

So, after all, nothing was changed. You could call him A Friend, he would drop over; but when he went out it would be with someone else. Her throat tightened until it hurt. "Well," she said, "Well, thanks. Thanks a lot, Ricky. You certainly were a help."

"I'd better get back. My mother's been making a bodderful of soup." He stood still. "Oh—by the way. You care to go to the Plaza tonight? They're showing 'Red Robin'." And, looking down at her with kind, dark, smiling eyes, he added, urgently, "Care to, Janet?"

(Copyright)



# New Heyer romance next week

## Artist uses Regency props for illustrations

A cobwebby lace cap, more than 100 years old, an antique Windsor chair bought in London's Caledonian Markets, and a pair of boots which belonged to an officer in the R.N. are a few of the props which artist Arthur Boothroyd has used in his delightful illustrations for Georgette Heyer's latest Regency romance.

The story begins next week in serial form in *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

THE cap belonged to Boothroyd's grandmother, the boots to his father ("They're exactly the same as the Hessian boots worn by the gallants of the Regency days," he said), and the chair he bought for 15/- in the markets in London some years ago.

He has used the chair in a number of the Heyer illustrations. In this particular serial it appears in the inn scene, *By BETTY NESBIT, of our Fiction Department* pressed into service also for the role of a young man in the novel. In one illustration he is wearing the Hessian boots.

The novel, "Sprig Muslin," which will appear in seven long instalments, is the tenth of Miss Heyer's novels we have published. It was airmailed direct to us by Miss Heyer's agent in London as soon as the typed manuscript was completed, and was bought on arrival.

"Sprig Muslin" is also a milestone for Arthur Boothroyd, as it is the fifth of Georgette Heyer's Regency novels he has illustrated for us.

And, in his opinion, it is "quite the best of them all."

"The plot is most unusual, the dialogue brilliant, and the characters are really wonderful," he says.

His model for the fiery Amanda Smith, the leading feminine character, is a pretty Sydney stenographer, Mary Hamilton, who lives at Clifton Gardens, N.S.W.

Her piquant face was exactly right for the wayward Amanda. Her hair, blond, wasn't the right color, so it appears black in the illustrations.

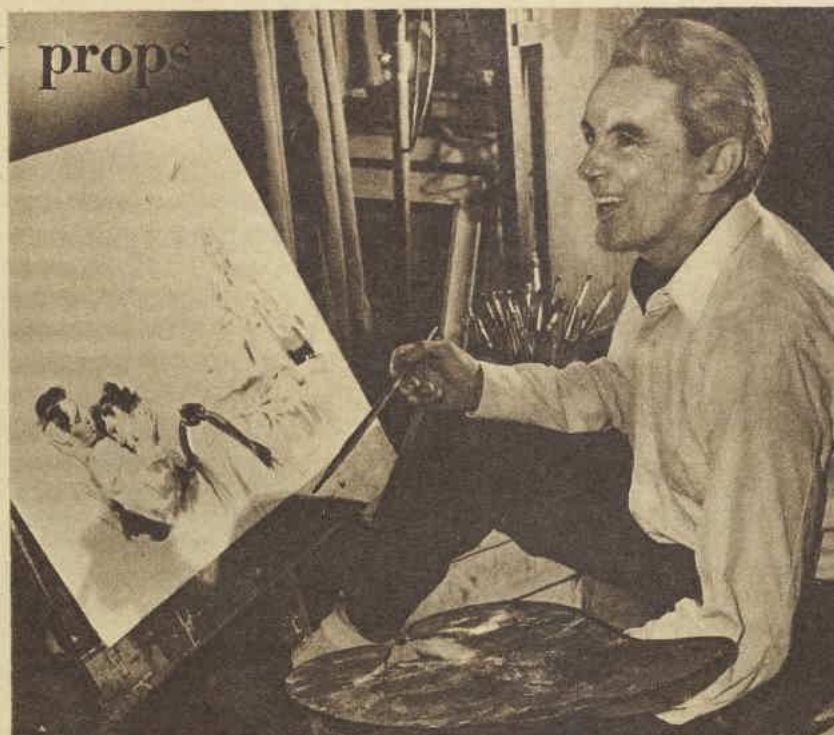
Mary, who works in the Commonwealth Bank, posed during weekends. Her 15-year-old brother, Robert, was pressed into service also for the role of a young man in the novel. In one illustration he is wearing the Hessian boots.

"Fortunately, his feet were about the same size," said Boothroyd.

The lace cap, the chair, and the boots are really just a few of the amazing collection of articles ("junk," says the artist) which crowd Mr. Boothroyd's picturesque studio, a white weatherboard building in the garden of an old house in the Sydney harborside suburb of Mosman.

And the chair is one of the really lucky pieces because it's always being sketched.

"So many of the things I have collected thinking they would come in handy never



ARTIST Arthur Boothroyd at work in his studio on one of his illustrations for "Sprig Muslin," the new Georgette Heyer romance, which begins in next week's issue.

have," Boothroyd said. "Take that Japanese lamp, for instance. I've never needed to draw that, nor that death-mask, nor the grass skirt I got my brother to bring me back from Noumea.

"But then, you don't know when I might use them, so I never throw anything away. It's always there for reference."

"Reference" is probably the most important word in an illustrator's vocabulary, especially in illustrations which deal with a period.

At present, while Boothroyd is working on the Heyer serial, every free square inch of table, box, chair, or bench in his studio is covered with sketches of figures dressed in Regency style.

### First serial

SOME of them were made in 1949 from costumes used in a production at Sydney's (now defunct) Minerva Theatre. The producer lent the costumes to Boothroyd for his model to wear for sketches for the first Heyer serial he was then working on, "Friday's Child."

Since then he has used the sketches as a basic design for his drawings for all the serials he has worked on. These include "Arabella," "The Grand Sophy," and "Bath Tangle."

"Of course, all the sketches are adapted," he said. "In some of the illustrations I got Mary to wear a nightgown which, tied with a piece of ribbon, gives exactly the right Regency line."

"I don't think it is the most elegant period of women's fashion. I don't think even Marilyn Monroe would look glamorous in it!"

"The materials don't vary much either. It's a good deal of muslin for day wear, and satins for night."

"But the men's clothes lend themselves to elegance—the highly polished boots, the cutaway coats in brilliant colors, the breeches, the wing-collars, and stiffened cravats. They were really dandies."

"Then the background is most interesting to work on—the Regency period furniture, which is very beautiful, and all the decor that goes with it."

"That needs a tremendous amount of research before I can even start on the actual drawings."

"Every detail must be scrupulously correct. You have to be very careful not to draw some article that didn't exist during the period."

"As there isn't a great deal of antique furniture that one can have access to in Sydney, I usually turn first to four old tattered books, 'Old Furniture—a Magazine of Domestic Ornament,' when I have some particular piece of furniture to draw."

"If I can't find what I want, then I've got two huge cabinets full of other references."

"These four books, also, have wonderful designs for candlesticks. I've had to draw

hundreds of candlesticks, but I flatter myself I've never used the same design twice.

### "Always dashing"

"ALTHOUGH the problem didn't arise in 'Sprig Muslin,' I have found that in the Heyer novels there is always a lot of talk about means of transport. The characters are always dashing here and there in carriages, chaises, curricles, or gigs."

"If it happens that one has to be illustrated, then I have to get my file, in which I have collected hundreds of drawings, old sketches, lithographs, and so on of all kinds of vehicles."

"In 'Sprig Muslin' all I had to draw was a 'farm tumbrel,' which is really a sort of open farm cart, and that wasn't very complicated."

Boothroyd finds the carriages in the old stables of Sydney's historic Vaucluse House very useful and he has often used them as models.

## Complete novel in each issue

IN addition to our new Georgette Heyer serial, a series of complete novels will begin in next week's issue.

The first complete novel is "Girl on the Run," an exciting mystery by the American writer Paul Ernst. This will be followed in the April 11 issue by another mystery, "Dead Mountain Lion," by the English author Edith Pargeter.

"A Woman Named Storm," a dramatic story of a woman doctor, by Hector Chevigny, is the novel for April 18.

To continue the series we will publish "The Daughter of Bugle Ann," by MacKinlay Kantor; "Case File F.B.I.," by the Gordons; "Escape to Paradise," by Ware Torey Budlong; "Mr. Cork's Secret," by MacDonald Hastings.

These and many others will provide readers with a wonderful selection of fiction for long winter nights.



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BOOTHROYD with some of the props he uses for illustrating Regency romances. The often-sketched antique chair was used for next week's Georgette Heyer serial.



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**18'11**



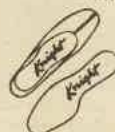
**NITA** — Black felt with ocelot front. Leather soles.

**19'11**



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# Garden Perennials

● Perennials are the long-lived plants of the garden — hardy, adaptable, and easily cared for. In this special feature our gardening experts give you a comprehensive guide to selecting, planting, and growing them in your garden.

**P**ERENNIALS are those plants that last in the garden more or less indefinitely. Some, like the herbaceous types, die down annually, to grow up again next season. Others, like gerberas, flower several times a year without losing their foliage.

In all, there are probably tens of thousands of herbaceous, evergreen, and imperfect perennials. By "imperfect" is meant plants such as Sweet Williams, which tend to die out after two or three years, or delphiniums, which are mostly treated in Australia as biennials, although they are classified by botanists as perennials.

With such a mass of material to choose from, the beginner has problems in selecting plants suitable for his or her particular garden.

The suggested borders on page 38 are designed to help you in this selection. For a wider choice a nurseryman's catalogue or an illustrated book is helpful.

Before planting, however, attention should be given to the beds where you intend to grow your perennials.

Early preparation will allow for many species being planted towards the middle or end of April, which is the best time for splitting up and dividing many kinds of perennials.

The best time to undertake the preparation of the soil is

in early autumn, from the middle of March until the middle of April.

Because of their long-lasting quality, perennials mostly need good soil, because few plants will keep on indefinitely producing foliage and flowers unless the plant-food supply is generous, drainage is good, and water supply ample.

Windy places should be avoided, particularly spots where draughts blow strongly through spaces between houses or where prevailing winds are

## Soil preparation

unbroken by protective walls or fences.

Having selected suitable growing areas, prepare the beds thoroughly, digging the soil to the full depth of the spade, cracking up any hard pan encountered at the bottom, and mixing in at least two inches of well-rotted manure and about 10lb. of bonedust for every 100 square feet.

The hard pan will be all the better for some manure, too, and this should be mixed in well before being covered over with top-soil. In time, if the top-soil is shallow, an inch of the hard pan can be brought to the surface and will eventually deepen the fertile crust.

Virgin soil that has not been previously cropped, or old land that has received no attention for years, will probably need lime at digging

time. A heavy salting, by which is meant whitening of the soil, is usually sufficient.

If lilliums, ericas, or azaleas are to be planted, avoid lime.

Manure should be added about a month to six weeks after the lime has been added, but the subsoil or hard pan can be manured when the first digging over is done.

Sandy soils, if loose and porous, present a problem to the intending perennial grower, and many failures follow neglect to prepare the soil well for some time prior to planting.

Instead of scattering a load of manure or compost widely over all the beds available, it will pay the gardener to concentrate his efforts to putting one bed at a time into order. Treat the bed generously to manure or compost, then let it rest until the fibrous material has decomposed and added humus to the ground.

When your beds are ready, turn your attention to the plants to fill them. Though propagation by cuttings is the easiest way with many perennials, many may also be raised from seed.

The ingredients for success in seed-raising are a number of seed-boxes, measuring roughly 10in. by 16in., 4in. deep, and securely nailed at both ends and the bottom, some good quality, sterilised soil, some well-sieved leaf-mould or rotted compost, some cinders, river sand, and good quality seed.

A few sheets of glass, some

newspaper, and a fine-rosed watering-can or atomiser just about complete the requirements. For rapid germination, a glassed frame, glasshouse, or even the doorway of a garage that has a glass door, will assist.

Failures with seeds can be caused by various faults — over-deep soil cover, too shallow sowing, bad drainage, sowing too thickly, the use of unsterilised soil, excess watering, shortage of water, failure to remove the glass at the right time, or slug, snail, or insect pest attacks.

Soil that has not been sterilised often contains earthworms, the larvae or grubs of insects, fungi of various kinds, and weed seeds.

For that reason it is advisable to get soil, leafmould, a little well-sieved cow manure, and sand, and mix them into a good loamy condition, wet it well, and steam it on a sheet of iron over a fire in the garden for about half an hour.

Turn the mixture over repeatedly with a shovel, so that it is warmed evenly throughout, and when steaming well and starting to show

signs of drying out, it should be safe to remove. Allow it to cool for some hours and then make sure your seed-boxes have plenty of drainage holes in them and fill them up over an inch of medium-sized cinders.

The soil should be levelled off and firmed lightly, and some of the sand and leaf-mould, in equal proportions,

*ONLY perennials are used in the charming garden (above) of Mrs. B. King, of Cheltenham, N.S.W.*

kept on hand for covering the seed.

Space the seed out as evenly as possible, cover small seeds lightly with the sand-leafmould mixture, and pat down lightly with a flat tile or piece of flat-surfaced wood. The seed should then be in contact with the seedbed.

Water carefully to avoid dislodging the seed, using a fine-rosed can or atomiser.

Then cover the box with a sheet of glass and a newspaper under it to provide some light shade. Place the box in a frame, glasshouse, or on a table or shelf where it receives several hours of sunlight daily.

As soon as the seed germinates, remove the paper and give the box a trifle more shade so that any heat-wave or fierce sunlight cannot burn the tender seedlings.

## Seed cultivation

When the seedlings are growing well and about an inch high, start to harden them off by lifting the glass a trifle for some hours a day. This can be done by thrusting a small piece of wood under one end of the glass.

When they harden off, remove the glass entirely.

Pricking out, or transplanting to a box containing

slightly better-quality soil, is then advised. The plants should be given at least two inches of space between each. This will lead to the development of sound-root systems and the seedlings will then transplant without receiving any serious setback, provided you water them regularly.

Soil should be just as carefully prepared for rooted cuttings and divisions as it is for seedlings, for they need similar conditions in every respect. If the cuttings or divisions

have been grown in pots, knock them out with the ball of soil undisturbed, and make holes big enough to take the ball easily. Firm in well and water well.

Divisions and cuttings that have enough roots to take hold but are not surrounded by soil require more skill and atten-

To page 38





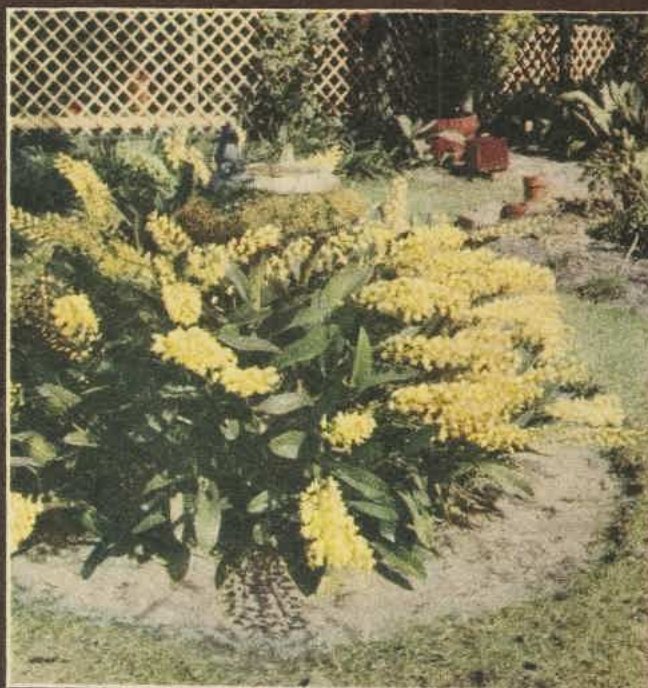
**ROCK GARDEN** (above) of Mrs. Balcombe Quick, of Toorak, Vic., shows, from left, miniature rose, mauve rehmannia (tall plant), pink rock geranium, and white Alpine dianthus.



**VERBENA** in vivid colors (right) grow on a cliff in the Whale Beach (N.S.W.) garden of Mrs. G. Moses.



**AZALEAS** figure prominently in this hillside garden of Mrs. A. Campbell, of Pymble, N.S.W. Mauve bletia hyacinthina (ground orchids) and white marguerites form patches of color in the foreground. A catkin-covered pussy willow is in the background.



**SPLENDID** specimen of *dendrobium speciosum* (rock lily) in the Waverley (N.S.W.) garden of Miss F. Iken. An Australian native, the rock lily likes morning sun during winter and early spring and shade in summer. It grows best in warm, coastal areas.

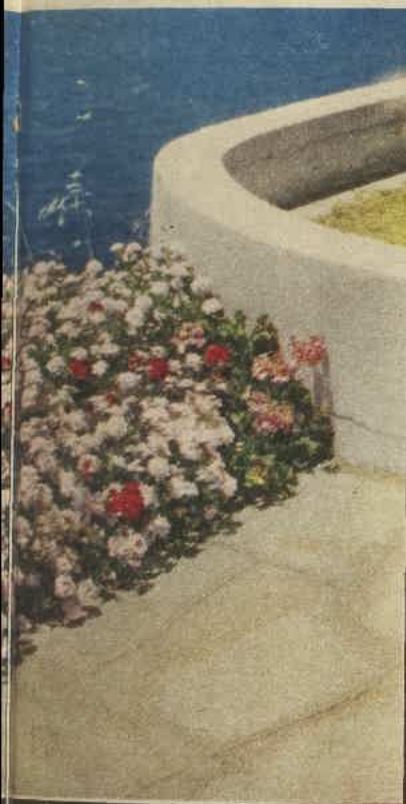


**BEARDED IRISES** are at their best in the Gordon (N.S.W.) garden of Mrs. Camellias, in which the Professor's irises. At the back is a hand-

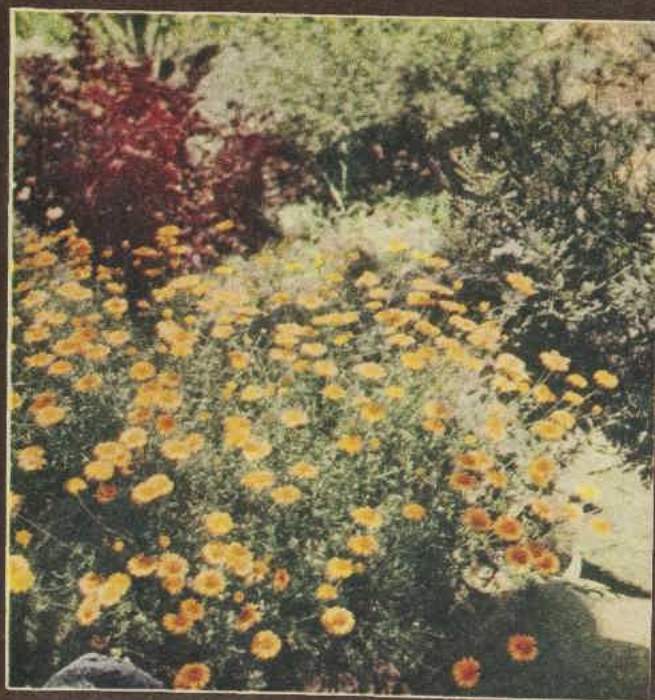


# BEFORE PLANTING

the perennials are used to  
the main reason for the  
growing habits, and needs  
account. Most perennials are  
primary care in placing them,  
with weeding, watering, and  
garden filled with the same  
pictured on these pages.



**SHASTA DAISIES** are among the most beautiful and easiest to grow of all perennials. These lovely plants are growing wild on the roadside between Glen Innes and Tenterfield, in northern N.S.W., where they make patches of cool beauty during summer.



**GOLDEN-YELLOW DAISIES**, *anthemis tinctoria*, (camomile) make a brilliant splash of color in Mrs. J. Wilmot's garden at Pennant Hills, N.S.W. Red-leafed irises, an ornamental-leaved bedding plant, and mauve marguerites are growing beside the camomile.



**MESEMBRYANTHEMUM** in gaudy colors give a glowing quality to this corner of Mrs. George Pratten's garden at Pymble, N.S.W. Roses, geraniums, and violets are other perennials in this beautiful bed which demonstrates well the advantage of planned planting.

in cool spots like this one in  
Professor E. G. Waterhouse's  
specialises, and azaleas flank the  
eupatorium megalophyllum.





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9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28				

## PLANT A HERBACEOUS BORDER

● A herbaceous border, the pride of most English gardens, can be grown with equal success in Australia. Here we give you a guide to varieties of perennials ideally suited for these borders.

THE plan above is for a formal bed approximately 15 feet long and three feet wide. If your border is to be irregular in shape, or of different dimensions,

you can easily get the best results by studying the heights, colors, and blooming times in the two borders suggested below. Both will grow almost anywhere.

### SPRING BORDER (September-November)

Position	Species	Color	Height
<b>BACK ROW</b>			
No. 1	Kniphofia corallina	Red	5ft.
No. 2	Delphinium chinense	Blue	6ft.
No. 3	Verbascum Silver Spire	Yellow	5ft.
No. 4	Onopordion acanthium	Blue	6ft.
No. 5	Thalictrum dipterocarpum	Mauve and prim-rose	5ft.
No. 6	Sidalcea	Pink to red	4ft.
No. 7	Kniphofia (Dr. Thompson)	Orange, red tips	5ft.
No. 8	Bearded iris	Blue or purple	4ft.
<b>MIDDLE ROW</b>			
No. 9	Columbine	Blue and cream	3ft.
No. 10	Day lily	Orange	3ft.
No. 11	Lupin	Blue or purple	3ft.
No. 12	Geum Dolly North	Orange	2ft. 6in.
No. 13	Columbine caerulea	Blue	3ft.
No. 14	Dimorphotheca eklonis	Pale blue	3ft.
No. 15	Anchusa Italica	Sky-blue	3ft.
No. 16	Trollius (Golden Globe)	Orange	3ft.
No. 17	Bearded iris	Yellow	3ft.
<b>FRONT ROW</b>			
No. 18	Gazania	Tomato-red	9in.
No. 19	Nepeta	Mauve	12in.
No. 20	Gazania	Yellow	9in.
No. 21	Erigeron elatior	Lavender	9in.
No. 22	Cerastium tomentosum	White	6in.
No. 23	Ophiopogon jaburan	Yellow	9in.
No. 24	Nierembergia azurea	Blue	12in.
No. 25	"rivularis"	Cream	6in.
No. 26	Mesembryanthemum Chamberlainii	Violet-cerise	9in.
No. 27	Santolina	Yellow	10in.
No. 28	Erinus alpinus	Rosy-purple	4in.

### SUMMER BORDER (December-February)

Position	Species	Color	Height
<b>BACK ROW</b>			
No. 1	Rudbeckia goldstrahl	Gold	5ft.
No. 2	Delphinium	Dark blue	5ft.
No. 3	Heliopsis sparsifolia	Gold	6ft.
No. 4	Baptisia caerulea	Blue	4ft.
No. 5	Hollyhock Apricot	Apricot	to 8ft.
No. 6	Delphinium Percival	Royal-blue	6ft.
No. 7	Rudbeckia fulva	Yellow	5ft.
No. 8	Echinops (Globe thistle)	Blue	5ft.
<b>MIDDLE ROW</b>			
No. 9	Catananche caerulea	Blue	2ft. 6in.
No. 10	Lychnis haageana	Scarlet	2ft.
No. 11	Platycodon	Blue	2ft.
No. 12	Achillea roscum	Cerise	2ft. 6in.
No. 13	Scabious caucasica	Lavender	2ft.
No. 14	Anthemis tinctoria	Gold	2ft. 6in.
No. 15	Rudbeckia Newmannii	Yellow	2ft.
No. 16	Stokesia	Blue	20in.
No. 17	Liatris graminifolia	Blue-purple	2ft. 6in.
<b>FRONT ROW</b>			
No. 18	Heuchera	Coral-pink	10in.
No. 19	Agathaea	Blue	12in.
No. 20	Armeria	Pink	12in.
No. 21	Dianthus or pinks	Pink or white	12in.
No. 22	Campanula white star	White	12in.
No. 23	Pentstemon oratus	Blue	12in.
No. 24	Scabious caucasica (White lady)	White	15in.
No. 25	Geum	Red	15in.
No. 26	Pinks	White	9in.
No. 27	Cheddar pink	Pink and red	9in.
No. 28	Armeria vindictive	White and maroon	6in.

### GARDEN PERENNIALS

tion for some weeks until their condition indicates that they have transplanted and have taken a liking to their new site.

If the roots have grown long and sprawl outwards, dig a wide hole that will take them without cramping and firm in with good soil all round. They will then strike readily.

Plants that have to be split up or divided, such as Michaelmas daisies, heleniums, shasta daisies, rudbeckias,

and phlox, should be lifted with a fork and rooted pieces removed by pulling or cutting apart. If the pieces have roots, they can be planted out immediately, but rootless cuttings need planting in pots of sandy loam, some of their biggest leaves removed, and should then be kept in frame or glasshouse until they take root.

When the soil is prepared and the seedboxes are ready, the question of what to plant then arises.

With perennials the answer depends largely on your personal preferences, because most of these hardy creatures will grow almost anywhere.

However, the degree to

which they flourish depends to some extent on conditions being suitable to them.

If you live in a hot part of the country, for example, you'll need hardy plants that will withstand heat, humidity, or drought. They include gailardias, phlox, cannas, coreopsis, scabious caucasica, gypsophilas, tritomas (red-hot pokers), heleniums, geraniums, salvias, dianthus, and perennial statice.

Peonies do well on the high, cool country or in Melbourne and parts of South Australia and the cooler parts of the far west.

The main trouble with this plant occurs when the woody roots are planted too close to the surface or too deeply. Then they do not flower well. A cover of not more than 3in. of good quality soil over the buds or "eyes" is about right.

Established peonies require an annual top-dressing of well-decayed manure mixed with rich compost. They dislike being disturbed and the best results are achieved from plants that stay put, being manured each year, for they are heavy croppers and need plenty of nutriment.

Chrysanthemums come well up near the top of the list as

generous croppers and good doers. There are many different varieties, ranging from singles to anemoned centred, quilled types, incurved and outcurved, pompons, cascades, and koreans, all of which do well in sunny positions where the soil is not too sandy.

Very heavy loams should be made lighter by adding sand, and very sandy soil needs the addition of clayey soil to make it right for this rather fastidious plant. Provided the soil holds water well and is moderately rich, however, chrysanthemums will do quite well in sandy areas.

Perennial asters or Michaelmas daisies are bright and useful for decorative purposes both indoors and in the garden, but their penchant for suckering and forming big hefty clumps has caused them to decline in favor

in recent years. There are many fine colors, pale lavender, almost white, blue, pink, purple, and red, and some vary in height.

Day lilies have never reached great popularity in this country, although America has produced some very lovely hybrids in recent years. Here they are mostly tango color, yellow, orange, or neutral

shades. If seed of the newer varieties is obtainable, however, a gorgeous show can be realised. They do fairly well in semi-shade.

Liliums are perennials that die down after flowering and increase their bulbs either below the ground or at or just above the surface, and there are some magnificent species as well as many gorgeous hybrids available for all but the tropical areas. Jillian Wallace, a new Australian hybrid, is one of the most fragrant as well as beautiful lilies in existence.

Shasta daisies, which belong to the chrysanthemum family, grow easily everywhere, and are one of the most popular of all flowers for cutting. In addition to the original variety bred up by the late Luther Burbank, there are doubles, fringed, and other beautiful forms today, and color is now being introduced into them.

Rudbeckias, too, do well in almost any sort of soil, and there are many different sorts of this flower.

These are only a few of the thousands of perennials. Nurserymen's books and catalogues will introduce you to dozens more which you'll be delighted to meet if you're seeking a garden that will give you the maximum beauty for the minimum of work.

Continued from page 35

### Plant peonies

### Daisies and lilies



# COLORFUL, UNUSUAL, AND EASILY GROWN

● If you're contemplating planting perennials, give some consideration to these more uncommon varieties. They would bring interest to any garden and a feeling of proud achievement to any gardener.



**DRACUNCULUS VULGARIS** (dragon lily) is a member of the arum lily family. It is easily grown, preferring a cool, moist spot. Do not plant too close to the house as it has an unpleasant smell to attract flies, which it needs to fertilise it.



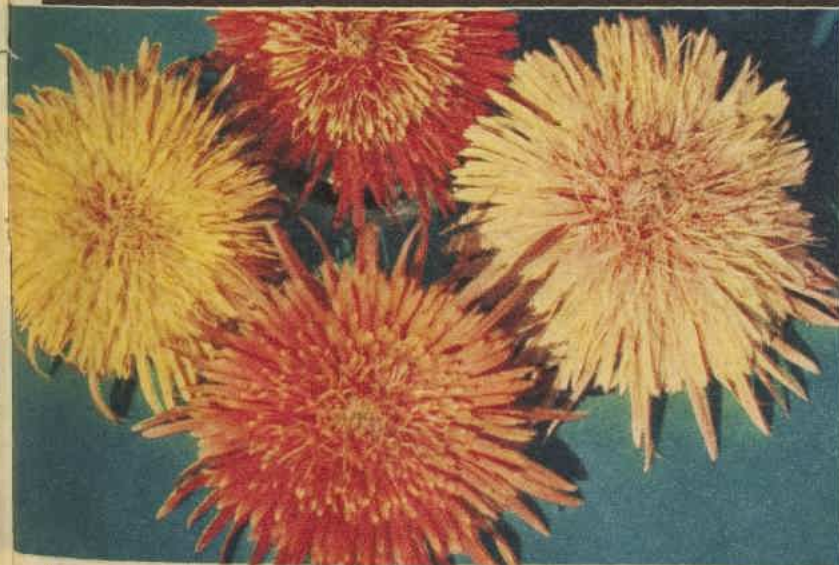
**STOKESIA** (perennial aster) is a hardy dwarf, growing to about two feet. Good flowers for cutting.



**SWEET BERGAMOT** grows in most areas, but is subject to attacks by beetle. Spray with D.D.T.



**SCILLA CAMPANULATA** (English bluebell) is hardy and well suited for growing in shady spots.



**DOUBLE GERBERAS** are both graceful and showy. They like light, well-drained soil and, though at their best in Queensland, will grow quite well as far south as Melbourne. These superb blooms were bred by E. G. and C. A. Bauer, gerbera hybridists, of Bundaberg, Qld. A sunny bed is essential for gerbera cultivation.



**GARDEN PERENNIALS**

**GAZANIA**, one of the hardiest as well as most colorful perennials. Does best in well-drained position with poorish soil and is particularly good near the sea, where it will hold sandy soil in place against erosion. It flowers for months.



**AUBRIETA** (purple rock cress) is a hardy plant, ideal for rockeries and borders. When established it is drought-resistant and suitable for trailing over exposed banks. Plant in autumn for spring flowering.



**BILLBERGIA thyrsoides** needs shade and freedom from frost for good flowering results.



**CISTUS** (rock rose) is a free-blooming small shrub and ideal, as its name implies, for rockeries. Flowers in spring and should be pruned back hard after each flowering period to ensure the best show of blooms.



**ERIGERON** is like a dwarf daisy. Favors a dry, sunny spot in a rockery or border bed.



# Australian Wool Bureau Fashion Awards 1956

## KNITWEAR SECTIONS



Previous issue of this magazine showed Award-winners  
in the Australian Wool Bureau Fashion Awards 1956

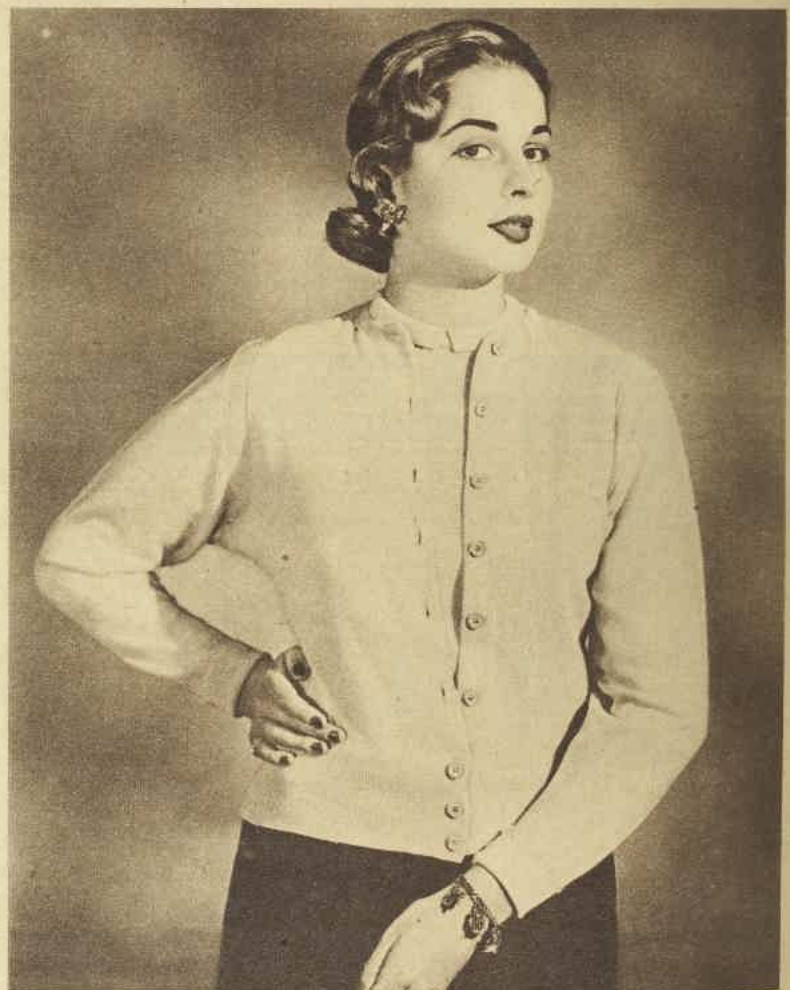
—the big fashion contest held annually by the Australian  
Wool Bureau for Australian fashion designers and manufacturers.  
And now, here are the Award-winning Knitwear designs—  
each one demonstrating that there is no substitute for Wool  
as the very foundation of fine fashion.



Gross Knitting Mills Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, took top honours in the Sweater section of the Australian Wool Fashion Awards 1956, with this dramatic sweater in bold stripes of black, cinnamon and white. The pert knitted wool beret goes with the sweater.

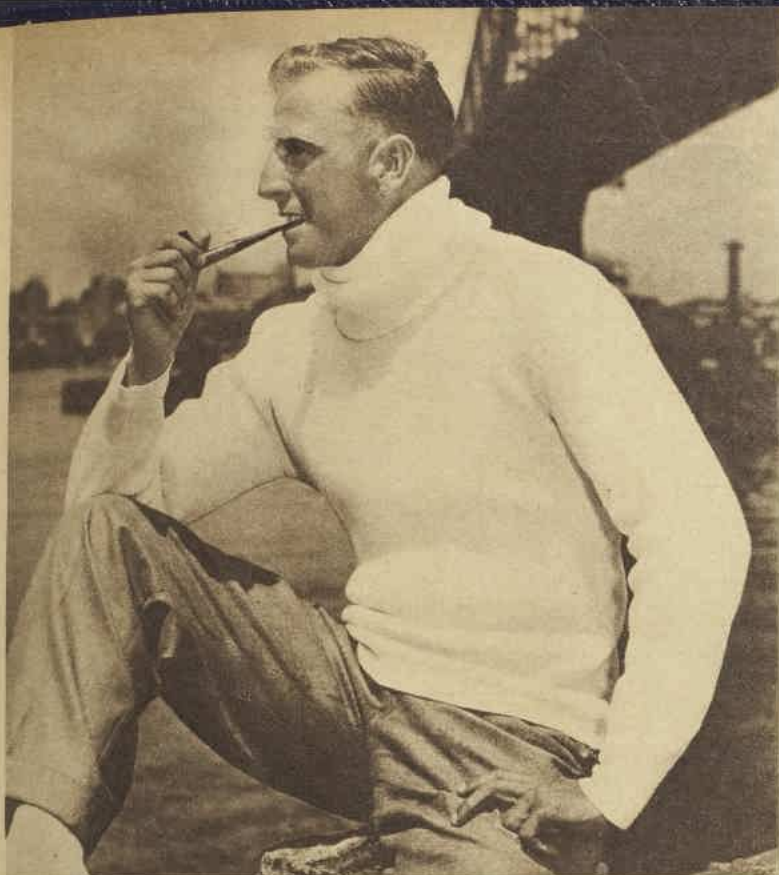


Papaleo and Monicci, Melbourne, won the Men's Cardigan section of the Australian Wool Fashion Awards 1956, with their easy-fitting beige cardigan, knitted in a firm deep rib.

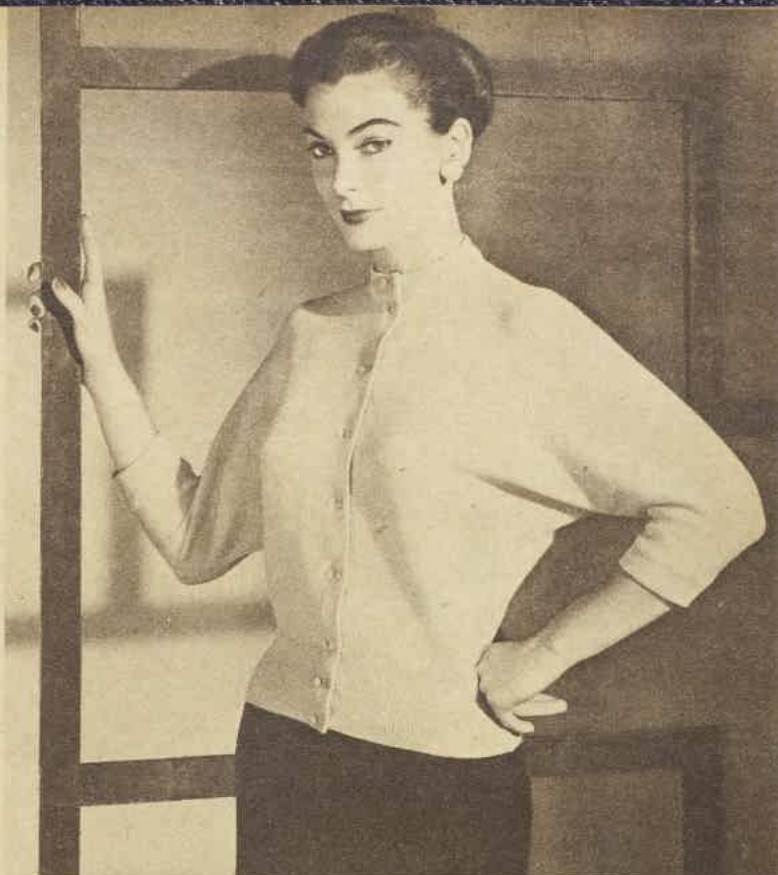


Calixte Knitting Mills Pty. Ltd., Sydney, won the Twinset Award for 1956 with this sweater and jacket in fine, oyster-grey wool. The jacket has deep banded inset sleeves, while the sweater is smartly finished with a small turn-down collar.





Tasman Textiles, Hobart, took top honours in the Open Class, Men's Knitwear, with this bulky knit sweater with a high, polo neckline.



Hanro Knitting Mills Ltd., Victoria, were awarded first place in the Cardigan section for new-look cardigan with three-quarter dolman sleeves, a double row of baby-buttons, and double basque at neck and sleeves.

*Australian Wool Bureau Fashion Awards 1956*



Papaleo and Monicci, Melbourne, styled this award-winning Men's Pullover from sea-blue wool, featuring raglan sleeves and a new, low round neckline.



Calixte Knitting Mills Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, won the open Class for Women's Knitwear. Styled for after-five wear, this sweater is fashioned from fine wool, banded and finished at the square neckline with grosgrain ribbon. Dolman sleeves add an extra touch of glamour!





*Laconia*

This season, Laconia Blankets in new patterns and new designs have been created to please every taste and harmonize delightfully in any bedroom... including those still in the "glory box" stage. Be sure you ask for Laconia Blankets — you'll be pleasantly surprised at the low price.

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Pure Lamb's Wool  
**BLANKETS**

MAKE *Goodnight* A CERTAINTY

\* There's nothing in the world like WOOL



# AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard  
For week beginning MAR. 26

## Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p><b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in a magnetic personality.</p>	<p>★ The slightest friction with associates will be a spanner in the works. Only through harmonious relationships at home and abroad can you achieve your goal.</p>	<p>★ Any decision you make which concerns the home or family is likely to be sound at present. You sacrifice your personal desires for the good of others.</p>	<p>★ Your heart will tell you the right words to use, should a difficult situation arise between you and the one you love. Reproaches add fuel to the fire.</p>	<p>★ You are starting a new cycle in your personal relationships. Pick and choose with care, for friends made now will be a permanent part of your life.</p>
<p><b>TAURUS</b> The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, pastels. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck lies in careful planning.</p>	<p>★ Look for gradual improvement of conditions, pay, or prestige, rather than spectacular events. Most of you remain in the present groove.</p>	<p>★ If you shrink into the background, then feel that the family regard you as an unpaid servant. You will have only yourself to blame. See that all do a fair share.</p>	<p>★ Your beloved may ask you to help someone in an emergency or may appeal to you for advice in regard to a delicate situation. Keep anything said in confidence.</p>	<p>★ Other matters may appear more important to you than mere sociability. The desire to avoid extra expense might cause you to drop out of the crowd.</p>
<p><b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck is connected with sport.</p>	<p>★ Mix with people and learn unofficially many things which you need to know. If young and restless, an older person in authority uses influence in your behalf.</p>	<p>★ You are highly sociable and apt to slump if left alone too much. Make it a point to invite a few friends or neighbors to drop in for a cup of tea.</p>	<p>★ A declaration of love may be made to you when you are least expecting it, in a crowded place, at the beach, or under stress of excitement.</p>	<p>★ Popularity is about to reach a high-water mark. You're in constant demand and will be double-banking and triple-banking engagements. All the fun of the fair.</p>
<p><b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Your luck lies in high places.</p>	<p>★ Strike while the iron is hot. Delay action and you miss a proposition which could be important. The more people you know, the closer you are to success.</p>	<p>★ It isn't easy to be always on parade, always presentable, with your home a picture of spotless perfection, yet that may be required of you.</p>	<p>★ Many a Cancer girl will change her name just after Easter and one romance may bring others in its train. This week a new interest will twinkle in your sky.</p>	<p>★ A proposition, probably put to you this week, opens up possibilities and you'll be quick on the uptake. A more varied social life will do much to increase your prestige.</p>
<p><b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green, silver. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Your luck lies off the beaten track.</p>	<p>★ A bit of advertising of your talents, past achievements, future possibilities will not do you any harm. If qualifications are not high, do something about it.</p>	<p>★ Family plans for the Easter break may be the chief topic of conversation and the end of the week will see many of you moving off to new scenes.</p>	<p>★ Why do out-of-town boys and girls seem so much more fascinating than the home-grown variety? Discover that for yourself this week, and make your first date.</p>	<p>★ Now is the moment in which to branch out in a new direction and this week may present you with a clue to what will bring the greatest pleasure.</p>
<p><b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. There's luck in a forgotten asset.</p>	<p>★ Your arithmetic will be accurate this week and few will be successful in putting anything over you. With your feet planted on the ground you are on your way.</p>	<p>★ Giving the home a new look may require the united efforts of the whole family. In some cases there are family reunions or celebrations looming.</p>	<p>★ There's a storm brewing and you might as well face it now rather than later. Your critical faculty may show you that your idol has feet of clay.</p>	<p>★ A number of you may prefer to play the Lone Wolf. You may stay home, with the family away, finish a job dear to your heart, or think out a plan for the future.</p>
<p><b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 23 — OCTOBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck comes through opposite sex.</p>	<p>★ The girl, boy friend, or marriage partner lends a hand, or a member of the opposite sex in the place where you work. You get a tough job right off your hands.</p>	<p>★ Once you have made up your mind, nothing can stop you. A scheme dear to your heart may fill all your thoughts. You'll draft the household into service.</p>	<p>★ You'll have plenty of escorts to choose from, but the one you prefer may be shy about asking you. If he is not much of a talker, smooth the way for him.</p>	<p>★ Young and old step out on pleasure bent. You'll want a touch of romance with it, too, such as running into an old flame for a mild flirtation.</p>
<p><b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 23 — NOVEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Your luck lies in a bargain.</p>	<p>★ If you're starting on a new job in the social or career world you may learn more than you are able to give at present, but the experience is priceless.</p>	<p>★ You really need a break. Health may be a trifle below par due to nervous tension, so get away and take it easy if you can possibly manage it.</p>	<p>★ Any excuse is better than none. Co-opt that handsome new stranger on to the committee of which you are a member, or invite him to join your crowd for an outing.</p>	<p>★ All outdoor sports are well aspected. You could be a member of a winning team, find a fresh outlet for your energies, which means pleasure to a whole group.</p>
<p><b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, violet. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck lies in love or money.</p>	<p>★ A twofold profit in money and satisfaction will brighten your efforts in any field. Work runs along smoothly and extra leisure may be available.</p>	<p>★ A surprise expedition, an unexpected invitation, a sudden resolution may give you a thrill. Those who forget the usual grind meet with adventures.</p>	<p>★ Romance flourishes in the grand manner. Some of you will believe real life far more exciting than anything you've seen on the screen lately.</p>	<p>★ You are the child of luck and can't go wrong. All your plans move like clockwork and nothing ventured nothing gained should be your motto.</p>
<p><b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 23 — JANUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, black. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. There is luck in a small box.</p>	<p>★ Special work may be taken home to be finished or an arrangement of benefit to two people could help you carry out a plan. Finances are conservative.</p>	<p>★ If you've recently shifted in, you'll be occupied with little additions, improvements to your surroundings. You may decide on a couple of days just being lazy.</p>	<p>★ Honeymooners and newlyweds generally will find the stars smiling on their love. Those who are single and fancy-free may find an absorbing interest.</p>	<p>★ If you have a barbecue, this is the time to use it. Informal entertainment may help to interest others in a cause which you support, or you find new ideas.</p>
<p><b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 18</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. There's luck for you in gossip.</p>	<p>★ A piece of information may reach you which changes all your ideas. You start off on a new tangent and find zest in novelty. This is all to the good.</p>	<p>★ That weekend prospect looks rosy. See that essential tasks or arrangements are completed early. Many of you will be locking up, joining friends.</p>	<p>★ So you invited your friend to bring along another friend and the foursome clicks in splendid fashion. Many boys and girls meet their "fate" in that way.</p>	<p>★ Off to the beach or the hills for the day or the weekend, you may chatter like a magpie with friends and possibly enemies, coming home tired but happy.</p>
<p><b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 19 — MARCH 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck lies in a business proposition.</p>	<p>★ A timid approach to any business matter will fail to produce results or encourage others to drive a harder bargain. Understand any agreement.</p>	<p>★ A proposition which could be quite profitable may occupy your thoughts to the exclusion of all else, but a decision should be reached by Thursday.</p>	<p>★ If it's an engagement or a wedding, there's a very important ring to be bought. Otherwise, a gift from your best beloved which will make your heart leap.</p>	<p>★ Don't feel heartbroken if a wonderful scheme is beyond your financial reach, or if bookings are filled. Use your imagination to think up an alternative.</p>

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he brought her a present and then it was all right," Pierre said.

Paula smiled. "Was it a nice present?"

"I don't know. It was something in an envelope."

"When did all this happen, Pierre?"

"It was the night before the hurricane."

"Monday night?" Paula said. "Pierre, are you sure?"

"Yes, he came right after dinner and talked to Maman in her office."

"And then what did Uncle Alex do?"

"I saw him get in his car and drive away."

"Did he come back again?"

"I didn't see him, Paula. Soon after that, Papa came."

"How do you know your Uncle Alex brought a present?"

"I saw the envelope on her desk and I asked her what it was, and she said it was a present from Uncle Alex," Pierre said. "It made her happy. She laughed very much."

"Pierre, you never make up stories, do you?" Paula asked softly.

His face was shadowy in the hallway. "No, Paula."

"There's nothing wrong with making up stories if they're only stories, like the things you used to write for your newspaper," she said. "But you must never make up stories about real people. Why didn't you tell me about this, Pierre?"

"I didn't think about it, he said, and blinked his eyes."

He was on the point of tears, and Paula said, "No, of course not," and hugged him.

"It was true," he said. "I didn't tell a lie."

"Honey, I believe you," she said. "Suppose we get those shirts and drop you off at home? I've got to go to the office for a couple of hours."

She felt guilty as she drove away from the house. Porter had an alibi for Monday night, and the fact that he had gone out to pick mussels gave her no right to inspect his private papers. And why should he have planted the watch?

He couldn't have killed Ruth. He had nothing to fear. It

Continuing . . . .

was Alex Fawcett who had no alibi for Monday night. He had said that he had been looking for the widow, but that was no alibi.

She let Pierre off in front of her house and drove to the green. She found the telephone in her office working, and Claire Evans, her assistant, had a list of numbers for her to call. Late in the morning she walked to the store to order a case of bourbon to put aboard Tom Childress' lobster boat. The store was next door to Alex Fawcett's real-estate office, and she saw Alex inside and waved her hand, then turned into the store.

When the clerk carried the case to her car, she found Alex waiting for her.

"Paula, I want to say that I'm sorry about last night," he said. "I know I was kind of bloodthirsty. I was worked up and it seemed to me that Davis was the man. But the story is around town that the Frenchman did it."

"Is it?" Paula said.

"Sure, it's all over town. You doing anything just now? How about driving with me out to Steamship Point?"

"I can't," she said.

"Just out there and back," he said. "It won't take long and we can talk."

"Is there anything left out there at Steamship Point?"

"A few sticks and stones," he said cheerfully. "It's not too bad. I'll get some gummed tape and stick it all together again."

"I must say you take it well, Alex."

"As long as I've got to take it, I'll take it with a smile," he said.

She looked steadily into his eyes and said, "Alex, Pierre told me you were out at Fawcett Point on Monday night."

He stared at her. "The kid is nuts."

"You weren't out there?"

"Of course, I wasn't," he said. "Not Monday night. He's got his dates mixed up. I wasn't anywhere near Fawcett

## Death In The Wind

from page 5

Point on Monday night." He took her hand. "How about having lunch with me?"

"I couldn't possibly today," she said, and walked away.

On the way to her car she frowned in thought. Pierre had said that she had heard Ruth telling Porter Bellows about the photograph, and after Porter denied it he had backed down and admitted that he must have been mistaken. And here was another story and another denial. Somewhere along the line a child's imagination had possibly moved across the line into an infantile mythomania. Pierre liked to make up stories; she had read enough of them in his newspaper.

It was odd that Porter had burned Pierre's file of newspapers along with the papers from Ruth's desk. Apparently he wanted to destroy every sad souvenir of his marriage, but the newspapers had belonged to Pierre. Not that it mattered, she thought; she had a file of them at home.

She drove to the harbor and nosed the car into a parking space at Sam's Market. A grey lobster boat was tied up in a slip adjoining the market, and she saw Tom Childress aboard.

She leaned out and called, "I have something for you, Mr. Childress; a present! Twelve of them, in fact. A whole case of bourbon."

He grinned and stepped to the bulkhead. "So that fellow meant it," he said. "He told me he was going to send me a case of bourbon, but I didn't put too much faith in it."

"It's right here," she said. "Come and get it."

"I'll hoist one to Mr. Davis," the lobsterman said as he took the case out of the car. "I guess he can use somebody wishing him good luck, from what I hear."

"Yes," Paula said. "I don't suppose anybody has heard any news from Frenchy?"

"He'll be back," Childress said as he shouldered the case. "He's been hanging around here waiting for a letter, and it came this morning, so I expect he'll come back to claim it. It's addressed care of me and it must be for Frenchy, but I never saw the name before."

"May I see it?" Paula asked.

"It's a fat one," the lobsterman said. "Airmail from France." He pulled it from his hip pocket and showed her the address: "Robert Donnier, care of Thomas Childress, Menasset, Conn."

"The police must see that?" Paula cried. "Immediately! Give it to me! I'll take it to Lieutenant Gray!"

When Paula dropped him at the kerb, Pierre waited until her car had turned the corner; then he went for his bicycle. Every breath he drew left a little pain deep down as he blew it out again; he felt as if something were pressing on his chest most of the time. Because he had told Dad-dee that Papa was with Maman that night; Papa was in gaol. Because of the things he had said, everyone was angry at him and nobody believed him.

If only he could do some great thing, he thought, that would make him respected and admired, some wonderful, magic thing—something that would make Papa's eye light up with gratitude and pride. But whatever he did was wrong,

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and whatever he said, nobody believed, not even Paula.

He was not very sure any more what he remembered and what he thought he remembered.

He pedalled out to the Post Road, where he stood watching the cars go by. He studied the licence plate of each car that passed. It would be a wonderful thing if he could find the number on the back of the photograph, but he could not even remember all of it, except that the first three digits were 603; he had forgotten the rest of it.

Riding out on his bicycle to look for a number was pretty pointless, he knew. And if he found it would they believe him? He swallowed hard and turned away.

He coasted downgrade to the harbor. Some men were building a new roof on Sam's Market, but nothing had been done yet about the town dock, although there was a big stack of planks. He walked about, inspecting the damage.

Many boats had been wrecked. Some had been blown high up on the marshland and had big holes in them, and the boats in Strong's Boat Yard lay about where the big storms had left them. He got on his bicycle and was pedalling past the boat yard when he put on the brakes and stopped short.

He had been looking for numbers beginning with a six, and here there were scores of them. They all began with six. Every boat he saw, except the sailboats, had numbers on the bow beginning with a six and followed by a letter of the alphabet, and then more numbers. There was a 6F and a 6K and—

All at once he remembered. It came to him as clear as day—black numbers on a white field. He could not remember all the numbers, just as he could not remember all the numbers on the back of the photograph, but the first three figures were 603; he was sure of it.

He turned around and rode as hard as he could, up the long street toward the green. He

turned off on the causeway road across the marshes. He turned left at the fork in the road, and bent low over the handle bars, pedalling steadily. He had entered a grove of trees when a man stepped suddenly into the road and called, "Hey, there!"

Pierre swerved and put on the brakes. A grinning man in an orange safety helmet caught the handle bars and said, "Pierre, how are you?"

"Hello, Mort," Pierre said, panting.

"Where are you going in such a hurry, kid?"

"I'm looking for a boat," Pierre said.

"Up here on dry land?"

"At Oak Beach," Pierre said.

"Did you lose your boat in that hurricane? That's too bad."

"It's not my boat," Pierre said. "It's a boat with numbers. Mort, I have to hurry."

"Haven't you time to say hello to an old friend?" Mort Brewster still held the handle bars.

"Please, Mort," Pierre said. "I'm in a hurry."

Mort Brewster had the teasing manner he sometimes used to have when Pierre had given him an answer and the tutor would not say whether it was right or wrong.

"What's all this about a boat?" he asked.

Pierre kicked out suddenly. The toe of his shoe caught Mort Brewster's knee and he gasped with surprise and pain, but took his hands off the handle bars. Pierre began pedalling away as fast as he could, without looking back.

He had felt a quick rush of anger at Mort Brewster once before. He had found Mort struggling with Maman in her office, and a lamp had been knocked over with a very loud crash. Mort's face had been red, and his eyes dark as plums, and Maman had said, "You're getting out of here, Mort," and that day Mort had gone away.

The bicycle shot out of the trees and on to the bumpy

To page 49

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# CINDERELLA STAR OF NEW MUSICAL

ONE of the luckiest girls in Hollywood is blue-eyed, blond newcomer Shirley Jones, pictured in the candid color shot on this page.

Shirley, who is 22, talented, and charming to look at, came from Broadway to play one of the most wanted musical roles in years in Fox's spectacular CinemaScope production of "Carousel," a musical play with an out-of-this-world theme.

As Julie, the show's star, Shirley sings the music of Rodgers and Hammerstein while acting the part of an unsophisticated girl living on the coast of Maine, who falls in love with a flash fair-ground barker.

Popular screen singer Gordon MacRae portrays this character.

Although little Miss Jones is known in Hollywood as Rodgers and Hammerstein's pet protegee, she is not really a seasoned Broadway actress. Nor has she done much film-acting.

So far her movie career hinges on just two films—"Carousel," and her debut picture, the widescreen musical "Oklahoma!", in which Gordon MacRae again plays the role of the hero.

Hollywood liked Shirley's looks, and also her voice, so much in "Oklahoma!" that they gave her the new musical.

*Film Fan-Fare*

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McMAHON







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## Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★ **Land of the Pharaohs**  
ANOTHER somewhat historical story, "Land of the Pharaohs," a Warner release, is set in ancient Egypt and has to do with the building of the Great Pyramid 5000 years ago.

Filmed in color CinemaScope on authentic locations, the passages dealing with the planning and construction of the pyramid itself, which cover a period of many years and engage thousands of toiling extras, are both spectacular and interesting.

But, unfortunately, when the picture leaves this field of endeavor, which it does at regular spells, to depict the human story behind the undertaking, it is weak and stiff.

Looking far from comfortable in the ancient regalia, English actor Jack Hawkins fights a losing battle all along the way as the great Pharaoh who, for 30 years, drives his subjects to build the pyramid in which his body and treasure can rest secure for always.

In the story, a florid mixture of sex and sadism, there is the usual voluptuous vamp

as well as a noble woman. The former role goes to Joan Collins, who plays Nellifer, a princess of Cyprus, in the best tiger-cat tradition.

Arabian actress Kerima is the devoted Egyptian Queen Naaila. She looks pensive and sad through it all, and has every reason to do so.

The film's British-American cast achieves some incongruous linguistic effects.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

★ **SCOWLING** new male star Bill Travers, who has just finished filming opposite Ava Gardner in "Bhowani Junction," is to star opposite Jennifer Jones, who has had a new lease of screen life since her performance in "Love is a Many-Splendored Thing."

★ **JOHN GREGSON** has no trouble giving a realistic performance as a shipwright who is afraid of heights in his latest film, "Jacqueline." He was lowered in a bucket, high from the side of a studio-made ship, and stepped out glistening with perspiration. "Heights," he said feelingly, "terrify me."

### CITY FILM GUIDE

#### Films reviewed

**CAPITOL.**—★★ "The Desperate Hours," crime thriller, starring Humphrey Bogart, Fredric March, Mary Murphy. Plus featurettes.

**CENTURY.**—★★ "East of Eden," color CinemaScope period melodrama, starring James Dean, Julie Harris, Raymond Massey. Plus featurettes.

**EMBASSY.**—★★ "The Man Who Loved Redheads," color comedy, starring Moira Shearer, John Justin, Roland Culver. Plus featurettes.

**ESQUIRE.**—★★★ "Marty," comedy-drama, starring Ernest Borgnine, Betsy Blair. Plus featurettes.

**LIBERTY.**—★★ "The Tender Trap," color CinemaScope comedy, starring Frank Sinatra, Celeste Holm, Debbie Reynolds. Plus featurettes.

**LYCEUM.**—★ "The Private War of Major Benson," color comedy, starring Charlton Heston, Julie Adams.

**MAYFAIR.**—★ "Land of the Pharaohs," color CinemaScope spectacle, starring Jack Hawkins, Joan Collins. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

**PALACE.**—★ "Southwest Passage," period Western in color, starring Rod Cameron, Joanne Dru, John Ireland. Plus "The Golden Mistress," technicolor adventure, starring John Agar, Rosemarie Bowe.

**PARIS.**—★★ "The Vanishing Prairie," Walt Disney technicolor True-Life adventure. Plus ★★★ "Siam," technicolor featurette.

**PRINCE EDWARD.**—★★★ "To Catch a Thief," color VistaVision romantic comedy, starring Grace Kelly, Cary Grant. Plus featurettes.

**REGENT.**—★ "The Lieutenant Wore Skirts," color CinemaScope comedy, starring Tom Ewell, Sherree North. Plus featurettes.

**SAVOY.**—★★★ "The Blue Continent," underwater documentary in color. Plus ★ "La Spiaggia" ("The Beach"), Italian drama in color with English sub-titles, starring Martine Carol, Raf Vallone.

**STATE.**—★★ "The Benny Goodman Story," musical biography in color, starring Steve Allen, Donna Reed. Plus ★ "Red Sundown," technicolor outdoor adventure, starring Rory Calhoun, Martha Meyer, Dean Jagger.

**VICTORY.**—★ "The Kettles in the Ozarks," comedy, starring Marjorie Main, Arthur Hunnicut, Plus ★ "One Desire," color period drama, starring Anne Baxter, Rock Hudson.

#### Not yet reviewed

**LYRIC.**—"Five Guns West," Western, starring John Lund, Dorothy Malone. Plus "Caught," drama, starring James Mason, Barbara Bel Geddes. (Re-release, no review available.)

**PLAZA.**—"Battle Cry," color CinemaScope wartime drama, starring Van Heflin, Tab Hunter, Nancy Olson. Plus featurettes.

**ST. JAMES.**—"Kismet," color CinemaScope musical extravaganza, starring Howard Keel, Ann Blyth, Vic Damone. Plus featurettes.



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Peel, core and slice apples thinly and place in ovenproof dish. Pour over the golden syrup which has been mixed with the spice. Mix together in a basin the Uncle Toby's Oats, coconut and brown sugar and add melted butter. Sprinkle thickly over apple slices and bake in a moderate oven 25-30 mins.

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**1** TRAPPED by Glenn Griffin (Bogart), left, his brother Hank (Dewey Martin), and Robish (Robert Middleton), back, Dan Hilliard (March), right, begins a struggle for life.

**2** CRISIS develops when Chuck (Gig Young), a boyfriend of Cindy (Mary Murphy), shoves the door open. Knowing her family is likely to die if he enters, Cindy gets suspicious Chuck away.

## The Desperate Hours



★ "The Desperate Hours" (Paramount), a thriller, directed by William Wyler, depicts the terror of an Indianapolis family when their home is taken over by three escaped convicts.

It is the plan of the criminals to hold the family hostage until they receive a sum of money to hire a gunman to kill Sheriff Jesse Bard (Arthur Kennedy), the man responsible for the arrest and imprisonment of Glenn Griffin (Humphrey Bogart), the gang leader.

How Dan Hilliard (Fredric March) manages to save his wife (Martha Scott), their daughter Cindy (Mary Murphy), and young son Ralphie (Richard Eyer) provides palpitating entertainment.

**3** RETURNING home that night, after he and Cindy have been released to go to work as usual while Eleanor and Ralphie are held as hostages, Dan finds police around the house. Dan borrows a gun and begs police to do nothing until he tries a daring plan of his own to save his family.



**4** SHERIFF BARD (Arthur Kennedy), left, is unhappy to learn that duty-happy cops put on to tail the woman bringing some money to Glenn Griffin have, instead, scared her off. Back at the house Glenn and the drunken Robish get into a fight over Cindy and the possession of a revolver.



**5** "HANK, THIS GIRL IS SICK," pleads Dan. But Cindy is faking, and Dan gets Hank's gun. Just as a break seems possible, it is spoiled by young Ralphie, and Glenn gets the gun back.



**6** TRICK to get rid of the gang by pretending their money has come by post fails, for Glenn already knows the real truth. He takes Dan's cash, anyway. Later police shoot Hank, and Chuck rescues Cindy. Martha and Ralphie are left.



**7** SHOWDOWN comes when Dan eliminates Robish and gets his wife and son to safety. Goaded beyond control, Dan gunships Glenn, who, offering to give himself up to the police, makes a foolish bid for freedom and is shot down by them.

## AUSTRALIAN BEAUTY IN HOLLYWOOD GIVES HAIR CARE SECRETS



Victoria Shaw, formerly Jeanette Elphick, co-stars with Tyrone Power and Kim Novak in Columbia's "The Eddy Duchin Story". Victoria is learning Hollywood beauty

secrets but still follows the golden rule of hair care — never wash hair with soap — shampoo each week with 'Vaseline' Brand Liquid Shampoo.

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Made exclusively to clean and beautify hair, this super-soft lather cleanses the oils of your scalp naturally. Will not dry them out — frees them of dirt, dust and dandruff. The 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo soapless lather rinses out completely. Your hair feels fresh, soft, manageable. For oily, dry and normal hair.

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Page 47



Thank goodness for NESCAFÉ... I only have to mix it to make and I'm sure of perfect coffee every time.

AA-a-ah, that's real coffee... with its superb flavour and aroma, you can tell it's NESCAFÉ!

NESCAFÉ, eh? Better flavour than even good ground coffee...

Clever girl... she'll always be praised for her coffee while she serves NESCAFÉ.

I can never get over the economy of Nescafé... it's one case of "the best for less."

## AA-a-ah... that's real coffee!

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Even in homes where the brewing of fine coffee has always been a tradition, Nescafé is now preferred. In fact, Emily Post—the world-famous authority on social etiquette—herself uses and recommends Nescafé. In her book "Coffee Etiquette" (published in America) Miss Post suggests many delightful

ways of serving Nescafé for different occasions. For an extra special demi-tasse, for instance, Miss Post suggests that you add a teaspoon of orange juice and a twist of orange rind to each cup of Nescafé. Do try it at your next formal dinner party.

But it's not only because of its *quality* that Nescafé is preferred by good hostesses. It's so wonderfully *convenient*! With Nescafé there's no "perking," no straining, no risk. Nescafé makes perfect coffee—*every time*—in just 3 seconds!

# NESCAFÉ

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road at Oak Beach, and Pierre nearly lost control and swung off into the sand by the cottage named Thalassa. He dropped the bicycle in the sand and ran out across the beach.

The inboard motor boat was there as he had remembered it, its back broken, its stern stove in, its propeller blades nicked and dented by the rocks. He stooped beside the boat, and the digits leaped out at him, three inches tall, and neatly stencilled in black, and the number was 6-0-3297. There was no dash among the digits of the number on the back of the photograph, but the number was the same.

Pierre felt as his heart would burst. He could barely breathe, and when he reached his bicycle his knees were trembling. Even after he had started pedalling, they still trembled, they still felt weak. But in his heart there was a singing pride, and the sunlight danced with an unnatural brilliance before his eyes.

Three documents were spread out on Lieutenant Gray's desk beside the airmail envelope. The first was a certified copy of the birth certificate of Claudette Donnier, daughter of Jean and Marie Donnier; the second was the birth certificate of Robert Donnier, with the parents listed as the same; the third was a copy of the birth certificate of Pierre Donnier, son of Claudette Donnier, father unknown. It was conclusive proof; Frenchy was Pierre's uncle.

"I think I get the picture," Brad said. "Last spring I went to the town in Normandy, where Pierre's mother was born and asked some questions and visited her grave, and the word must have reached Frenchy that the boy had been adopted by rich Americans, so he came here to make demands on Ruth."

"It means that Pierre told the truth," Vern Gray said. "A man did walk in off the street and say he was the boy's uncle."

"I never doubted that he told the truth," Brad said. "I was sure that Bellows lied."

"Not necessarily, Mr. Davis,"

Continuing . . . .

Vern Gray said. "Maybe the boy heard his mother talking to someone else, or maybe he heard it from the Frenchman himself."

Paula sat in the lieutenant's office with the sunlight bright on her face. She had brought the letter triumphantly and demanded to see Brad, and the faint smile of satisfaction had not left her lips until now, when she turned to the lieutenant and said, "I think I should tell you that Pierre said today that Alex Fawcett went to see Ruth on Monday night and took her a present—something in an envelope."

"Monday night?"

"It was the night before the hurricane, he said. Alex came after dinner and drove away a little before Mr. Davis arrived in his boat."

"What did he take her? Did the boy know?"

"He didn't know," Paula said. "But Mr. Fawcett denied he took her anything. He denied that he was there on Monday night."

A trooper came to the door. "Lieutenant, that kid is out here again. He wants to see Mr. Davis, and he says it's real important. He won't talk to anyone else, he says. He seems to be real worked up about it."

"Send him in," Vern Gray said.

The trooper called, "Come in, kid!" and Brad heard the sound of quick feet on the floor of the hallway, then Pierre came into the room. His eyes were shining, and when he started to speak he could not seem to find the words.

Brad asked, "Is anything wrong, son?"

"Papa, I found the number!" Pierre said. "I found the number!"

He was unable to stand still, and his chest heaved with his labored breathing. Brad pulled the boy toward him and said, "Calm down a minute; then tell us about it."

"It's not an automobile

## Death In The Wind

[from page 44]

number," Pierre said. "It's a boat number, and I found it."

"Do you mean that number on the photograph?"

"I found it," Pierre said. "It's on a boat and it's six dash oh dash three-two-nine-seven."

Brad looked at the shining face and felt a constriction of his heart, a spasm of emotion that swept over him. The boy had gone out looking for the number and he had found it, and Brad saw what it must mean to him. He had earned for himself the rights of a son.

"Where did you find this boat?" he asked.

"It is on the sand at Oak Beach. It is the little inboard Mrs. Parker rented from Mr. Strong."

Vern Gray said crisply, "I can check that," and jerked his

telephone from its cradle. He dialled a number and talked in a low, urgent voice. When he hung up he said explosively, "The kid is right. That second digit is the serial number, the letter O. Charlie Strong says he rented the boat to that widow at Oak Beach—the one who goes around with Alex Fawcett . . . Pierre, you want to come over to Oak Beach with me and show me where it is."

"Yes," Pierre said. "Is papa coming?"

Lieutenant Gray showed a tight smile. "If you want Papa to come, Papa's coming," he said.

"Paula's coming, too," said Paula.

"You take the boy in your car, Miss Trent," Vern Gray said. "We'll follow along."

As Paula and Pierre moved on ahead, Brad said, "Frenchy must have seen that boat on

Monday night. He wrote the number down, and then he checked to see who owned the boat. That's why he was at Oak Beach, and that's the information he wanted to sell me, Lieutenant."

"It makes sense," Vern Gray said. "But how does the widow's boat come into it? Why would she go out to the point that night? What's the connection?"

"Alex Fawcett could be the connection," Brad said. "He could have used that boat."

It was a little over a mile from the barracks to Oak Beach, and by the time Brad arrived, the boy stood by the bow of the wrecked inboard, pointing. When he reached the boat, Vern Gray planted his feet wide apart and said, "There she is, for sure." He looked back over his shoulder at the widow's cottage, said, "You people wait here," and walked away toward the road.

Brad sat down on the overturned inboard, ran his palm across the lettering and slapped

the wood hard. It would have been an easy matter to approach the house on Fawcett Point unseen, he thought, to tie up this boat and climb the concrete steps.

But the murderer had been seen. Frenchy had written down the number. He had been spearing fish that night, and to spear a fish a man needed a flashlight. He must have seen or heard Ruth fall from the wall and seen the motor boat leave the dock, and used his flashlight on it.

Brad thanked God that the widow had rented an inboard. An outboard would not have required numbering, but a boat, however small, was required by law to be numbered if it had a permanently installed motor.

"Pierre," he said, "I was sitting beside this boat, not three feet away from the bow, but I didn't notice the number and I didn't remember it."

The boy grinned happily.

A girl in a green bathing suit was coming up from the water. She took off a white bathing cap and sunlight shone brightly on her red hair. She called out, "Hi," and picked up a beach towel from the sand.

"How are you, Miss Trent?" Hi, Pierre!" She smiled at Brad. "Are you out of the lock-up?"

"Maybe," Brad said. He glanced toward the road, but Lieutenant Gray was not in sight.

"Isn't it a glorious day?" the widow said. She threw back her head, letting her hair fall on her shoulders, and turned her face up to the sun.

From the road, Vern Gray called Brad's name: Brad looked up and saw him beckoning. He went to meet the lieutenant, who said quietly, "The radio in my car was calling when I got up here. They found the Frenchman, Mr. Davis."

Brad's lips tightened. "In the marsh?"

"Not in the marsh," Vern Gray said. "His body was washed up on a tidal flat three miles from here. He was shot." He let his hand rest on Brad's

To page 50

## ADAM AND EVE

Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

THERE are many more entries in the "Just Like a Man" section than there are in the "Just Like a Woman" part of the contest.

Another point is that many of the "Woman" entries are submitted by women.

Men have failed to take up the challenge.

### JUST LIKE A MAN

I WAS bemoaning the fact that my hair was starting to go grey.

"Never mind," said my husband, trying to be helpful, "everyone's got to go grey some time, and at least you won't look like some of those women with grey hair and terribly young faces."

£2/2/- to Mrs. M. Dalton, 8 Avon St., Deewhy, N.S.W.

Address your entries "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman" and send them to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

### JUST LIKE A WOMAN

FRIENDS of ours were out motoring for the day and were returning late in the evening after all service stations were closed, when hubby noticed that they were low in petrol, but, hoping that he would be able to get home, said nothing about the matter to his wife.

However, when only three hundred yards from his gate the motor petered out, much to his disgust.

"What's wrong, George?" inquired his better half, as she heard his expression of annoyance.

"Out of petrol," he said shortly, as he proceeded to get out of the car.

"Out of petrol!" she echoed. "But surely you can make it go that little distance and get us home. There is no sense in stopping here."

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prescription to replace lost nervous energy; to relieve pain; reduce high temperature and stimulate the entire nervous system. You'll find Cream of Yeast will give you a stimulating Lift when you feel tense, run-down, tired, depressed, and nervy. At the same time Headaches, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago, and Nerve and Muscular aches and pains are relieved by the analgesic properties of this proven prescription. Start taking Cream of Yeast and feel the quick, real benefit!

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shoulder and smiled. "I guess you didn't have a gun, and I don't suppose you carried the Frenchman three miles away and dumped him in the water. As a matter of fact, he was probably dropped in offshore somewhere, from a boat, and his body was brought in by the tide. You're free to go, Mr. Davis, but I'm going to ask you to stay in Menasset for the time being."

"I intend to stay in Menasset," Brad said.

"They can fix you up at the Menasset Manor," Vern Gray said. "It's a good hotel. You'll like it better than the barracks. . . Say, that's Mrs. Parker, isn't it?"

The widow was standing talking to Paula, with the towel slung carelessly over her shoulder. Pierre had wandered off toward the water and was stooping over something on the beach.

Muriel Parker smiled at the two men came back and said, "Good morning, Lieutenant."

"Good morning," the lieutenant said, and nodded toward the wrecked inboard. "Is that your boat?"

"I rented it from the boat yard," she said. "It's not mine."

"When did you use it last, Mrs. Parker?"

"When?" she said. "I don't know. Before the hurricane, of course. Obviously I haven't used it since then."

Vern Gray stood watching Pierre as he waded into the water, and murmured, "That little boy has had it rough. You knew his mother, I guess."

"No, I never knew her," the widow said. "I know who she was, of course."

"You're acquainted with Mr. Bellows, though?"

"I know who he is too," she said. "Who doesn't, after all that's happened?" She glanced briefly at Brad.

"But I guess you knew a little character they call Frenchy," Vern said. "You called in yesterday and complained he was hanging around Oak Beach."

"I wasn't worried about him," she said, and smiled. "I

Continuing . . .

was worried about Mr. Davis. He was the desperate-looking character."

"But you knew Frenchy?" Vern Gray persisted.

"I've seen him hanging around the dock, sure. Why?"

"He's dead," Vern Gray said. "Somebody shot him. His body was found on a mud flat three miles east of here."

"Not!" Muriel Parker said. "Why? What did he ever do to get shot?"

The lieutenant touched the bow of the boat with his toe and asked, "Did you use this boat on Monday night, Mrs. Parker?"

"Not that I recall," she said. "No, the last time I used it was in the afternoon, when I took a little spin out to Coot Island. The next I knew, it was up here on the beach."

She pointed. "Like that." Her eyebrows were pale and had not been pointed up with pencil; now they drew together in a frown as she studied the lieutenant's face. "Why do you ask?"

"Ever let anybody else use this boat?"

The widow put her head on one side. "Is this official interest in my little boat, Lieutenant?"

"You can call it official," he said.

Her face sobered and she gave her head a slight shake. "I don't understand."

"How about Alex Fawcett?" Vern Gray asked. "Did you ever lend this boat to him?"

"We've used it together," she said. "We've been fishing a couple of times."

"Did he use this boat on Monday night?"

"Not that I know of," she said. "Why do you want to know?"

"This boat was seen out at Fawcett Point on Monday night, Mrs. Parker," the lieutenant said.

She looked astonished. "This boat? My boat?"

"Yes."

## Death In The Wind

from page 49

"Well, that's news to me," she said.

"Could Alex Fawcett have used it without your knowledge?"

"I suppose anybody could have used it, Lieutenant. It was moored out there and I had a little skiff. Anybody could have taken the oars off my porch and used it."

"Where were you Monday night?"

"I wasn't here, at that," she said, with a faint frown. "I

dressed. Any more questions, Lieutenant?"

"I guess not," Vern Gray said. "Thank you." As the widow walked away he gazed off toward the shape of Coot Island and murmured, "I know Alex Fawcett pretty well. He may be a fool about women, but I can't see him going around killing them."

"He was in love with Ruth when I came along and married her," Brad said. "She was free again and she married someone else. And on top of that, she came into all that money. Don't you think that



drove into New Haven to do some shopping, and I didn't get back until well after dark." She struck a pose. "Like my new bathing suit? I bought it in New Haven on Monday."

"Then while you were gone Alex Fawcett could have come here and used your boat?" Vern Gray asked.

"For heaven's sake, ask him, don't ask me!" she said. "He called me half an hour ago and asked me to meet him at the Menasset Manor for lunch."

"Your telephone working now?"

"The first I knew it was when he called," she said, and draped the towel over her arm. "I ought to go in and get

must have burned in him, Lieutenant?"

"I guess maybe it did," Vern Gray said, "knowing Alex."

Paula sighed deeply, and Brad took her hand and held it.

"I'm a free man, Paula," he said. "Will you drop me off at Menasset Manor on your way home? The lieutenant wants me to stay in Menasset, but that suits me. I want to stay in Menasset."

Brad called to, Pierre, and as he started toward the beach road with Paula, she murmured, "We must have a celebration. Will you come to dinner tonight?"

"May I bring some champagne?"

"Bring a lot of it," she said bitterly. "I want to wash the taste of all this out of my mouth."

They got into the car, Pierre in the middle, and Brad looked back at the grey cottage and asked, "Who were the tenants in Thalassa? They were here on Monday night. It's possible they saw who used that boat."

"The man's name is Clark Wharton. He lives in Hartford. I have his address in my office."

"Better look it up and give it to the lieutenant," Brad said. "I need to get some clothes—a jacket, at least, and some shirts that fit."

Brad put his arm around the boy and said, "Son, you and I must talk things over. We've got a lot of plans to make. I'm going to rearrange my life so that it will be best for you. I've been offered a post in Washington, and I'm going to take it. You can go to school there. What do you think of that?"

"Can I come and visit Paula sometime?" he asked.

"Maybe she'll come and visit us," he said.

"Just ask me," Paula said.

"Over a glass of champagne tonight," he said. "I will."

Paula made a right turn and stopped the car under the branches of an elm tree, in front of a salt-box house, and said, "Here we are. . . Brad, I can feed you too."

"I'll get something downtown."

"Come in and meet my father first," she said.

Horace Trent was in his den, working on a move in one of the games of chess he carried on in an interminable correspondence tournament. He looked up alertly as Paula brought Brad to the door, and rose to his feet.

"Well, hello, my grey pants," he said. "Hello, my shoes and shirt. This must mean they've turned you loose, Mr. Davis. I'm glad."

"Mr. Davis wants to give you back your slacks, as soon as he can buy some that fit," Paula said. "How about letting him use your car to drive to town?"

"Sure thing," Horace Trent took the keys out of his pocket.

"There," Paula said, handing them to Brad. "You're a free agent. Go out and look over the town, but please be back around six. We eat pretty early because of Pierre."

Brad had been studying the chessboard, and he said, "If you don't object to an interloper, have you thought about bishop to knight four?"

"Don't tell me you're a chess player?" Horace Trent said, with a happy shine in his eyes. "Son, come back soon. Let's have a game."

"Tonight we're having a celebration, Dad," Paula said. "We're having champagne."

"Any time you latch on to a young man who plays chess, I'm ready to celebrate," Horace said. "Generally, all they can do is talk business and baseball, like Alex."

"Let's forget about Alex," Paula said. "Alex is no good."

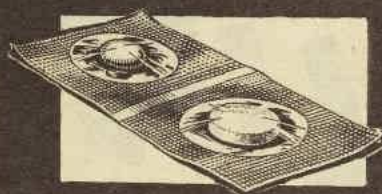
Brad found Horace Trent's car in the garage, backed to the street, and drove to town. The Menasset Manor was a sprawling structure of white clapboards with green blinds, and presented a prim front to the town green, but in the rear, visible from the lobby, was a lawn enclosed by a high stone wall and identified as the Continental Garden, with tables set about under gay umbrellas.

Brad had eaten nothing since his prison breakfast, and he was hungry, but after registering at the desk, he went to the men's store Paula had recommended, bought a tweed sports jacket and a number of shirts, and tried on some slacks, which the clerk promised would be altered and ready before six o'clock.

He slipped the jacket on and ate lunch in the Continental Garden, close to the ivy that covered the tall stone wall. He had paid his check and was going slowly up the steps to the lobby when Muriel Parker came in from the street in a pale yellow dress and yellow shoes.

She smiled and gave him a

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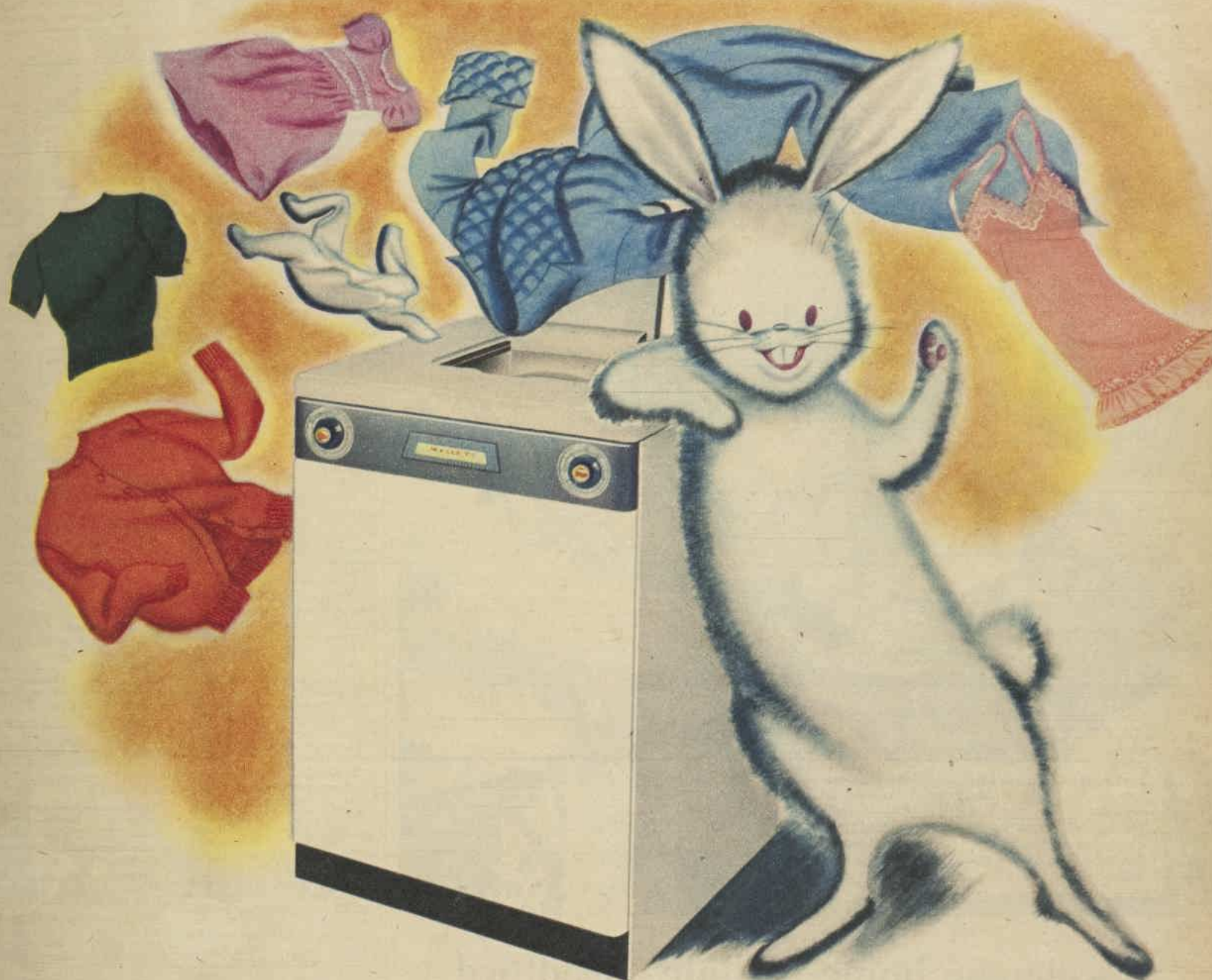
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Just home from hospital, little John Bradford brought housework in Myall Street, Auburn, to a standstill. Mr. A. H. Pycraft, Lipton's Head Tea Blender, better known as the Lipton Man, joins excited neighbours in a hearty toast. Appropriately, the tea is also a new arrival—Lipton's new Yellow Label, a blend of the world's finest teas.

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NEW YELLOW LABEL BLEND

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Better teas in the blend  
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Continuing . . . . .

## Death In The Wind

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little wave and said, "I guess they picked up my escort. Have you seen him around here?"

Brad shook his head.

"That's a rugged way to be stood up," she said. "I guess he's at the barracks, sitting in your chair, Mr. Davis."

"I guess he is," Brad said.

"Well, you kept it warm for him," she said with a little laugh. "But don't give it another thought. He may have missed lunch, but he'll be around at the cocktail hour. Alex didn't kill her, but maybe you know that better than I do."

"I think maybe he did," Brad said.

"He didn't care about Ruth Bellows, one way or the other," she said. "But you hated her, didn't you?"

It came back to the widow's boat—whichever had used that boat had killed Ruth. Brad turned abruptly to the switchboard and asked the operator, "Will you see if you can get me a man named Clark Wharton in Hartford? I don't have his address, but it must be in the book."

"I'll try," she said.

He waited impatiently, walking to the door and back, and when the operator called him and nodded toward a booth, he stepped inside and snatched up the receiver. "Is this Mr. Wharton? Are you the Mr. Wharton who rented a beach cottage called Thalassa in Menasset?"

"That's right."

"Mr. Wharton, my name is Bradley Davis. Maybe you've heard what happened here in Menasset?"

"I read the papers, Mr. Davis."

"You may have some information that will help me," Brad said. "I suppose you recall your next-door neighbor, Mrs. Parker."

The man chuckled. "Sure do."

"I wonder if you noticed who used her boat the night before the hurricane—Monday night?"

"Who?" he said. "Why, she did. We had a hot-dog roast on the beach for the kids that evening, and she rowed out to her boat about twilight and went off in it."

"Did you notice when she came back?"

"Quite a while later," Clark Wharton said. "After dark. Around nine o'clock or later. We were still out on the porch."

"Was anyone with her?"

"I didn't see anyone."

"You mean she went out alone in that boat?"

"Went out alone, came back alone," Clark Wharton said. "Why?"

"Just keep reading your newspaper and you may find out why," Brad said. "And thanks a million."

He stepped out of the booth. Muriel Parker was sitting at one of the tables, under an umbrella almost the color of her yellow dress, drinking a Martini. Altogether a very fine study in yellows, Brad thought; altogether a very interesting widow. Her fingers held the Martini glass firmly. They were strong hands for a woman; they might be the hands that had killed Ruth on the sea wall the night before the hurricane.

After lunch, Paula told her father all that had happened, and she was still in his den when a police car stopped in front of the house and Pierre called from a window. "The lieutenant is here, Paula, with Uncle Alex."

Vern Gray was coming up the porch steps, but Alex remained in the car. As Paula opened the door the lieutenant said, "I want to see Pierre, Miss Trent."

"He's here," she said. "But why do you want him?"

"Alex says he didn't take that boat out," the lieutenant said. "He says he never used it without Mrs. Parker, and Monday night he was touring around, trying to get in touch with Mrs. Parker. He was in the Fisherman's Bar at eight o'clock, and again at eight-thirty, and a third time about nine, and meanwhile he visited the bar at the Menasset Manor and a couple of other places. I'm having all that checked, of course."

"He told me he was looking for her that night," Paula said, with a nod. "That's why he was late for the poker game."

"He also denied that he went anywhere near Fawcett Point on Monday night," Vern Gray said. "That's why I want to talk to Pierre."

"I'll get him," Paula said.

Pierre was in the den with Horace Trent. She took his hand and said softly, "Lieutenant Gray wants to talk to you, Pierre. Don't be afraid to tell the truth."

"No, Paula," Pierre said.

The lieutenant was waiting on the porch with Alex Fawcett. Paula led the way to the living-room, and no one sat down.

"Pierre, this is very important," Lieutenant Gray said. "Did you see your Uncle Alex Monday night?"

"Yes," Pierre said. "He came to see Maman and brought her a present, something in an envelope."

"You've got your nights fixed up, Pierre," Alex said, and forced a nervous smile. "You'd better think back with it, fella. I guess I'd remember if I was there, wouldn't I?"

Pierre looked at Alex's face, then down at the floor.

"Last Thursday or Friday I did go there and I did take her a present, if you want to call it a present," Alex said. "She had bought a piece of land and I took her the warranty deed."

Pierre put the knob of his wrist to his eyes and started to turn away, but Horace Trent caught his shoulder, holding him.

Alex said, "You see how it is, Vern. The kid builds things up. He doesn't mean any harm. I guess it makes him feel important. . . . Pierre, how about it? Now that you think about it, don't you remember that it happened last week?"

"No," Horace Trent said. "It didn't. It happened on Monday night, just as Pierre said. I understand everybody has been going around calling this boy a liar, Lieutenant, and I've had enough of it."

"He won't be badgered, Horace," Vern Gray said soothingly. "I think he's a good boy. I've got a lot of respect for Pierre. The question isn't whether he told a lie, but whether he may have made a mistake. . . . Pierre, I'll ask you just once more, was it Monday night that your Uncle Alex was there?"

"Yes," Pierre said. "The night before the hurricane."

"Alex, I think you are lying," Paula said. "Why?"

Alex's face was flushed and his eyes had a glassy shine. He started to speak, then turned his head away.

"You were teaching Pierre

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## Death In The Wind

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to surfcast just before I found the watch," Paula said. "You could have put it there, and I'm beginning to wonder if you did."

"Watch?" Gray said. "What watch?"

"I found a watch in the water," Paula said. "It was a wristwatch that belonged to Mr. Davis, and Ruth had put it away somewhere in the house. Someone planted it there in the water to implicate Mr. Davis."

Vern Gray was an angry man. His lips worked for a moment before the words came out. "Miss Trent, you found evidence and didn't report it to me? Where is that watch?"

"Mr. Davis has it."

"Davis has it!"

"He'll show it to you, for heaven's sake," Paula said. "You'll find him at the Menas-set Manor. You see, Lieutenant, it was because of the watch that he wanted to see the Frenchman and find out what he knew before reporting to you. I found the watch below the sea wall just where—"

She saw Pierre's alert face and big eyes, and said, "Honey, I think you'd better go outside and play."

Pierre moved reluctantly away, and Paula explained to Vern Gray that Brad had given the watch to Ruth on the way to the boat train two years ago and that it had never been returned to him.

"If I had given you the watch at the time, Mr. Davis wouldn't have had a chance, Lieutenant," Paula said. "He'd be in the county gaol right now, charged with murder."

"He may be there yet," Gray said.

Paula shook her head. "The man who killed Ruth Bellows was the man who used that boat on Monday night. He was the man who killed the Frenchman because the Frenchman had seen the boat, and he was the man who cleaned the things out of the Frenchman's shack."

Vern Gray grunted, still angry.

"And he was a man who was familiar with Ruth's house, and knew where to find that watch and plant it to implicate Mr. Davis, after it appeared that he had been drowned in the hurricane."

Vern Gray glanced at Alex and said, "It all certainly adds up."

"Why, I never heard of that watch before," Alex said.

"But you were out at the Point Monday night, weren't you?"

Alex's lips tightened, but he did not speak.

"He and Porter Bellows had a fight yesterday morning," Horace Trent said. "Porter said he caught Alex rifling Ruth's desk."

"That's true, Lieutenant," Paula said.

"So I was out there Monday night!" Alex burst out. "What's the difference? I left there long before she was killed. You check those bars, Vern. They'll confirm it." His lips worked a moment; then he said in a trembling voice, "She was putting the screws in me, but I didn't kill her."

"What do you mean, putting the screws in you?"

"Out there at Steamship Point," Alex said. "Look, Vern, I pulled kind of a fast one on Ruth. I admit it. I padded some bills. I worked in some cheap stuff. I did it just to make her pay, just because I was mad, and it gave me some satisfaction to do it because it was the way she liked to do things herself—under the table, the knife in the back. But she got hold of a little information, and she put the screws in me, and she wanted the fifty thousand she had invested out at Steamship Point paid back to her with interest at five per cent. I had to dig it up. Fifty-three thousand, seven hundred and fifty bucks. Eighteen months' interest at five per cent."

"So what you took her in

that envelope was a cheque?" the lieutenant asked.

"Yes."

"Where is it? She certainly never had a chance to cash it."

"You can stop a cheque," Alex said. "If I was going to kill her for that cheque, I wouldn't have given it to her in the first place, would I?"

"Where is that cheque?"

"It's legal to stop a cheque, isn't it?" Alex said. "That hurricane came along and just about washed Steamship Point away, and I looked at it and I thought why should I take the whole loss? I just stopped that cheque, that's all."

"What do you mean, you stopped it? It wasn't there. I went through her desk."

"There are secret drawers in that desk, Lieutenant," Paula said in a low, dry voice.

"That's right," Alex said. "When we were kids she showed me how they worked. It was her grandfather's desk then, and he used to keep pint bottles in those drawers for his secret nips."

"So you went there and took that cheque?" Vern Gray asked.

"That's all," Alex said. "It was after the hurricane. After she was killed, of course."

"Alex, you're a fool!" Horace Trent said with disgust. "What's more, you've got the morals of a tomcat."

"Tell me this," Alex demanded. "Is it legal to stop a cheque, or isn't it?"

"Don't ask me," Horace Trent said. "Ask some tomcat."

Brad sat in a shoe store while a clerk measured his foot. He had tried to telephone Vern Gray, but the lieutenant had been out, and he had driven Horace Trent's car around the green to this shoe store he had noticed earlier, before he went to lunch.

**A**LL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Alex Fawcett had not used the widow's boat on Monday night, because the widow had used it herself. But she could have picked Alex up somewhere en route to the point.

Someone was surely in league with this cool-eyed, handsome widow, he thought, and it had to be Alex Fawcett, unless it was the widow herself who had killed Ruth.

She said that she had not known Ruth. She denied that she knew Porter Bellows. But she may have lied. Ruth had been killed for jealousy, for revenge, or for profit, and if it was for profit, Porter Bellows was the man who stood to gain. And if it was Bellows who was in league with the widow he could have provided himself with an alibi for Monday night while the widow went to the Point and killed Ruth. She had used the boat herself, and Frenchy surely had seen the boat at Fawcett Point.

After seeing Frenchy examining her boat on Oak Beach yesterday, Muriel Parker had backed her car out and driven away along the same road he had taken on his bicycle, and in the same direction. The Frenchman must have turned his flashlight on the boat on Monday night, and if he had not identified its occupant, at least the widow had recognised him, and when she saw him inspecting the numbers of her boat, she had acted promptly and ruthlessly. She must have overtaken him on the road.

"I'll take this pair," he said to the clerk. "Just put the left one on."

Last night when Alex Fawcett had driven him to the barracks, the widow had been in the Fisherman's Bar; both she and Alex had had the time and the opportunity to slip over to the Frenchman's shack and remove his clothes, his razor and his moustache wax. And it was the widow who had reported to Lieutenant Gray that two unsavory characters were loitering on Oak Beach; it was the widow who had identified Brad to Alex at the Fisherman's Bar, and Alex had

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## Death In The Wind

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jumped at the chance of taking Brad to the police.

There was a chain of circumstances to involve the widow, and Alex Fawcett was a link in the chain, but there was no reason on the surface for these two to have acted together.

It was time he tried the lieutenant again, and he asked the clerk, "May I use your telephone?"

"There by the door, sir."

He went to the telephone, looked up the number of the barracks and dialled it. Lieutenant Gray was in this time, and when he came on, Brad said, "This is Bradley Davis, Lieutenant. I called the man who rented that grey cottage and he said he saw the widow go out alone in her boat just before dark, Monday night, and come back again some time later after nine o'clock."

"Where are you?" Vern Gray demanded.

The lieutenant's tone sounded ominous, and Brad asked, "Why? What's wrong?"

"I sent a man to pick you up at the hotel and he couldn't locate you."

"Has something happened?" Brad asked.

"Mr. Davis, you knew all about how the French put a mark across their sevens," Vern Gray said. "It wouldn't surprise me a bit if you wrote that number on the back of the photograph and dropped a hint to Pierre where to find it."

"Oh, look, Lieutenant," Brad said wearily.

"Where are you now?" Vern Gray asked again.

"How about Alex Fawcett?" Brad asked. "What did he have to say?"

"Alex is in the clear," the lieutenant said. "Davis, I want to know where you're calling from."

Some cautious gambit of instinct prompted Brad to say, "I'm at the Fisherman's Bar. Why?"

"You stay right there," the lieutenant said, and Brad heard him call out, "Tell Devlin to shoot down to the Fisherman's Bar! Davis is there!"

Brad's forehead was moist and his heart was pounding in alarm. Vern Gray came on again and said in a clipped, hard tone, "I got the report on Frenchy. He'd been dead at least twenty-four hours when they found him. That means he was shot soon after he talked to you yesterday. And I know the true story about that watch Miss Trent found."

"Oh, she told you about that? Lieutenant, it proves that the murderer is someone familiar with that house. It proves that the widow wasn't acting alone."

"Come off it, Davis," Vern

Gray said. "I told you I knew the story about that watch. Miss Trent only told me the half of it, but Porter Bellows told me the rest. He's here in my office now. Ruth Bellows mailed that watch back to you. She told him all about it. He saw her wrap the package."

Brad hung up abruptly. The shoe clerk was standing by, and Brad thrust money into his hand and did not wait for change. He ran out to Horace Trent's car. Porter Bellows had lied. Porter Bellows wanted to send him to the electric chair. It was because the police had traced the widow's boat, of course. The police were getting too close to the truth, and Porter Bellows had thrown in the final conclusive evidence against Brad more easily. The widow was in league with Porter Bellows. There was a link somewhere. There had to be.

BRAD got into his car and drove away, and when the town green was behind him he breathed more easily; he had seen no police car.

He drove very fast to Oak Beach, slowing only when he was held up by one-way traffic where an emergency crew was mounting a new transformer on a pole. He drove out of the trees and parked the car a hundred yards from the widow's cottage, well off the road.

He walked out on the beach and approached the cottage from the water side. He moved around to the side of the house and, hidden from sight by the garage, tried a window. It was unlocked, and he pushed it open and climbed in.

The cottage was cheaply furnished and the walls of the living-room had been seared with hot irons to give them the appearance of knotty pine. He went into a narrow hall off which two doors opened. The first one he tried was the widow's bedroom. There was a bureau and a dressing-table, and he hurriedly searched the drawers.

He turned to the closet, and found two suitcases back behind the dresses. The first one was empty, but the other was locked, and when he tilted it he heard something slide inside. He carried the suitcase to the kitchen, found a screwdriver and hammer and set about breaking the lock. At last he got it open. Inside was a jewellery case, and it also was locked.

He went to work again with

the screwdriver, prying at the lid until the hasp bent and the lock snapped open. He lifted the lid. There was an envelope inside; nothing else. He opened it, and the first thing he saw was a newspaper clipping with the headline: Embellisher Sought. He started reading: "The whereabouts of Philip Benton charged with—"

"Having a good time, Mr. Davis?" a voice asked behind him.

He spun around. Muriel Parker stood just inside the door, cool and smiling, in her yellow dress, but the smile had a tight, compressed look at one corner of her mouth, and in her right hand she held a snub-nosed revolver, pointed at Brad.

She moved back and pushed the door shut with her shoulder.

"I had a hunch," she said. "The cops came looking for you and couldn't find you, and I just thought I'd better come and see about my little nest."

"Go ahead," he said. "Call the police."

"Now, I don't think that would be a very good idea, do you?" she said. "Just walk through to the living-room, Mr. Davis. I'll be right behind you. Don't turn around."

Brad walked ahead of her along the short hall into the living-room and her crisp voice said, "Stop right there. No, a little to the left of the window. Now sit down on the floor and stick your legs straight out in front of you. O.K. Now clasp your hands behind your head."

He put his hands behind his head, the fingers interlaced.

He could not see her. But he heard a liquid sound as she poured a drink.

"If one of those hands even wiggles I'm going to shoot you," the widow said matter-of-factly. "I'll tell the police I caught you breaking open my jewellery case and thought you were a robber. Your fingerprints are all over it, you know."

He said, "You killed Ruth Bellows?"

"Did I?" she said. "Watch those hands, Mr. Davis."

She was by the telephone, a yard or more behind him, and he heard the whirring sounds as she dialled a number. She was keyed up, and when she spoke, her voice sounded high and urgent.

"Phil?" she said. "Something has come up. I just

To page 55

## EMBROIDERY MOTIFS



KITTEN MOTIFS depicting household duties for each day of the week are illustrated on the color envelope of embroidery transfer No. 219 above. These attractive designs may be worked in a variety of colors and stitches on tea-towels, aprons, potholders. Transfer is obtainable from our Needlework Department. Address page 69. Price 2/6.



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*Insist on*

**VENCATACHELLUM**  
THE WORLD'S BEST CURRY

Continuing . . .

## Death In The Wind

*from page 54*

found Bradley Davis going through my jewel case . . . Oh, yes, dearie, there was something in it. I had a little package I was going to give her ladyship, with a newspaper clipping and a marriage certificate and other little items that would put her on the right track. I drove to New Haven, Monday, and got it out of my safe-deposit box . . . Yes, he saw it. Too bad. We've got a problem."

She made a warning motion with the gun, and Brad faced the wall again. She said crisply, "He's going to have to disappear, what else? . . . Now listen to me."

Her voice rose commandingly. "You listen! I'll make the decisions. I'll give the orders. As soon as it's dark, you come here and bring that boat. And this time you tie an anchor around his feet or something. He's got to be sunk so he'll stay sunk . . . Now look, Phil, we've got to carry this thing through. Davis is our big out. The cops are looking for him right now and we'll just let them keep looking until doomsday. You be here as soon as it's dark." She slammed the receiver on its cradle and said, "My heaven, if you want anything done, pick a man!"

She poured another drink and moved into Brad's range of vision. He saw first a yellow shoe, then a firm and shapely ankle, and looked up into her eyes. She stood with the glass in her left hand, the revolver in her right.

"Did you kill the Frenchman, too?" he asked.

"No, dear, I didn't kill the Frenchman," she said.

"But you did kill Ruth Bellows?"

"What do you care?" the widow said. "You hated her, didn't you?"

She laughed and moved away again, and before long he heard the splashing sound as she poured more whisky in her glass. There was a creaking noise as she sat down on a sofa, and when he turned his head a little, she said sharply, "Eyes ahead, Mr. Davis."

A long time passed as Brad gazed at the seared marks on the wall. His arms began to ache, and blood throbbed in his fingertips. He watched an angle of sunlight move across the floor, a brilliant segment of time measuring off the end of his days. Half an hour went by, and then the widow returned to the Scotch bottle. She poured a drink and moved around until she could see his face.

She was quite near him, and as she took a swallow of the whisky, her head tilted back; the gun was pointed a few degrees away from his head. It was his chance and he jumped at it. He threw himself sideways, dropping his right palm to the floor and grabbing with the full extension of his arm for the gun.

He missed, and his chin struck jarringly against her knee, but he caught her left hand and jerked her off balance, and as she staggered he reached again for the gun, caught her wrist, and heard the clatter as the gun fell to the floor. He dived for it and rose to his knees with the butt of it snug in his palm.

But there was a movement behind him, and his senses brought the delayed message that a car had stopped outside, that there had been a sound like footsteps. He had a glimpse of a brown shoe, a grey-trousered leg, and then there was a crushing impact

on his head and he fell unconscious to the floor.

Vern Gray telephoned at half-past four and asked Paula if Brad had been there.

"No, he's at the Menasset Manor," she said. "He's coming here for dinner at six."

"I doubt it," Vern said. "I sent a man there to pick him up and he cleared out. I made the mistake of tipping him off that I wanted him."

"I don't understand. Why do you want him?"

"For murder," he said. "Miss Trent, Mrs. Bellows mailed that watch back to Davis. Porter Bellows saw her do it. I want to warn you that you may face a serious charge for suppressing evidence. You gave Davis his chance to get away."

As Paula hung up, her father saw her face and asked, "What's the trouble?"

"They want Brad and it seems he's disappeared."

"Disappeared?" Horace Trent said. "In my car?"

"Never mind your car," she snapped.

"Sorry," he said, and met her eyes. "I know this is something of a blow."

"He hasn't run away," she said. "We'll hear from him. He's not a murderer."

"Honey, I hope not," her father said. "But it had to be either Davis or Porter Bellows, and Porter was playing poker."

"I know," she said, and walked away.

She had planned an elaborate dinner, and the champagne glasses were polished and ready. She saw them standing on a sideboard in the dining-room and her eyes filled with tears. Everything had seemed to be going all right. Everything had seemed to be perfect.

It had to be either Brad or Porter, her father had said, and it was Brad's word against Porter's in the matter of the wristwatch. Either Porter had lied or Brad had lied. The thought made her uneasy. But Porter had lied about the photograph also. Of course, Ruth would have told him about it, secretive though she may have been. If a man walked in off the street and said he was the uncle of her adopted son, wouldn't any woman tell her husband about it? Of course she would.

Porter had denied it because he had not known there was a way that Pierre's story could be verified. He had lied, and he must have lied about the watch. He had not been gathering mussels this morning; he had been looking for that watch.

Pierre came in from the street, and she said, "Just look at you! It's high time you had a bath! I'll put some kettles on the stove and heat some water."

Mary, the cook, was in the kitchen and had begun to prepare the celebration dinner. Paula glanced at the clock. In less than an hour Brad was due here. She filled a kettle and two big saucepans with water and put them on to heat; then she phoned Menasset Manor. Brad's room did not answer.

But Porter couldn't have used the widow's boat, she thought, and it was the widow's boat that the Frenchman had seen at the Point. Whoever had killed Ruth had used the widow's boat, and Porter couldn't have used it under

*To page 56*

*the business-girl  
basic*



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any circumstances; he had been in the poker game.

When the water was hot, she carried it up and prepared Pierre's tub. When he got into it, she laid out clean clothes for him on the bed.

As she started downstairs, he called to her, "Paula, I know what I'm going to be when I grow up."

"Yes, what's that, Pierre?" "A newspaperman like Papa," the boy said.

"It's a very exciting life," she said, and went on down the stairs. But at the foot of the steps she paused with her hand on the newel, remembering the burned fragment of the Fawcett Point Bulletin that she had seen in Porter's fireplace.

She had a file of the papers in a cupboard in the living-room: she had promised to show them to Brad. Could there have been any particular reason for Porter to burn the papers — some innocent item that might provoke investigation?

She got the newspapers out and carried them to a window seat, from which she could watch the street; it was past six o'clock now, and there had been no word from Brad. She remembered every issue. She had cut the stencils, preserving Pierre's syntax and spelling. She had helped him run them through the copying machine.

Each issue had news stories on the front page and personals and editorial on the second page, sprinkled with such advertisements as, "If You Want Fresh Fish Joe Burns Will Catch Them," and "Wanted: Agreeable Secretary Prepared to Take Dictation at All Hours." Alex had put that one in, and Ruth had reproved him for it.

She read each issue carefully as the sun sank lower and color filled the western sky, as Mary kept the dinner warm in the kitchen and rattled dishes in complaint. Here was the story of the hermit crab which had no shell of its own. Here was Peggy, the seagull with one leg. Here was — In the personals she saw an item

Continuing . . .

that said, "Mr. Porter Bellows fixed a lady's car Thursday." She heard Pierre's voice in her father's den and carried the newspaper there.

"Pierre, I was looking through these newspapers. What's this item about Porter fixing a lady's car?" She showed it to him.

"Oh, that was Mrs. Parker," Pierre said. "But I didn't know her then or I would have put her name in the paper."

"Then she does know Porter?" Paula murmured.

"No. Dad-dee just fixed her car," Pierre said. "He told me he did not know who she was."

"Where did this happen?"

"You know where the road turns off the causeway at the end of the marsh towards town?" Pierre said. "It is an old dirt road that leads to a sand pit. I saw Dad-dee's car turn in there and I followed, and Mrs. Parker's car was there, too."

"How did her car happen to be there?"

"I don't know," Pierre said. "Dad-dee fixed it."

So there had been a reason for burning Pierre's newspapers, Paula thought with excitement. This had been a rendezvous. She looked at the date of the newspaper: Tuesday, August 10th. The previous Thursday had been the fifth of August.

The date stirred her memory; she had noticed in the cheque book in Porter's desk that on the fourth of August he had withdrawn ten thousand dollars and had failed to fill out the cheque stub. And on the fifth of August—the next day—he had met the widow in a remote sand pit. And the widow's boat had been used on the night of the murder. There was a connection. She was sure of it.

"Dad, I've got to go out for a minute," she said hurriedly. "Tell Mary to go ahead and feed you and Pierre."

She ran out to her car without giving him time to reply,

## Death In The Wind

[from page 55]

and drove to the Post Road, where she turned right.

The sun had set and the twilight was passing swiftly when she reached the barracks and came to a skidding stop in the driveway. She brushed past a trooper in the hallway and threw open the door of Vern Gray's office.

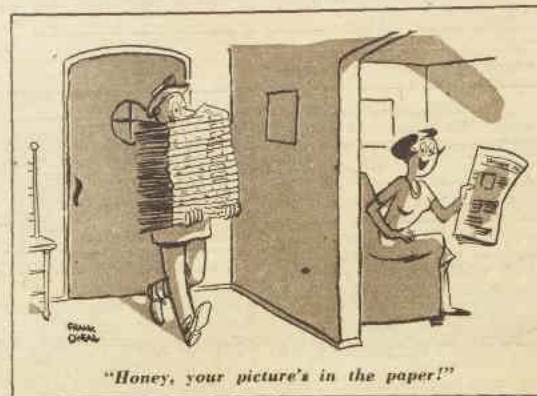
He looked up and set his jaw. "What do you want, Miss Trent?"

She thrust Pierre's newspaper into his hand and said, "Read

"You tell me why," Vern Gray said.

"Ask him why," she said. "Ask the widow why."

"Look, Miss Trent," Vern Gray said quietly and with kindness. "The big 'why' here is why did Bradley Davis run out? He tried his best to pin this on Alex Fawcett and when I didn't go for that, he tried to pin it on the widow because she was the one who used her boat Monday night. But when he found out I could prove that the watch had been mailed back to him, he disappeared very quickly."



that item about Porter Bellows."

He read it and said, "Well?"

"The lady whose car he fixed was Muriel Parker," Paula said. "He met her in an abandoned sand pit, where they couldn't be seen from the road. It was a secret rendezvous and I think he paid her money. He drew out ten thousand dollars the day before."

"Why?"

"I'm not sure why, but I'm hoping you can find out," she said. "Lieutenant, Porter Bellows lied about that photograph and he lied about Ruth sending that watch back to Mr. Davis. He had a secret meeting with Muriel Parker. Why?"

"The widow used that boat on Monday night?" Paula cried.

"So Davis said. I haven't checked it yet."

"Lieutenant, will you please come with me?" she asked, her eyes shining. "And hurry. I have an idea. I think I may know where we can learn something about this widow."

"Where?" Vern asked, but he got to his feet and approached her, his steps madly dening slow.

"There's a man named Mort Brewster who knows Mrs. Parker," she said. "He introduced her to Alex. He may know something about her background, and I think that if you dig deep enough into that

background you'll find Mr. Porter Bellows. I think you may find he's someone else altogether. I think he invented a character for himself and wrote a whole batch of phony correspondence about a sister in Honolulu."

"I read that stuff," Vern Gray said. "O.K., where is Brewster?"

"Working with a light-company crew," she said. "Come on. We'll look for him."

They went in Paula's car, and as she turned off toward the beach road she watched for orange helmets. It was dusk now and the headlights were turned on. Among trees far ahead she saw lights, saw an orange helmet, and said, "There they are."

Some men were fastening a transformer to a pole, Paula slowed the car and called, "I'm looking for a man named Brewster."

"Up here, Paula!" Mort called from the top of the pole.

"Can you come down, Mort? It's important!"

He came down the pole and walked over to her car, his climbing gear making a clanking noise on the pavement.

"Mort, this is Lieutenant Gray, of the State police," Paula said. "What can you tell us about Muriel Parker? I mean who is she? How did you meet her?"

"She had a secretary's job in New Haven, and did some typing in her spare time," he said. "She typed my thesis. That's how I met her."

"Who was Mr. Parker?"

"Just one of her past mistakes, she used to say. She never talked about him, except kind of kidding and Alex claimed there never was a Mr. Parker. He claimed she played the widow angle, as he called it, but you know Alex."

"I know she followed him to Menasset," Paula said.

"Why?"

"Why?" Mort spread his hands. "Well, he's a big, good-looking lug, isn't he?"

"The important thing I want to know is what her connection was with Porter Bellows," Paula said.

"Did she have one?"

Paula groaned. "I was asking you, Mort."

"I do remember something at that," Mort said. "You know, after Ruth got married I ran into Alex in New Haven and he came around to a little party at my place. He was moaning about his girl marrying another guy, and he had a newspaper clipping about the wedding, with a picture of Ruth and Porter. I remember Muriel asked a lot of questions, and after Alex had gone she said something about his name not being Porter Bellows."

"Said what?" Paula cried.

"Come to think of it, it was nothing," Mort said, with a shrug. "She said she thought she knew who that man was, and if so, his name wasn't Porter Bellows, and I asked her what his name was, and she said it was Milktoast. She laughed, and said, 'His name is Milktoast,' just like that."

"Yes, it was just a gag."

"I doubt it," Paula said. "I think when she saw that picture of Porter Bellows she did recognise him. She knew him from somewhere and she came here to blackmail him. I think he paid her ten thousand dollars."

"No kidding?" Mort said.

"You know, she did give up her job, and I hear she rented a beach cottage."

"You bet she did," Paula said. "And she plunked down cash in advance. Mort, you knew her pretty well. Would it surprise you to know that she attempted suicide?"

Mort shook his head. "No, she'd never do that, not her. That woman is as cold as ice, Paula. There's no emotion in her, not even simple kindness. She'd never try suicide."

"She said it was an accident," Paula said. "But I have a hunch it was neither. Maybe somebody drugged her and, when she was asleep, turned on the gas. That would be one way of getting rid of a black-mailer."

"Paula, you've got me confused," Mort said. "What is all this?"

"Let me ask you something."

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June Allyson, seen here with son Ricky, stars with James Stewart in Paramount's Vista Vision and Technicolor production, "Strategic Air Command."

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##### DRY SKIN CREAM

New economy size jar 8/3.  
Standard jar 4/11.  
Handy tube 2/3.



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Continuing . . . . .

## Death In The Wind

from page 56

she said. "If Muriel Parker was blackmailing Porter Bellows and he tried to kill her, is she the sort of a woman who could go out to Fawcett Point and kill Ruth Bellows?"

"Kill her?" Mort said. "Paula, are you crazy?"

"In cold blood," Paula said. "So that Porter would stand to be accused."

"You mean is there enough iron in her?" he said. "Yes. My heavens, is that what you're trying to prove?"

"I'm just trying to prove that Bradley Davis is innocent," Paula said.

"I'll admit you're working hard at it, Miss Trent," Vern Gray said. "You're moving like a jet, but I'm trying to keep up with you."

"Lieutenant, I love the man," she said.

He smiled faintly. "Want to drive me down to Oak Beach?"

"Oh, do I?" Paula said.

It was quite dark when Paula coasted to a stop in front of the widow's cottage. No lights showed inside.

"Garage doors are closed," Vern Gray said. "She may be here."

He got out of the car and stood poised, with his head turned, his ear cocked. "You hear that?" He started trotting toward the garage, and now Paula heard the sound of an automobile motor, throttled fairly high.

The garage doors were the type that lifted up and slid away horizontally. The lieutenant stooped, took hold of the handle and raised the door. The noise of the motor was suddenly loud, and the air inside the garage was smoky from exhaust fumes. The lieutenant ran inside and Paula got out of her car.

Before she reached the garage, Vern Gray came out, carrying Muriel Parker in his arms. Her head hung down and her red hair fanned out. He put her down on the driveway and knelt beside her.

"I'm afraid it's too late," he said. "But I'll call for oxygen."

He went into the widow's cottage and she saw his flash beam inside. She stood by the car, leaning against it, with her forehead touching the cold metal. She had been fired up, enthusiastic and so very sure of herself.

The lieutenant returned. "You said she tried suicide once before?"

"Yes, Alex told me that. Is it suicide, Lieutenant?"

"She wore plenty of make-up, but it's not lipstick that makes her lips so red tonight," Vern Gray said. "Carbon-monoxide poisoning did that. I found her lying half in and half out of the car, as if she changed her mind and started to get out of the car, but got dizzy and fell and hit the con-

crete. Her forehead is bruised and cut by the hairline."

"Maybe somebody hit her over the head and then started the car," Paula said.

"Miss Trent, why don't you drive on home?" His voice was low and gentle. "You made a wonderful try, but it's just not in the cards. It shows you how far circumstantial evidence can lead you off the beam."

"That watch is circumstantial evidence," she said.

"It is," he said. "But it's backed up by a powerful lot of motive. And the big question is: Where is Bradley Davis? The minute I turned him loose he disappeared. It's been hours now, Miss Trent. He's a long way from here by now."

Paula turned towards her car, blinking back tears. This was the end. She felt it. She knew it. She sighed and leaned against the car, feeling faint and unsteady on her feet.

There was hardly a light on Oak Beach, and no stars were out. It was desolate here, with a wind stirring on the water and sighing in the marshes.

A hurricane had swept down on Menasset, bringing death, devastating the harbor, uprooting trees and blowing down utility poles and lines, and leaving the shore in darkness. Paula put her hand on the door handle.

Suddenly there was light. A street lamp winked overhead. Lights flashed on in the widow's cottage, and all along the beach switches that had been snapped on hours or days ago in the hope that there was current now transmitted electricity. Light bulbs glowed in kitchens and living-rooms and bedrooms and, in the grey cottage next door, in a window on the second floor.

The light flashed on in Thalassa, and Paula saw the figure of a man in the second-floor bedroom, looking out. As he ducked back out of sight, she cried out, "Look!" and the lieutenant said, "I saw it!" and started running towards Thalassa, pulling his gun out of its holster.

The upstairs light went out, but the lieutenant had reached the door and was inside. His flash beam showed, and Paula heard him calling, "Come down from there with your hands up!"

Paula stumbled over the buckled boards of the porch and reached the doorway. Vern Gray stood with his flashlight angled upwards, and coming meekly down the stairs, with his hands in the air and his horn-rimmed glasses reflecting points of light from

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# GRACIOUS HOME AND A LOVELY GARDEN

● Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Vidler have transformed the grounds of their house in Malga Avenue, East Roseville, into one of the show gardens of Sydney's beautiful North Shore.



ABOVE: Entrance hall and staircase. Mrs. Vidler, known for her artistic flower pieces, always plans a "stepped" arrangement on the landing at the turn of the stairs.



VIEW of the T. H. Vidlers' East Roseville home from the gateway. In spring daffodils line the drive. Yellow dahlias are planted there in late summer, chrysanthemums in autumn.



ABOVE, Mrs. Vidler tends the colorful alpinas. The Vidlers are selective in their choice of plants and many rare plants are thriving in their garden.



CORNER OF THE DRAWING-ROOM showing the pillared and balustraded terrace with the lawn and garden beyond. Flower studies and antiques give additional charm to this spacious room.



RIGHT: Small dining-room opens off the drawing-room to form an L. The door (centre) leads into a colorful, well-planned kitchen.



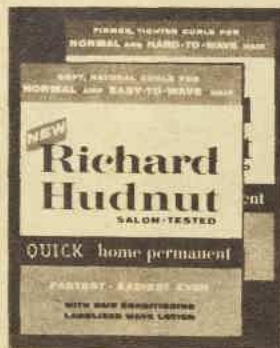
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CURLS



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Continuing . . . .

## Death In The Wind

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the flash beam, was Porter Bellows.

Paula turned on a floor lamp. Porter had reached the foot of the stairs and Vern Gray was going through his pockets. He removed a revolver from the hip pocket. There was a thudding noise upstairs.

Paula met the lieutenant's eyes. Vern Gray called, "Is anybody up there?"

The thudding was repeated. The lieutenant jerked his head towards the stairs. "Get going up there again," he said peremptorily, keeping Porter covered with his gun.

They mounted the stairs, Paula at the lieutenant's heels. In the hall above, Vern Gray switched on a light. Brad Davis lay on the floor in the doorway of one of the bedrooms, his hands and feet tied and a gag in his mouth.

Paula gave a choking cry. But she found time also to dart a look of triumph at the lieutenant. He flashed her a half smile, his eyes warm and friendly now as they took in every detail of Brad's bonds.

She knelt and loosened the gag.

Brad said thickly, "You're just in time. He has Pierre's boat out there. He was going to dump me out at sea, the way he did the Frenchman."

"Oh, darling," she said, "are you all right? There's blood on your shirt."

"It's just a bump on the head," he said. "Bellows knocked me out."

Vern Gray nodded. "I think you can undo those knots," he said to Paula, then he shepherded Porter Bellows away downstairs again.

Paula had already loosened the knots that bound Brad's hands. He hugged her close in a spasm of emotion. "Honey, I never thought I'd see you again," he said. He put his palm on her cheek and caressed it gently; then his lips met hers.

After a time, he drew his feet up to his hands to loosen the knots. He kicked the rope away, stood up, then drew Paula to her feet. They went together down the stairs. Porter Bellows had slumped into a chair and the lieutenant stood by the lamp inspecting a wedding ring that lay on the palm of his hand.

"The initials are M.G.—P.B.," he said. "Was the widow his wife?"

"Yes," Brad said. "He killed her. She caught me in her cottage and pulled a gun on me; then she telephoned him and told him to bring Pierre's boat after dark. But he came over right away in his car. She had some papers proving who he is, and he wanted them. I had just got the gun away from the widow when he showed up and caught me from behind."

"Who is he?" Vern Gray asked.

"His name is Philip Benton," Brad said. "He embezzled some money about ten years ago, but when the money ran out, she left him cold. But she was still his wife, and she had that to hold over him when she showed up here. He told me he tried to kill her last Sunday night, but he didn't know that she had had her blackmail material locked up in a safe-deposit box in New Haven. But she went to get it on Monday to show to Ruth, and she told him that on the telephone this afternoon. He came here and knocked her out and carried her into the garage, and he figured that if the police discovered it wasn't suicide, they'd find my fingerprints all over her jewellery case and pin it on me."

"Where are the papers she had?" Vern Gray asked.

"He burned them," Brad said. "When I came to, I was gagged and my hands were tied behind my back, and he was burning the papers. When it began to get dark he brought me over here; then he drove home to get Pierre's boat. He was going to make me disappear for good, out there in Long Island Sound."

"You can thank Miss Trent that we found you," Vern Gray said. "It was her hunch that brought us down here."

"With some assistance from Mort Brewster," Paula said. "Thank heaven he got that transformer working. The lights came on in time."

"Do you want to make any statement, Mr. Bellows?" Vern Gray asked.

PORTER BELLWS looked up for an instant, murmured, "Yes. I killed her. I have no regrets about it, Lieutenant. She was an evil woman. I met her ten years ago on the West Coast, and she was my secretary before I married her. I think now that the only reason she married me was that she had worked out a clever scheme for embezzlement and she needed me to carry it out."

"And you did?" Vern Gray said.

"God help me," he said. "I did."

"How much did you get away with?"

"Fifty thousand dollars," Porter said. "It seemed to be a fortune at the time, but we were broke inside two years, and she disappeared, taking what was left of the money. I never saw or heard from her again until a month ago, when she telephoned and asked for money. I paid her ten thousand dollars, which practically exhausted my resources."

"You hadn't bothered getting a divorce, is that it?"

"Lieutenant, I changed my name. I assumed a new identity. How could I get a divorce?"

"So she came here threatening exposure," the lieutenant prompted. "Demanding money?"

"Money and more money," Porter said quietly. "She was a cruel and dominating woman. God help any man who got under her thumb. She had no compassion, no mercy. She thought that as Ruth's husband I had access to her portfolio and I could substitute some securities, sell what was negotiable. She wanted one hundred thousand dollars, and she said that if I didn't pay it she would expose me to Ruth. She said she would see to it that I was arrested on that old embezzlement charge. She was in the clear herself. She wasn't involved in the embezzlement."

"So you tried to kill her?" Vern Gray asked.

"She was a steady tippler," he said. "I doped a bottle in her cottage and watched from the beach. When she fell asleep I carried her to her bed and turned on the gas. I thought the proof she had would be in the cottage, but it wasn't. Still, I could not consider reviving her. I knew that if she found out that I had tried to kill her, she would stop at nothing."

He looked up at the lieutenant and said in a low, withered voice, "Of course that's precisely what happened. She did find out, and that night she went to see Ruth."

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"In her boat?" Vern Gray asked.

"Yes, in her boat," Porter said. "I don't know what was in her mind, Lieutenant. It's possible that she went there only to inform about me, but if so, why did she wait until after dark, and why did she go by water? They were both strong-willed and dominating women." He sighed. "I'm afraid it is a type that has had a fatal attraction for me. Muriel told me that there was a flare of temper and that Ruth struck her, and in the anger of the moment she killed Ruth. I think it more likely that it was premeditated. She was taking an evil revenge on me."

"Look," Vern Gray said. "Why didn't you tell me this right off? You would have been in the clear, except for that old charge against you, and bigamy, but now it's murder."

Porter shook his head.

"Muriel said that if she was caught she would swear that we were in it together. If she went, she said, she would take me with her. I thought Davis was dead, and I took the step of attempting to incriminate him, and once I had done that I was finished. I had to go all the way. Muriel brought the Frenchman out to the Point late yesterday morning. She had picked him up on the road and put his bicycle in the back of her car and promised to pay him money. He had the misfortune to see her boat on Monday night, as you know, and he wrote down the numbers and checked them."

"Who shot him?" Vern asked.

"She brought him to the house, and we went down into the cellar to talk. She took out her gun and said that the Frenchman would have to die. I argued with her, and said that as soon as the estate was settled, we could pay him off, but she refused to take any chances. She pointed the gun at him and shot him, and she turned to me with a smile like ice and said, 'He's your problem now, Phil,' and went out to her car and drove away." He looked up. "What could I do?"

"What you did was wait until after dark and run him outside the harbor in Pierre's boat and dump him, is that it?"

Porter nodded. "Yes, that's it."

"And after that you came and said good night to Pierre," Paula said in a low, shocked voice.

He looked up at her. "I'm sorry, Paula. I love the boy. It broke my heart to call him a liar, but I had to. And I loved Ruth. I think you know that. I couldn't help what I did. I had to do it."

"But you were going to kill Brad, too," she said.

Porter Bellows looked down at the floor.

"If he had, he would have got away with it," Vern Gray said with a shake of his head.

Brad took Paula's hand and led her to the door. Her fingers clung tightly to his, and, as they moved out to the porch she murmured, "Are you in the mood for champagne tonight?"

"No, I'm not."

"Neither am I," she said. "I just want to go home and kiss Pierre good night and sit with you under a nice, bright electric light."

"Paula, you're coming to Washington with us," he said.

"Am I?"

"What I mean is we're a family," he said. "I love you, Pierre loves you, we both love you. We'll have that champagne for our wedding."

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 28, 1956



David, her eyes shining. David was aware of Sisto and the others, waiting on the bandstand.

He said, "This dance we shall perform is traditional. The steps are set by the custom of ages, handed down from generation to generation. It is a slow dance, a dance of formality. I shall teach you the steps and the positions, the movements of arms and body for each position. It will be very dull for you, since it will be a matter of repeating over and over again until you have learned."

Linda's voice had a little catch in it: "I don't mind. I'll work very hard."

David said, "Let us commence, then. We have much to do."

The guitars played the phrase, and Linda essayed the step as David watched. He groaned, seeing her stiffness. Linda felt it, too, for she stopped, and then, her smile flashing, she said, "Show me again, please?"

There was one thing David had to admit when the first hour was passed: She did try. There was no fire in her—no intuitive understanding and grasp of the dance—but she did the same step over until she was at least adequate.

David went out on to the terrace, Linda followed. She sat down, plumping herself into a chair, shaking back the bright hair from her damp forehead. Then she said, "I was really thrilled when Arturo asked me if I would dance with you. Scared, too?"

"I frighten you?"

Linda's laugh was clear. "Oh, no. But I've heard you play your guitar. Twice, when Arturo took us to dinner here, and I thought if you were as good at dancing as you are with the guitar—you wouldn't want to bother with me."

David shuddered inwardly at the graceless compliment.

Linda did not seem to notice the lack of a reply. She ran her rounded fingers through her hair and then stretched her arms upward. She said, "I love it here. I love the sun;

## Continuing . . . Senorita from Brooklyn

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the way it makes me feel lazy and yet alive. I wish I could stay."

David said, "Do you not live with the family of your cousin, Senora Rubiez?"

Her smile was the same friendly, quick gleam. "I'm just here on a visit. Arturo always says, 'There is no hurry, little one,' but I'll have to go some time."

Her smile was faintly wistful. "It's a dreamland to me. I suppose a lot of it is because Arturo is so well off and so generous, and Cousin Mary such a wonderful person, but it's the place, too—"

It was impossible for David, hearing his beloved Ybor City so praised, not to think a little more kindly of this naive young one. He said graciously, "But you will come again, and in the meantime you shall learn the pavan."

David crushed his cigarette, and they went back inside to start again. It was late when Arturo Rubiez came with Pedro. Linda was obviously tired, but when David said, "Tomorrow. At the same time," her smile flashed.

When they were gone Pedro Gutierrez said, "She will do, this pretty one?"

David's shoulders lifted. "For this pageant, yes. But she will never be a dancer. The fire is not in her."

He had not been aware of Sisto Perez, but at his elbow Sisto's gruff voice said, "Si, David, the fire may not be in her, but the flame of her hair is fire enough."

David found himself saying, with something like surprise, "Yes. For a tourista from the North she is—"

"Simpatica—so understanding, and so charming," Sisto said definitely.

Linda was there the next morning, and she had not forgotten the lessons of the day before. She worked faithfully, even when it was obvious that her legs were trembling from weariness, and David found

himself wishing that there were more instinctive fire and grace in Linda, that her willingness to work might be rewarded.

And so it went, day after day in the pleasant coolness of the big cafe. David found himself looking forward to the daily rehearsals; to the rests, when he smoked while Linda sometimes spoke or just sat, tired but happy.

David had thought it would be an exasperating chore upon which he was launched, to teach this girl to dance, but though he was sure she would never be a true dancer, he none the less began to feel a pleasure in teaching her. Linda was not the woman he dreamed of, whom he was certain he would some day find, but neither was she the unlikeable Norte Americano he had assumed her to be.

One afternoon as they rested on the terrace she said, "My father was something like you, David."

David lifted his eyebrows, politely.

Linda said, not looking at him, "Dad was a dreamer—like you. He dreamed of perfection, but he didn't have the—oh, I don't know what—the something you have that makes you keep the end in view—until you attain it."

"And do I?" David asked.

"Yes, I realise that when I hear you play the guitar—as you played it last night when you did that Galician folk song, it was—perfect."

David raised his head. "You were here? I did not see you among the others when they danced."

Linda's smile was quick. "Not me—not after more than four hours of rehearsal. No, I did not dance. I—" Her hands moved, despairingly. "I wish I could dance as you want me to, but it just isn't in me."

David said quickly, "But you will do very well. They will be most pleased with you

the night of the supper-dance."

"But not you," Linda said softly. "And it's you I want to please—to come up to your standard." She got up, smiling down at him as David stared at her, half guiltily. "It's time to start again, isn't it?"

And so it went, day after day, until the day of the supper-dance. Linda worked hard; she was even more than adequate, and David had no fear that the pavan would not be a success, but still Linda was not the partner of whom he dreamed. And yet it was very odd that when, of a night, he sat or stood on his balcony, dreaming of the woman of fire he yearned for, in some way the woman was different and her hair was not jet, but the color of the flowers of the flame vine. It was very odd . . .

The night of the supper-dance came at last; another event in the chain of summer events that would end with the long-awaited dance—the grand ball at the Circulo a week ahead.

David sat with his guitarists, in close-fitting black trousers, white shirt, and crimson sash, his short jacket encrusted with gold.

David and his men played while the elite of Ybor City got up to dance, colorful in their lace and jewels and traditional men's costumes. Then the waiters served the supper. When the waiters had cleared all but the coffee from the tables, Pedro Gutierrez got up and went out upon the dance floor.

David sat, relaxed. He had not seen Linda, but he knew she was above, in the Gutierrez apartment, being helped into her costume by her cousin Maria Rubiez and Elena herself. He was not the least bit worried. The guests were aficionados—connoisseurs—yes, but they did not have David's standards of perfection. They would like Linda more than well enough.

A spotlight touched Pedro in

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 28, 1955

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# Free yourself the natural way from the grip of purgatives

*Are you one of the thousands of Australians who are trying to correct constipation with harsh laxatives? Then this message has been written to you. Read every word — and you may never have to take harsh laxatives again!*

When a car or an appliance breaks down, the first thing you do is try to find the cause of the trouble! Yet how many people are wise enough to do just that when their own bodies show signs of breaking down? Nine times out of ten they head for the medicine cupboard and shock their systems into action with a harsh laxative.

Temporarily, of course, the treatment is effective — often too effective. One dose leads to another, forcing the intestinal tract into unnatural action until it is too weak and tired to respond. Then the dose has to be increased. In most cases, the condition becomes progressively worse because laxatives do not — and cannot — reach the cause of constipation.

## WHAT CAUSES IRREGULARITY?

Few of us get enough fresh air and exercise, or drink enough water. This might not matter so much if we lived on the whole grains and raw fruits that Nature intended us to eat. Instead, of course, we sit down to soft, highly-refined foods which don't provide the intestinal tract with enough bulk to get on with the job of clearing away wastes. In plain words, the only way to get lasting, natural relief from the curse of constipation is to put bulk back into your diet.

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## Continuing . . . Senorita from Brooklyn

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his black and gold. He said, "Senores, I thank you for the honor you have done my poor cafe. As a gesture of gratitude, I offer along with the lady patronesses of this night a measure of entertainment. First you shall hear the songs of our motherland. I present to you Don Davido Morales and his guitar."

Davido rose, holding his guitar as a waiter brought a chair. He sat down and his hands moved gently over the strings. The music came almost as if it were his own heart that he played upon, the chords so full yet delicate that the ear thought itself deceived; the runs intricate, soft but clear. Then the applause rose and Davido heard it, rising and bowing, serene in his knowledge of his mastery of the guitar; wishing he could feel so when he and Linda performed their pavan.

Davido stepped from the stand as Pedro went to the floor and said, "Now we offer to you a dance of old Spain. Senores, I present to you Don Davido Morales and the Senorita Dona Linda Malone."

The spotlight swept away. Davido turned, and as the little gasp went up from the unseen audience, his own gasp came involuntarily. Automatically he extended his hand to support Linda's lace-mittened fingers. She stood beside him, and she was no longer the almost skinny Norte Americano he had known.

She was rounded and lovely — a dark vision—from the crimson heels of her slippers, peeking from under the folds of her black lace dress, to the jewels in the comb that pinned the cobwebby mantilla on her high-piled, sun-bright hair. Her red lips were parted, her eyes flashing, and the fan she held moved as if in a half-felt breeze.

Davido's mouth was dry, his heart pounding. On all sides he could hear the astonished murmurs, "Que linda; que hermosa—how pretty; how lovely!"

The guitars sounded the first slow chords, and Davido led Linda in the movements of the pavan, that stately, graceful dance of olden days. Her hand was upon his, left his; her body, in the lustrous gown, swayed and postured, perfect in timing; perfectly in accord with the slow sweep of the music. Davido was not aware of his steps; he only knew that he was dancing as one with this girl who, all of a sudden, was an echo of the beat of his heart.

There was not a sound to be heard above the measured music, but when the dance ceased and the mantilla fell about Linda's lovely head as she sank down, the applause rose, beating at the rafters.

Davido led Linda to the Rubrez table, aware of the pressure of her fingers trembling upon his hand, but numbed, almost blinded.

They rose to greet Linda, to cry at him. Linda was swept away, and Davido saw her head turn to him, her eyes seeking his before she had to turn to the others.

Davido's eyes were ablaze, his face white as he went towards the terrace, apostrophising himself for the fool that he was.

Yet his heart was bursting with gladness, and his mind kept repeating: "Oh, idiot one, could you not have seen? It was never a dancer of perfection you sought. It was, indeed, one who would be with you not only in motion but in every way: one whom you would love and who would love you, for how else can there be perfection between man and woman?"

It was so very clear, Davido stood in the coolness of the still night and his fingers shook as he lighted his cigarette. His mind was busy. Linda liked him—he was sure of that. It was enough to go upon. He had no family of his own, but Pedro Gutierrez would act for him in those delicate negotiations which were called for when one asked the hand of a girl of family in marriage.

Pedro came out. He flung his arms about Davido. "Chico, you were wonderful—marvelous!"

"Nay," Davido said, gasping. "It was she—only Linda. Pedro, there is something I would say—"

There was a rush of footsteps before Davido could go on. Arturo Rubrez came quickly out into the night. "Pedro, did you observe Porfirio Gonzaga? It is as good as settled. Already his uncle Alfeo had made tentative inquiries. It will not be long before my Maria's Linda will become the Senora Dona Linda Malone de Gonzaga."

Davido stood frozen as Arturo turned upon him. Arturo cried, "Davido, you were wonderful." His hands flashed.

He rushed away, and as Pedro chuckled Davido said, "I do not understand. The Senorita Linda is affianced to Don Porfirio Gonzaga?"

Pedro drew deeply on his cigar. "It is the ardent desire of both Arturo and Maria that the lovely Linda remain among us. Porfirio Gonzaga is wealthy and cultured, of at least thirty years of age and destined to marry and settle down. Now the marriage is almost arranged."

Davido swallowed. He said, his heart dead within him, "I

see." He started to move away, and Pedro said, "What was it you wanted to say?"

In the darkness Davido closed his eyes. His words came without conscious thought, driven by the sense of loss within him: "That I am leaving Ybor City."

Pedro said, startled, "Leaving? But why?"

Davido could hardly control his voice. "I have had, as you know, many offers to play in the cities of South America."

Pedro frowned. "One must, of course, accept the opportunities. Sorry as I shall be to see you go—" He gestured. "When, chico?"

"Immediately. Tomorrow."

Pedro cried out, "But you cannot. There is the ball next week. Senor Greco of the hospital committee has been insisting that you and Dona Linda repeat your marvellous pavan."

Davido's heart turned within him. He started to refuse, and then he thought, "No. I shall dance with her once again. I shall show them such perfection as they do not believe is possible—but they will not know whence comes that perfection. No one will know—not even she."

He raised his head. "Very well. But not the pavan. We shall dance a rumba. You will inform the Senorita that we rehearse tomorrow. Sisto as well. And now, with your permission—"

Davido turned and went down the steps to the dark pavement. He walked unsteadily homeward, and when he got to the house of Senora Valdes he went up to his room, removed the heavy jacket, and went out on to his balcony. His heart was sick within him, but there was no anger for Linda; there was nothing but a sense of desolation and loss. Fool that he had been, not to know.

He had envisioned one dark and full of fire, but that was because he had not known what he truly sought and there had to be a body to clothe it. He should have known, sensing the change in the vision over these past weeks, what it was that had been happening.

It might not have been too late then, but it was too late now. Even if he had had anything to offer in competition with so wealthy and prominent a man as Porfirio Gonzaga, the time was past. Negotiations were started, almost completed. If the Rubrez and Gonzaga families were agreed, that was all there was to it.

"I shall go away," Davido said into the dark, receptive night. "But first I shall dance with her again. A rumba—the dance of fire and life, a dance of perfection. And never more, I know, shall I experience it again . . ."

The news was known when Davido got to El Paraiso the next morning. Sisto Perez said, "You think you must go?"

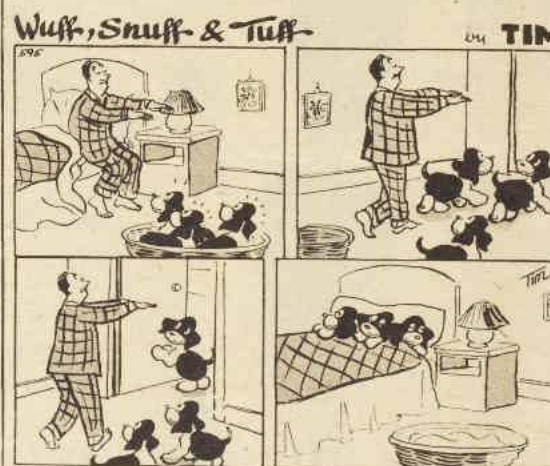
"I must."

"Si," Sisto said and his shoulders lifted. "One understands."

Linda said nothing when Arturo brought her. Her great eyes met Davido's and she listened when he told her of the rumba they would do. Arturo went off with Pedro Gutierrez, and when the music began Linda came to Davido.

It was as he had known it would be. Rumba or pavan or any dance, it would have been the same. She followed as his own shadow, and even before they broke for the rest period Davido knew there was

## FOR THE CHILDREN



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little he would have to do beyond explaining a few of the more intricate steps.

When he went out on to the terrace to smoke, Linda went with him. Her face was quiet as she looked at him. "You are going away?"

"After the night of the ball. Yes."

Linda's eyes went to the sun-anointed street. One slim hand gestured. "You're going to leave all this that you love."

The cigarette tasted bitter. "I am leaving all this. But you are going to stay."

Linda's blue eyes widened for just a moment.

David said, "You will have everything. Wealth and position. A man of honor and culture."

"Porfirio Gonzaga," Linda said. "He is very nice. I admire him greatly, but he has not asked me to marry him yet."

David said, "Among us it is the family that arranges such things."

## Continuing . . . **Senorita from Brooklyn**

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"And you—you approve?" "I accept," David said, his eyes on the smouldering cigarette tip. "It is as traditional with us as the steps of a pavan. One does not go against the wishes of families or their arrangements. It has been so for centuries, and has worked for the best, even if—" He did not finish. He crushed his cigarette.

Linda said, "I see." Her voice was thoughtful, but when David raised his head Linda only said, "Time to go back, isn't it?"

And so it went, bittersweet for David, until the day of the ball. That night the sky over the huge Circulo reflected the lights that made a fairland of the great patio. Outside the green hedges that surrounded the terrazzo stone of the dance floor thousands of Yborians sat at tables, drinking and eating green olives and getting up to dance to the music of the Malecondos of Havana.

From where he sat at the Gutierrez table, with a score of Gutierrez relatives and friends and Sisto and the others of his band, David could see the Gonzaga table, where the Rubirezes and Linda were guests of honor.

David, in his dark trousers and short jacket and white ruffled shirt, could see Linda in the emerald-green frock that set off her vivid coloring, jewels of emerald flashing in her high-piled hair. Porfirio Gonzaga sat beside her, leaning to speak to her, his patrician face alight, his hands expressive.

The sight made David sigh, but he thought, "I shall dance with her soon. I shall know one long moment of perfection to hold in my heart for always."

The evening went on under the soft, warm sky. The entertainment began: dancers from the cabarets of Havana; a singer from Madrid; and then a committee member came to summon David.

Linda was waiting for him in the shadow of the band shell. She put out her hand, and David raised it to his lips, his heart poignantly sad.

The loud-speaker vibrated. David found himself with Linda on the deserted floor, the spotlights bathing them. He was aware of the sound that greeted their appearance. He knew the story of their pavan had spread all over Ybor City, and the story of the interest of Porfirio Gonzaga in the lovely young Americano as well.

David bowed as the applause sounded, and Linda stood like a goddess in the green dress that flowed about her slim young body. The beat of the maracas began and they danced.

David did not think; he was conscious of nothing but the fateful finality of these moments. Of Linda before him, as one with him in the graceful, intimate movements of the rumba; now together, now apart; torsos motionless, their knees giving impetus to the dance; their shoulders moving at moments; their hands and arms raising, expressive, rhythmic.

David told her so, in the only way that honor would permit, of the love that consumed him, sweet and sad and endless.

And then the dance was ending. David bent over Linda, his arm supporting her supple waist, and he could hardly bear the sight of her lovely face.

They held the pose the long moment that the music demanded. The applause rose, and then Linda's arms went around David's neck. He felt their warm strength drawing down his head until her red mouth was fast against his.

There was an audible gasp of surprise and shock. David did not hear it. He was, himself, too stunned. It was the sudden darkness as the spotlights were swept from them that made him come to his senses. He straightened, and Linda's arms

fell away from his shoulders. David could only think of Linda. "Alma di mi alma," he cried. "Soul of my soul, what have you done?"

She did not answer. David felt her hand seek for his, her fingers curl warm about his own. They walked towards the Gonzaga table, the whispering still audible as the band struck up a bolero and people rose to dance.

David's thoughts were still of Linda's unforgivable action: a young girl of family, to act so in public. It overshadowed even the rush of feeling in his heart that what she had done was more than just the impulsiveness to be expected of a Norte Americano who knew no better.

They came to the Gonzaga table, and David saw that there were great gaps in the seat. The Gonzagas had left.

Arturo Rubirez was on his feet, his face white and stern, and Pedro Gutierrez was making his way to the table. David faced Arturo's blazing eyes. He said, "Senor Rubirez, I cannot—"

Linda broke in, her voice sweet and clear: "No, Arturo, it was not David. It was I. David is a man of honor, as you all are. He would have gone away as honor demands, but I could not have it so. I love him. Which is why I acted as I did, for all the world to see."

David could not speak. Arturo Rubirez stood in stunned dismay. It was Pedro Gutierrez' voice behind David that said, "Chico—and you? Do you love the Dona Linda?"

David turned, his eyes wet. "Si, si. I love her. With all my heart."

Pedro looked at Arturo, and then across the table to where Maria Rubirez and Elena were standing, smiling. Pedro said, "Arturo, do we not know, better than most, what it is to love? This David is as a younger brother to me—he is of my family and I shall deem it an honor to speak for him. Will you consider, as representing the family of Dona Linda, listening to my representations?"

David's heart stood still. He felt Linda's fingers press his own as Arturo hesitated. Then Arturo's shoulders lifted. He said, "As you say, Pedro, we know what it is to love." He turned to David and Linda. "Go you and dance," he said, "but with dignity. The kisses will come later. As they should."

Then they were on the floor once more, anonymous in the hundreds of couples, melting into each other's arms. Linda's eyes lifted to David. He caught her hand from his shoulder and pressed its softness to his lips. Linda smiled and swayed to him, her eyes half closed. The music beat and David danced with her, feeling the perfection of the moment—a perfection that he would have with him now all the years of his life.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 28, 1956





## two wonderful **Kia-ora** dishes for Lent

### So simple! **BAKED BEAN STEW**

All you need for this is one 16 oz. tin of Kia-ora Baked Beans  
 1½ cups of chopped celery, 2 small onions, 1 tablespoon of Worcester  
 Sauce, 1½ cups of chopped tomatoes, ½ lb. Brussels Sprouts  
 or 1 lb. of fresh green peas, 1 teaspoon pepper. All you need  
 to do is — Drain the Baked Beans. Add to bean liquor enough  
 water to make 1½ cups and cook the vegetables in it  
 for 10 minutes. Put Beans in casserole, add cooked  
 vegetables and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes.



### So delicious! **SPAGHETTI & FISH RAMEKINS**

Take one 16 oz. tin of Kia-ora Spaghetti, 2 cups of cooked, flaked fish,  
 1 tablespoon grated onion, salt and pepper. Mix the Kia-ora Spaghetti  
 and the fish gently together. The fish should not be broken too finely.  
 Stir onion through and season liberally. Spoon into individual ramekins,  
 top with breadcrumbs and bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes.

Available in 3 handy sizes! 16 ozs. 8ozs. and 4 ozs. Stock up now! \*Kia-ora means "Good Health".



# Easter Pattern

Easter Sunday is a day for rejoicing, and, as good food and celebrations go hand in hand, here is a complete menu for a festive family dinner.

By **LEILA C. HOWARD,**  
Our Food and Cookery Expert

**R**OAST pork with crisp brown crackling, small red apples baked with a filling of chutney, a refreshing salmon appetiser, and a luscious fruit dessert are the highlights of the Easter dinner menu we have planned.

It is most important that pork should be thoroughly cooked; the flesh should be white or greyish in color, never pink.

Joints of pork should be baked uncovered in a moderate oven, allowing 30 to 35 minutes for each pound of meat.

The joint should be placed in the baking-dish fat-side up, and should not be turned or basted during cooking.

To keep the crackling moist and deliciously crisp, brush it with olive oil at intervals during the cooking process.

All spoon measurements are level in the following recipes.

## MENU

*Salmon appetisers.*

*Roast pork with chutney baked apples or apple sauce.*

*Sweet-potato puffs.*

*Green peas. Carrot slices with onion butter.*

*Candied fruits a la creme.*

*Coffee.*

## SALMON APPETISERS

Two dessertspoons gelatine, 2 table-spoons hot water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cold water, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 2 cloves, 3 or 4 thin strips lemon rind (no white pith), 1 thick slice of onion, sprig of parsley,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, 1 hard-boiled egg, 1 or 2 thinly sliced gherkins, 1 medium-sized tin of salmon, mayonnaise.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Place cold water into a saucepan with vinegar; add cloves, lemon rind, onion, and parsley. Bring slowly to the boil, beating gently with a fork until boiling. Add dissolved gelatine and salt. Strain when cold and set a very thin layer in the base of each individual mould, first rinsing moulds with cold water. Place a slice of hard-boiled egg in the base of each, then arrange gherkin slices round the sides. Add a little more jelly and allow to set. Fill moulds with drained flaked salmon moistened with mayonnaise. Fill up with jelly. Chill until set. Unmould on to platter, serve with lettuce and cucumber.

## ROAST PORK

Select a good joint of pork (the ones usually used are loin and rib) and wipe it with a clean, damp cloth. Score the rind with a sharp knife and place the joint fat side up in an uncovered baking-dish with melted fat to a depth of  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. Bake in a moderate oven, allowing 30 to 35 minutes cooking time for each pound of meat. Brush the joint with olive oil before and during cooking, but do not baste it with the fat and do not turn the joint over. Serve with brown gravy.

## CHUTNEY BAKED APPLES

Wash and dry apples, peel a thin layer of skin round top of each apple or cut a slice from the top of each.



**EASTER DINNER MENU** illustrated above includes salmon appetisers, roast pork with chutney baked apples, sweet-potato puffs, green peas, carrot slices with onion butter, and candied fruits a la creme. See menu and delicious recipes on this page.

Drench with lemon juice to preserve color. Remove cores and fill core cavities with chutney. Stand apples in a sandwich-tin, add sufficient water to cover base of tin, bake in moderate oven until apples are tender but not broken. Add a little fresh chutney to each one and serve with roast pork.

## CARROT SLICES WITH ONION BUTTER

Sliced cooked carrots, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Fry onion in butter until soft and yellow but not browned. Add lemon juice and spoon over hot cooked carrots.

## SWEET-POTATO PUFFS

One pound sweet potatoes, 1 table-spoon flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  beaten egg, nut of butter, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt and

pepper to taste, egg-glazing (made with the remaining  $\frac{1}{2}$  beaten egg and 1 table-spoon milk), browned breadcrumbs.

Peel the scrubbed potatoes, slice thickly, and cook in a small quantity of salted water in a lidded saucepan until tender. Drain thoroughly, mash well, and mix in flour, beaten egg, butter, parsley, salt and pepper. When quite cold, shape a spoonful at a time into balls a little smaller than a golf ball. Dip in egg-glazing, roll in breadcrumbs, and deep-fry golden brown. Drain well.

## CANDIED FRUITS A LA CREME

Eight ounces finely chopped mixed candied fruits, 1 layer day-old sponge cake, sherry, 2 eggs, 3 dessertspoons sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cream, vanilla, apricot sauce.

Soak candied fruits in sherry over-

night. Crumble the cake and soak it in sherry. Beat eggs with sugar, add milk, and stir over boiling water until the mixture coats a silver spoon. Cool slightly, add gelatine soaked in cold water, and stir until dissolved. Beat with a rotary beater as it cools, then add whipped cream flavored with vanilla. Fill into recess tin, chill until set. Mix fruit with soaked sponge, pile on to unmoulded sweet. Pour apricot sauce over just before serving.

**Note:** One cup of thoroughly chilled evaporated milk, whipped until thick, may be substituted for the  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cream.

**Apricot Sauce:** Soak 4oz. well-washed dried apricots in water to barely cover for 12 hours. Cook in the same water until soft, adding sugar to taste and a squeeze of lemon juice. Rub through a strainer, add a few chopped blanched almonds, and flavor with sherry.



## Date Bait

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## Prize recipe

Salted mutton with a spicy peach glaze is the unusual hot-dinner dish that wins this week's £5 prize in our recipe contest.

THE contrasting flavors of the dish were acclaimed by our cookery experts when this recipe was tested.

All spoon measurements are level.

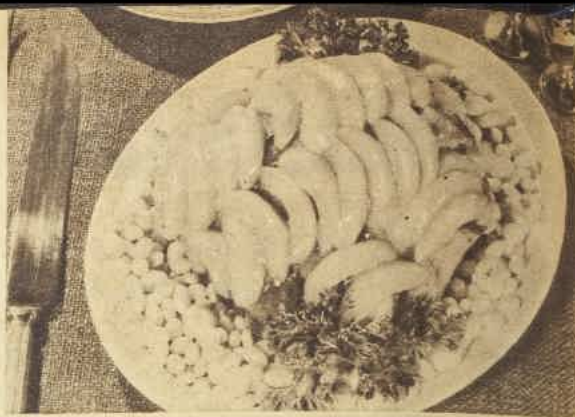
### SALTED MUTTON WITH SPICY PEACH GLAZE

One pumped shoulder mutton (boned and rolled), 1 large onion, 6 cloves, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 tin sliced peaches, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon mixed spice (or ground cloves, allspice, and cinnamon), 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, fat.

Roll shoulder of mutton

tightly and skewer firmly. Place in warm water, add sliced onion, vinegar, cloves, and 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, and simmer until tender, 1 to 1½ hours. Mix cornflour, spices, lemon juice, and 1 tablespoon brown sugar with syrup from peaches and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Remove meat from water, drain well, and place in baking-dish with small quantity fat. Cover surface with sliced peaches and spoon the sauce over them carefully. Bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes—basting frequently with liquid and fat in dish. Serve hot with haricot beans.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Struck, 64 Wilton St., Merveth, N.S.W.



SALTED rolled shoulder of mutton, topped with spiced peaches and surrounded by haricot beans, provides a main dish for 6 people. See prize-winning recipe on this page.

## FAMILY DISH

### OLD - FASHIONED

Toad-In-a-Hole, made with sausage-meat and tomatoes, is this week's family dish. It costs 3/6 and serves four.

#### TOAD-IN-A-HOLE

One and a half pounds sausage-meat, 2 onions, 2 tomatoes, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon chutney, 1 cup flour, 1 egg, 1 pint milk, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper.

Sift flour, make a well in the centre. Add egg and milk and stir from centre outwards, making a smooth batter; stand ½ hour. Place meat, sliced onions, and chopped tomatoes into a greased ovenproof dish

with sauce, chutney, salt and pepper. Mix; bake in hot oven 20 minutes. Pour off fat; while still hot pour batter (flavored with parsley, salt and pepper) over top. Bake further 40 to 45 minutes in hot oven.

## Immunisation

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse

PARENTS who, against their doctor's advice, fail to protect their children from dangerous diseases by immunisation are guilty of a sad and sometimes fatal neglect.

Immunisation has greatly reduced the number of deaths from diphtheria and typhoid, both of which formerly had a very high mortality rate.

A doctor's advice should be sought, but it is usually advisable to have a child immu-

## Tony's luxury dish

### CREAMED EGGS

"THIS method of cooking eggs is a variation of poaching or boiling eggs, and I can assure you it is quite simple," says Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club.

For 4 persons you will require:

Eight fresh eggs, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup fresh cream, salt and pepper to taste.

Place 8 ramekins in a shallow pan with boiling water about ½ in. deep. Butter the ramekins slightly, dividing the butter evenly. Then break the eggs and drop them into the ramekins gently—do not break the yolks. Add salt and pepper to taste. Place pan on stove. Allow water to simmer for 3 minutes over low heat and then spoon the cream on top of the eggs. Season again with salt and pepper. Remove from the stove and transfer the dish to a moderate oven for about 7 more minutes. Serve the eggs in the ramekins, set on individual plates. It is customary to serve two eggs per person.

nised at 9 months or between 9 and 12 months. Often injections against whooping cough are given at 6 months, as whooping cough is very dangerous for babies up to the age of two years.

Many doctors give diph-

theria injections at the same time, unless there is any special reason why this should not be done.

You can also protect your children from tetanus (lock-jaw) by the injection of an anti-toxin.

## THROUGH THE WEEK WITH KRAFT CHEDDAR



"Main dishes, sandwiches, savouries and snacks... you'll find they're all so simple to prepare with Kraft Cheddar",

says Elizabeth Cooke, Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.

### SUNDAY SNACK



#### Baked Eggs

Ingredients: 1½ teaspoon mixed herbs; ½ cup soft breadcrumbs; 2 eggs; squeeze lemon juice; salt, cayenne; 3 oz. Kraft Cheddar, shredded; butter, chopped parsley.

Method: Butter 2 ramekins and sprinkle each with breadcrumbs, pinch herbs, drop or two lemon juice, salt and cayenne. Break an egg carefully into each dish, season and dot with butter. Top with shredded cheese, bake in moderate oven 10-15 minutes. Garnish with chopped parsley. Serves 2.

### MID-WEEK LUNCH



#### Bacon and Cheese Rarebit

Ingredients: 8 oz. Kraft Cheddar; 4 dessertspoons milk; pinch cayenne; 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce; ½ teaspoon dry mustard; 2 rashers bacon; 4 slices hot buttered toast.

Method: Shred cheese and place in small saucepan with mustard, cayenne and Worcestershire sauce. Gradually add milk and stir until cheese is melted. Pour or spread a thick layer on each slice of toast, top each with bacon. Place under a medium grill until bacon is cooked and crisp. Serves 4.

### SATURDAY PARTY SUPPER



#### Cheese Roll-me-ups

These easy and quickly made little savouries are tasty as an accompaniment to soup, salads, or as a last minute hot savoury.

Ingredients: 8 slices fresh bread; 4 oz. Kraft Cheddar or Velveeta (half carton).

Method: Butter bread, trim crusts and place a strip of cheese in centre of each slice. Roll cross-wise, fasten with toothpicks. Toast under griller and serve.

Kraft Cheddar is available in the new 1-oz. portion; the blue 8-oz. packet; the family size economy 2-lb. pack; or from the 5-lb. loaf.



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*Mary Blake*

#### TAKE THESE 3 EASY STEPS TO MAKE WHIPPED CARNATION TOPPING!

Chill undiluted Carnation in ice cube tray until crystals form around edges; or place unopened tin on ice for 2 to 3 hours. Chill bowl and beater for at least 20 minutes.



Pour Carnation into chilled bowl; whip until it just begins to thicken (about 1 minute). Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice for each cup of Carnation; whip until very stiff (about 1 or 2 minutes more).



Fold in 2 tablespoons sugar for each cup of Carnation. Serve **AT ONCE** on stewed or fresh fruit, pies, cakes, or puddings. But remember the secret . . . **SERVE AT ONCE.**





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## ARCHITECT'S DIARY

# FIREPLACE OR HEATER

Mrs. Appleby (the name is mine) was undecided about a fireplace in her new home.

"WE have an open fireplace in our present home and it is certainly cheerful," she said. "The only trouble is that it makes a terrible mess, and I also have a horror of fire, particularly with young children about."

"An open fireplace with an ash trap and chute for disposal of ashes minimises the work of cleaning up," I told her. "However, the fire hazard is a real danger."

She went on: "I don't know whether builders or architects are to blame, but I have noticed a surprising number of fireplaces that smoke and discolor the walls."

"Yes," I agreed. "They are notoriously temperamental. A well-designed fireplace behaves well in one house and causes no end of trouble in another."

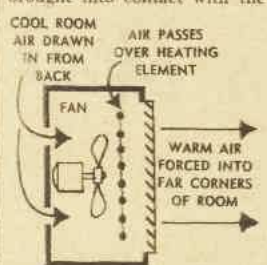
"At least an open fire is economical on fuel," Mrs. Appleby pointed out.

"Yes, if firewood is available nearby. But the cost of buying fuel is surprisingly high for the whole of a cold winter. As a great deal of heat from an open fire is lost by the up-draught in the flue, the only benefit is from radiated heat, which has a limited penetration."

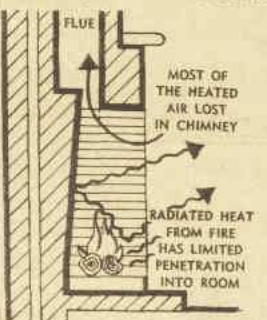
"What alternative do you recommend then?" asked Mrs. Appleby.

"No alternative provides quite the effect of cheerfulness as an open fire," I admitted, "but the slow-combustion type of heater is far more efficient in that the air of the room is brought into contact with the

COOL ROOM AIR DRAWN IN FROM BACK FAN AIR PASSES OVER HEATING ELEMENT WARM AIR FORCED INTO FAR CORNERS OF ROOM



ELECTRIC - CONVECTION type room-heater shown above is a useful design which provides a good general temperature in the room.



OPEN FIREPLACE scatters a great deal of heat and fuel although looking attractive. Warmth is drawn up the chimney, not into the room.



CONTEMPORARY-DESIGNED open fireplace can be the central point of any room. Here it is the focal point of the conversation-piece furniture arrangement.

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# Fashion PATTERNS

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 64, Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address: Box 4069, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

F4053.—Slender beltless torso-line dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/-.

F4053

## PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F4057.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make small girl's top. Sizes 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 1½yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/-.

F4054.—Men's pyjamas. Sizes SM, M, and O.S. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F4054

F4057

F4055

F4056

F4055.—Chic straight-cut teenage suit. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.

F4052.—Smart button-front autumn-winter dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.

F4056.—American-styled shirtwaist dress designed with a slim skirt drape. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

### No. 200—GIRL'S FITTED COAT

The coat is obtainable cut out ready to make with full instructions for drafting and sewing. The material is corduroy velveteen in pale pink, lemon, pale blue, red, junior-navy, mid-green, and cherry.

Sizes: Lengths 20in. for 4 years 49/3, postage and registration 1/9 extra; 23in. for 5 to 6 years 51/9, postage and registration 2/- extra; 28in. for 7 to 8 years 56/3, postage and registration 2/- extra; 34in. for 9 to 10 years 59/6, postage and registration 2/- extra.

### No. 201—SUPPER-CLOTH, TEA-COSY, AND SERVIETTES

The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a pretty flower motif. The material is Irish linen in cream and white only.

Price: Cloth, size 36 by 36in. 21/6, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 45 by 45in. 32/6, postage and registration 1/9 extra; 54 by 54in. 43/9, postage and registration 2/- extra. Serviette, 11 by 11in. 1/11 each, postage 3d. extra. Tea-cosy 7/3, postage and registration 1/6 extra.

### No. 202—TEENAGE BLOUSE

The blouse, styled with long sleeves, is obtainable cut out ready to make in flower-printed lamovar. The color choice includes lemon, brown, and white, pink and white, and blue and white. Sizes 30, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Price 44/3, postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 203—PRINCESS-LINE PINAFORE DRESS  
Pinafore dress obtainable cut out ready to wear in melange. The color choice includes gold-spice, clover-pink, turquoise-glow, college-grey, junior-navy, red-flair, winter-brown, lavender-jade. Sizes 30 and 32in. bust 75/9, postage and registration 2/6 extra; 34 and 36in. bust 77/6, postage and registration 2/6 extra.



200



201



203

202

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"Barrier" Cream is a wonderful hand protective cream. Applied every day, it stops grease, harsh detergents and soil stains from damaging the skin. When work is over, soil stains simply float off in soap and water. Lanolin enriched "Barrier" Cream guards the natural oils in the skin and your hands stay soft and lovely, no matter what you do. Buy a tube or jar of "Barrier" Cream and watch your hands become more beautiful every day.



FOR USE IN THE PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF INDUSTRIAL DERMATITIS

"IF IT'S FAULDINGS — IT'S PURE"

KNIT THESE

# Twinprufe

STYLE LEADERS FOR 1956

Choose any of a hundred styles from Twinprufe's newest knitting books. Twinprufe Wools are guaranteed MOTHPROOF and SHRINKPROOF.

Rights from Book 197. Below from "Busy Fingers," Vol. 3.



Distributed by: Patterson, Luning & Bruce Ltd.

# Twinprufe

KNITTING WOOLS MOTHPROOF . . SHRINKPROOF ALL IN READY-TO-KNIT BALLS

FREE

WRITE FOR 1956 STYLE GUIDE



To: F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd. (Dept. WW2) 30 Grosvenor Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Please send me "Twinprufe Style Guide for 1956."

NAME

ADDRESS



Pine  
scented  
freshness



**AIR-O-ZONE**  
CLEARS THE AIR  
banishes odours  
instantly!

A touch of the Air-O-Zone "button" releases a fine, deodorising mist that instantly absorbs and destroys every trace of odour. Instead, there's a pine-scented freshness that lingers for hours. Most important—where hygiene is concerned—Air-O-Zone helps abolish airborne bacteria.



## Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and PRINCESS NARDA: Are intrigued by a giant egg which hatches from a meteorite from outer space. Investigating the egg, they are alarmed when

it splits and a strange creature like an enormous butterfly emerges. The creature, building itself a fire in Boy Scout fashion, shows definite signs of human intelligence, so Mandrake approaches it. NOW READ ON:



# AIR-O-ZONE

kills harmful  
air-borne  
bacteria...



and banishes  
"sick room" odour

When sickness strikes, you should guard against airborne bacteria! The germs in the air can easily infect every member of your family. So don't take unnecessary risks--spray the sick room regularly with Air-O-Zone.

When you press the "button"--a fine mist of Air-O-Zone floats to every part of the room. Thanks to the Glycol in Air-O-Zone, this mist kills airborne bacteria--helps to abolish the germs that cause infection.

AND... Air-O-Zone banishes odours instantly! A few seconds' spraying with pine-scented Air-O-Zone abolishes "sick room stuffiness"... keeps the air fresh and sweet for hours.

INSTANTLY ABSORBS AND  
DESTROYS UNPLEASANT ODOURS--  
KILLS AIRBORNE BACTERIA--  
KEEPS THE AIR FRESH AND SWEET  
FOR HOURS AFTER SPRAYING.



Medium, 9/11, Large, 17/9

SOLD BY CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE

Air-O-Zone is made by the Pressure-Pak Company--a Division of Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd. makers of famous Mortein, Mortein Pressure-Pak and Trix Detergent.



# "TELL ME ANOTHER" says KLEENEX



## SUMMER HAS ITS HAZARDS

THERE'S NO BETTER  
WAY TO CATCH A COLD  
THAN GETTING DRENCHED  
AT A PICNIC.

BUT WHEN SUMMER  
COLDS STRIKE, MAKE  
SURE YOU HAVE  
KLEENEX  
ON HAND.  
IT'S SOFT—  
KEEPS COLDS  
FROM SPREADING.

## KLEENEX WINS BLUE RIBBON

ADVICE FROM A  
PRIZE WINNING COOK. PUT PIKELETS  
BETWEEN TWO KLEENEX TISSUES  
WHILE COOLING. IT KEEPS THEM  
LIGHT AND JUST-MOIST, NOT SOGGY.  
MRS. M. KENNY, MURTON AVENUE,  
HOLLAND PARK, BRISBANE.

## CAUGHT RED HANDED

AFTER YOU'VE BLOTTED YOUR  
LIPSTICK WITH KLEENEX, GIVE YOUR  
LIPSTICK CASE A WIPE. KLEENEX  
KEEPS YOUR LIPSTICK TUBE CLEAN,  
LIPSTICK OFF YOUR HANDS. SHINES  
UP COMPACT AND MIRROR, TOO.  
MRS. M. KELLY, C/- EAST LAVINGTON  
P.O., VIA ALBURY, N.S.W. KL3/6/16



## Career Housewife



A COSMETIC DEMONSTRATOR must know the secret  
of good make-up, have a ready flow of conversation  
and very nice hands.

Interviewed at work in a big Sydney perfumery,  
attractive Mrs. Moylan (above), of Oceania  
Crescent, Newport, says: "Hands are always  
prominent in this job—for one thing, we always  
demonstrate lipstick shades on the back of our  
hands. So you see how important it is to keep  
them soft and smooth. That's one of the reasons  
I prefer to use Persil on washday. I think we career  
housewives are particularly lucky to have Persil—  
not only does it give wonderful washday results,  
but it is kind to your hands."

P.216.WW629

## TEENA



## Tape a feather to his finger



He will stay entranced! There is  
no limit to the ways you can use  
"SCOTCH" Tape, the original  
transparent, adhesive tape, and  
the world's largest seller.  
"SCOTCH" Brand Cellulose  
Tape sticks six times tighter—  
unrolls easier. Keep "SCOTCH"  
Tape in every room.



## Scotch BRAND CELLULOSE TAPE

Manufactured by Minnesota Mining &  
Manufacturing (Australia) Pty. Limited,  
St. Marys, New South Wales.

## UNWANTED HAIRS



Destroy unsightly hairs per-  
manently by the "Vanix" de-  
vitalising treatment. "Vanix"  
penetrates deep into hair tissues  
and kills the roots without  
affecting the skin.

"VANIX" is only 7/6 a bottle from  
all branches of Washington & Sons  
Pattinson & Co. Ltd., Sydney and  
Newcastle; Swift's Pharmacy, 372  
Little Collins St., Melbourne; Myer  
Emporium, Melbourne; Birks Chem-  
ists Ltd., 51 and 278 Rundle St.,  
Adelaide; and Boats Ltd., Perth.  
Mail Orders (4/6 including postage)  
from above or direct from The Vanix  
Co., Box 35-A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

## Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"PAULETTE"—Pretty lace-trimmed layette is obtainable ready-made  
only. The material and color choice includes lambtex in white, pink,  
pistachio, lilac-green, and mist-blue, and flannelette in white and lemon.  
Size infants.



Prices: Dress in  
lambtex 39/6, in  
flannelette 29/11.  
Postage and regis-  
tration 1/6 extra.  
Petticoat in lambtex  
27/3, in flannelette  
17/3. Postage and  
registration 1/6 ex-  
tra. Nightgown in  
lambtex 29/2, in  
flannelette 29/2. Post-  
age and registration  
1/6 extra. Jacket in  
lambtex 26/2, in flannelette 17/3. Postage  
and registration 1/6  
extra. Complete set  
in lambtex 26/8, in  
flannelette 26/8. Postage  
and registration 3/6 extra.

"LESLIE"—Tailored trouser overalls in fleecy-backed  
tartan. The clan choice includes Royal Stewart, Mac-  
duff, Prince Charles, and Macbeth.

Ready to Wear: Sizes, lengths 29in. for 2 years 29/6,  
31in. for 3 years 31/6, 33in. for 4 years 33/9, 35in. for  
5 years 34/6, 37in. for 6 years 37/9. Postage and  
registration 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Lengths 29in. for 2 years 14/6,  
31in. for 3 years 15/3, 33in. for 4 years 16/6,  
35in. for 5 years 17/9, 37in. for 6 years 18/3.  
Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on  
page 69. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or  
obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645  
Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



## What every woman should know about TAMPAX

Tampax was invented by a famous  
doctor more than 20 years ago.  
And because it is, so obviously, the  
safest, most comfortable and most  
hygienic form of sanitary protection,  
it is the choice to-day of many  
millions of fashionable women  
throughout the world. Worn inter-  
nally, without belts or pins, Tampax  
gives you undreamed-of personal  
freedom, confidence and peace of  
mind. Not only does it provide  
superior protection, but every  
TAMPAX is supplied with its own  
individual applicator of such perfect  
design that correct, hygienic use is  
simply achieved. With Tampax  
there's no chafing, no offending and  
disposal is so easy, too! There are  
two absorbencies: Regular (normal)  
and Super (extra absorbent, extra  
safe). In fairness to yourself—why  
not try it?



Write to-day  
for a free  
sample to—

The Nurse, Dept. WW World Agencies  
Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.  
(Enclose 3d. in loose stamps for postage.)  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Please send me a sample of Regular/  
Super Tampax in a plain wrapper.  
Mark absorbency required.



# The Softest Smoothest Baby Powder I've ever used!

Says **MATRON SHAW**

(Late of Crown Street Women's Hospital)\*

"In my 34 years at Crown Street, I saw over and over again how essential comfort and contentment are to a baby's happiness. And that's just one of the reasons why I tell mothers everywhere that there is no better baby powder than NYAL. In all my experience, I found that NYAL is the softest, smoothest baby powder I have ever used. It's so beautifully fine, and brings soothing comfort to baby's sensitive skin."

Containing Boracic Acid and Alphazone (powerful but gentle antiseptics) NYAL Baby Powder is a refreshing deodorant. Relieves skin irritations, too! Because NYAL Baby Powder is, to an extent, moisture-resistant, it keeps baby's skin soft and free from chafing. Delicately perfumed.

\* Australia's largest maternity hospital, at which 5,476 babies are born every year.

## Nyal BABY POWDER

**Novel plastic Squeeze Pack**

Containing NYAL Baby Powder, **CYRIL THE SQUIRREL** is an attractive, squeeze-plastic, powder dispenser. When squeezed gently, a fine mist of silky-smooth NYAL Baby Powder spreads evenly over the skin. There's no mess, no waste when "Cyril" is used—the powder can't spill! "Cyril" is easily refilled with NYAL Baby Powder. Empty, "Cyril" may be used as a durable nursery or bath toy. **7/6**

**Cyril, the Squirrel**

**Soothing Relief from Skin Irritations**



**Nyal CALAMINE-LANOLIN CREAM**

For Diaper Rash, Cradle Cap or Chafing, provide relief instantly by using cooling, soothing, protective NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream. The Calamine soothes pain and discomfort, promotes healing; Lanolin makes the skin soft, supple; whilst a special ingredient gives instant relief from pain, irritation and itching. **2/3.**

**Keep Baby's Skin Soft—Supple**



A daily bath with pure, NYAL Baby Soap—containing soothing Lanolin—keeps baby's skin soft and supple... safe from drying and roughness! Mild, delicately-perfumed NYAL Baby Soap produces a creamy, generous lather. And mother—you'll find NYAL Baby Soap is ideal as a beautifying complexion soap for you! **1/4**

# Nyal

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS

**Give Baby Positive Relief from Coughing**



NYAL "DECONGESTANT" Baby Cough Elixir acts three ways to bring positive relief from coughing. It stops the tight, uncomfortable bronchial coughs that accompany colds, 'flu and bronchitis. The gentle expectorant action liquefies and loosens the phlegm causing irritation... shrinks swollen bronchial tubes. **3/6, 5/6.**

**Nyal "DECONGESTANT" BABY COUGH ELIXIR**

"I recommend Nyal Toothpaste to everyone who wants white sparkling teeth"

Says Beautiful Model-of-the-Year Jean Newington

Take lovely Jean Newington's advice and you, too, can have whiter, brighter teeth in only 10 days! NYAL Toothpaste contains a highly activated dental detergent, which safely removes dulling film, cigarette stains, and food deposits. NYAL Toothpaste leaves the mouth fresher. The clean, refreshing peppermint flavour lingers long after brushing your teeth. Children love it!

**Nyal TOOTHPASTE**



**Soothes Baby's Tummy!**

**Prevents Wind Pains**

Just one teaspoonful of NYAL Milk of Magnesia after feeding quickly soothes baby's tummy—prevents "wind-pains" and acidity in infants. NYAL Milk of Magnesia is smooth, even and pleasant to take. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits. NYAL Milk of Magnesia is pure and safe for even the youngest baby—its purity is guaranteed by rigid laboratory tests.

**Nyal MILK OF MAGNESIA**



**WHITER TEETH IN 10 DAYS!**